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CHILDREN

IN THE WOODS





9

# GREENWOOD LEAVES:

A

COLLECTION

OF

SKETCHES AND LETTERS.

BY

GRACE GREENWOOD,

*... Dana for ... Oct. 1877*

SECOND EDITION.

BOSTON:

TICKNOR, REED, AND FIELDS.

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## A LETTER DEDICATORY AND PREFATORY.

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### TO MY BROTHERS :

I THINK this will be a little surprise to you, dear Brothers, for I am very sure that not one out of all six of you has ever divined my intention. While debating in my mind to whom I should inscribe and commend this first literary venture of mine, though the claims of some friends of late years had fast hold on my gratitude and regard, my *heart* would constantly turn to you, beating warmer at the thought of each dear name, at the remembrance of each kind, familiar face, till quite irresistible became the desire to acknowledge to the world, at least that small portion of it who may read this volume, all that I owe to you, my earliest, truest, most generous and devoted friends.

Oh, how often would your sister's heart, foreboding and sensitive, have failed her utterly, had it not been for your encouraging smiles, your words of good cheer, and your constant, sustaining love !

It seemed to me well that this light wreath, not of flowers, but of simple *leaves*, of many-colored leaves, such as children collect in the autumn woods, should first be laid as the heart's offering, on the altar of *home*. I did once think to place it there, beneath the name of the best beloved one — our mother ; but my *poetry* seems more the growth of her mental influence than my prose — is the very



engrafting of her nature upon mine ; and I hope I may ere long have to offer her the more fitting tribute — a wreath of flowers — of wild flowers — of Greenwood flowers.

I have a few things to say to you, and through you to the public, respecting the volume before us. I would not seem to deprecate criticism entirely ; I would only throw up some slight defences where the lines are particularly weak.

You well know how I began to write ; with how little self-confidence, with what humble expectations. You well know that, for a year or two, I wrote without the remotest idea that my articles might merit, or seem to merit, a perpetuity beyond what the newspaper, or, at best, the magazine, might give ; and I very naturally wrote with less care and thought than I otherwise should have done. This is especially true of my letters, which can boast little of style, less of consistency perhaps, and still less of dignity. But it seemed hardly best to omit them altogether ; for though merry or moralizing, enthusiastic to extravagance, trifling to childishness, or bold to audacity, as the scribbling mood found me, they are always truthful, and are said to be peculiarly characteristic. I thought *you* would miss them, dear Brothers, as you miss *me* now from my home, with all my every-day ways, humors and caprices, laughter and careless talk.

The tales in this volume are not all arranged in the order in which they were written. For instance, between the writing of the two first and two last of those entitled “ Heart Histories,” there was an interval of nearly three years. This may account for any inequality of style.

When the plan of this publication was first proposed to me, I resolved to revise thoughtfully and thoroughly all my early sketches, to prune away luxuriance, and polish away roughnesses ; but then it occurred to me that this would be scarcely honest ; this applying the practice and study of some years to the re-writing of articles which were to pass as first efforts. So it is that they now

re-appear with all their weak points, juvenile faults, short-comings, and over-leapings.

The article on "Copyright," which you will find in the body of the book, you will remember as a piece of audacious mirth and mischief, an impudent discharge of the small arrows of wit,—for which I humbly crave pardon of the illustrious targets. May my "*peccavi*" come up before them, and incline their hearts to be gracious!

You well know what I have at stake on this little venture in the publishing way. It is much, very much to me whether I succeed or not, and my courage often forsakes me as I look forward for a few months. Yet should I fail in this, I will not let it weigh too heavily on my hopes and energies; I will regard nothing of the kind as a misfortune, while our home is left to me, with its loves, duties, and consolations! while I have your hearts to fall back upon — my Brothers!

G. G.

OCTOBER, 1849.



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# GREENWOOD LEAVES.

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## SOPHIE NORTON'S WAY

### OF HEADING A CONSPIRACY AGAINST HER PEACE.

THE sex to which I have the honor of belonging, has, from time immemorial, been accused of being peculiarly subject to that compound of love and hate, of folly and fury — that Lear of passions, the weak mad dupe of his own creations — *Jealousy*. In the name of the sisterhood, I deny the charge, I fling it back on our accusers ; for the lordly sex it is, who yield to the “green-eyed monster” the most loyal and ready obedience. Does any one doubt the truth of this position ? — let him seat himself, with becoming resignation, listen to my proof, and rise up convinced.

A rare girl was my school-mate, Sophie Norton, a charming, beautiful riddle. She was a blonde, of the most delicate description, with a mild, tender, Lucy Ashtonish sort of a face, and ways so confidingly winning, I would defy flesh and blood to withstand them. And yet, this angel in form and feature, this seeming embodiment of all most exquisitely ethereal and spiritual, was in truth the most dashing, daring, care-for-nought, gipsy of a creature, dear reader, that ever took your heart by stratagem, or carried it by storm. She

was admirably politic, however, seldom showing both sides of her character to the same persons, or class of persons. Our teachers praised her as a model of propriety and loveliness, while we adored her as the queen of fun and frolic, who led us into the wildest and most unheard-of scrapes, and as skilfully and triumphantly led us out.

On leaving school, Sophie spent a few months with a friend in Philadelphia. I cannot say that her visit caused any "great commotion" in right-angle-dom. She was "beautiful, exceedingly," but hers was not the style of loveliness to create a furor. She was very like one's summer dream of sweetness and gentleness, yet few people beside poets, think of falling in love with a dream; and then, she was not an heiress.

At last, as the Germans would say, she met her destiny. Wishing to have her miniature taken, a young artist, of considerable promise, was selected by her friends. She found him quite one's idea of a true votary of the divine art; his lightest words, the tones of his voice, showing an ardent, earnest, enthusiastic temperament. His face would have been of almost too lofty and severe a beauty, were it not for a smile of childlike archness and amiability always dancing attendance on his lips. His form was finely proportioned, but in my eye rather too petit for perfect manliness.

Well, Sophie soon saw, by woman's marvellous intuition, that Mr. J. Randolph Richmond, (he wrote his name thus, for fear of being called Jack;) was irretrievably in love — and with her own sweet self. Yet Sophie was a sensible girl, and kept her own heart with all diligence. She liked the lad passing well, but in regarding his character she had one chilling fear. It was, that his devotion to painting arose not from a sincere love for the art, but from personal ambition, that passion which the world has baptized with praise, and christened with a glorious name, but which is in truth but a fiery, intense, and concentrated selfishness. So, she did not yield to woman's amiable weakness and love,

because she was loved ; — did not let *gratitude* lead her blindfold to the altar. I know, I should put on gloves while handling this dear pet fault of my sex. But my charming sisters, why are you grateful? Just bring your every-day tenderness, your patient, fond, worshipping, self-sacrificing love ; and then place man's holiday admiration, his fanciful, patronizing, exacting, doubting affection, in the opposite scale, and see in what a passion of haste they will go up? Thank a man for reading you five unacted acts from his drama — for writing an acrostic on your name — for asking an introduction to a rival belle — for saying you are surprisingly like his maiden aunt ; — but never for the honor of his preference. Be grateful to him for the offer of his *mouchoir* to hem, or his gloves to mend, but never for that of his heart and hand. In love matters, fling away gratitude ; 't is but a charity-girl sort of a virtue at the best.

It was, finally, in no hour of triumph, that Sophie Norton felt all the sweet waters of her heart gushing freely, gladly, tumultuously, toward him who loved her. She had accompanied him to the Academy, where a painting, on which he had spent much time and enthusiasm, was being exhibited. There was present one of the first artists of his country, who, pausing before Randolph's picture, bestowed upon it some warm praise, and then criticised it with terrible severity. Sophie attentively watched the face of her lover — flushes passed over his brow, his lips were compressed, but he silently drank in every word of the artist. When the ordeal was passed, he left her side, went up to the judge, gracefully introduced himself, and expressed his gratitude, with frank and unmistakable earnestness, for the valuable, though painful lesson. Sophie is not given to weeping, but when Randolph rejoined her, she was actually in tears. She pledged him her dear little hand that very night. There's a true woman for you !

Sophie left for her home soon after. I saw, almost as soon as we met, that she loved ; that woman's destiny had floated



out of heaven, and hung over her life, a cloud of purple and gold. Oh, reader mine, you should have seen some of their letters! They were tender, delicate, impassioned; flowers, music, painting, poetry, love! There was one thing I noticed—Sophie had evidently not shown her lover the playful, girlish side of her character. Woman, when first in love, seldom deals in *persiflage*. She really makes a serious, solemn matter of that which is, at best, but a “Divine Comedy.”

A few months of the engagement had passed, when a sister of Randolph's visited Philadelphia. He, the adopted of a childless uncle, had not seen her for some years; meanwhile, she had come dancing up from childhood, and was now just poising herself on the threshold of sixteen; a wild, spirited, beautiful brunette. Randolph tried in vain to tame her; she would play tricks, tell anecdotes, and laugh aloud, and her Mentor ended at last by falling in with her shocking, enchanting ways.

Our hero had never written to Sophie of his sister Kate, but he soon told the latter all about Sophie. He enlarged much on the *confidence* of his lady-love. “Don't you think it strange,” said he, “that she never expresses a doubt of my fidelity, though she knows that in walking Chestnut Street I daily meet belles and beauties, who would not care to look farther than—the brother of so fine a girl as you, Kate?” “Ah, but has that modest brother of mine ever as much as intimated to her his knowledge of the existence of those dangerous creatures? that's the question.” “Why, no, Kate.” “Then she has not had the shadow of a cause for distrust; give her a hook to hang a doubt upon, and she'll—, all girls are alike, Ran.” Just then, she caught a glimpse of her radiant, roguish face, in the glass opposite, and clapping her hands in ecstasy, cried, “I have it! you say she does not know that Providence has blessed you with a sister Kate—just write her a description of *me*! Don't go so far as to pretend you are in *love*, but tell her all about

the lively life we live, as master and pupil ; and if she doesn't fly into a beautiful passion of jealousy — if your angel don't show the woman, I'll — be a good girl for a whole fortnight ! ”

Well, they put their wicked heads together, and the next mail bore Sophie Norton the following, from her faithful lover.

“ MY DEAR SOPHIE — Your sweet letter has looked me reproachfully in the face, every time I have opened my *escritoir*, for some days. I have no excuse to offer for my silence that will satisfy myself, so it might not you. But you will find one for me in your heart — won't you, dearest ? I shall make haste to tell you of a charming new pupil of mine ; first premising that you must not be jealous ; there is nothing in the world so disagreeable as a jealous woman. You really should see ‘our Kate,’ for so every one calls her. She is the most amusing little *mélange* of the artless impulses, careless graces, and untamed spirits of the child, and the budding affections and harmless coqueties of the girl, you can imagine. I believe the creature has sentiment ; I know she has feeling ; but her animating, pervading, restless spirit, is *mirth*. Her very presence is the soul of joyousness ; she dances as though her feet had unseen wings. And then her laugh — O, it is the silvery gush of gladness. Her face is classical in its contour, but there are so many phases to the beauty of a brunette, and each one more entrancing than the preceding, that it is impossible for pen or pencil to show them forth. Her eyes, one moment, you would swear — *affirm*, I mean — were of the softest hazel, and the next, as black as night ; her hair is a dark chestnut color, curling bewitchingly. I'd not call her lips rosy, they are of a deeper, ruddier hue. I have it now ; they are like rich June rose-leaves, dipped in wine. As to her manner, she has, it must be confessed, a little too much *naïveté*. But she is so young — scarce sixteen ; and

then she had, it seems, the most accommodating kind of guardian angels, as she has never known a sorrow. I regard her innocent breaches of strict decorum with great leniency. For instance, while giving her a lesson this morning, she laid her delicate hand on my arm, and said, with a charming smile, 'I did not think I should like you half so well when I first saw you. I find we are strangely alike in many things.' Sophie, I really felt called upon to kiss that hand — I did, indeed. She only laughed, dearest. I don't believe she thinks of me, for she knows I have only a moderate income, and her face can win her a fortune. Indeed, she *is* pretty. A brunette is a fascinating creature, yet I have always thought the empire of the blonde over the affections the more enduring.

"Kate is teaching me waltzing. I know it will give you pleasure to hear I am making rapid progress in this delightful accomplishment. Were you a silly girl, now, I should fear your pouting over this, and so, to soothe you, say, I always fancy *you* my partner; that it is *your* dear form I am whirling about in the delicious delirium of the waltz. But I don't tell you any such thing; for I know you to be a sensible, high-minded *woman*, never troubling yourself, or those who love you, with unfounded doubts and suspicions.

"Though my little friend is somewhat in my confidence, I have never told her of our engagement. I fear the mad-cap could not keep it to herself, and love is something far too delicate for the rough atmosphere of the world.

"Kate is waiting for me to accompany her to a concert. Forgive the brevity of this. I know you will: there is nothing in which I have greater faith than in your truth and goodness; they constitute a little heaven, of which I am sole proprietor. Adieu, love. J. R. R."

Sophie Norton's Reply.

"DEAR JACK — I was surprised, pleased, *delighted* by your last letter. It is just the most remarkable coincidence, quite

a romance in real life — 'tis both funny and strange. But I must explain. Well, there lately arrived at Sweet-Briar Cottage, Lieutenant Mortimer Lacy, of the army, my own cousin, and a splendid fellow he is, Jack. He has such a faultless form and face, and so imposing an air; and then, he sports such a love of a moustache, and his uniform is so becoming! Mortimer — (how nice it is to have a pretty first name, Jack!) — says that he was the tallest cadet ever on parade at West Point. I wish *all* men were tall; it is certainly more natural to look up to them. I wish all men were soldiers, too; there is something so terribly grand in the profession, and uniforms are so beautiful in a ball-room. By the way, can't you purchase one, Jack? To be sure, Cousin Mortimer's would hang on you like a suit of alderman's clothes on your easel. Not that the Lieutenant is corpulent — he is admirably proportioned — though large, a very Mars.

I agree with you that 'there is nothing in the world so disagreeable as a jealous woman,' unless it be a prudish one. Now, some people think it shocking for me to waltz with Mortimer, but I smile at their old-fashioned notions, and away we whirl! I am glad you are learning, it will be quite convenient when cousin is gone.

"Mortimer is a splendid horseman, and we have delightful excursions, *a cheval*. You were always so fearful the horse would run with me, or toss me over his head, that it really made a pain of a pleasure. Now, cousin pays me the compliment of trusting to my horse-womanship — gets me mad, untamable steeds, and teaches me new and daring exploits. Why, the other day we took a wild gallop, with our hands close clasped!

"Mortimer is very wealthy, and says that after he has been promoted to a generalship, he shall resign, and spend his life enjoying *otium cum dignitate*. That sounds like Latin, and means, I suppose, a house in town, box at the opera, travelling, and giving dinners and *fêtes*. He will be

in Philadelphia in August, and if you call on him, and are civil, he may prove a patron, though he has no taste for the fine arts. I hope you will take his portrait, *a la militaire*, for us ; it will be a pleasure, he is so handsome.

"I believe with you, in the sacredness of love. I keep our engagement a holy secret. There is not to me a more ruefully ridiculous figure than an obviously engaged young lady, in the absence of her beloved. She sits in company with folded hands and dreamy eyes, puts on a lady-abbess look of shocked propriety when asked to waltz, and shrinks like a Mimosa from the innocent kiss of a brother, or cousin. I believe *my* manners have been free from this school-girlish *gauchissement* ; for to tell the truth, the gallant lieutenant has already laid siege to my heart with the most soldier-like impetuosity. I know you will be proud to hear your betrothed has made so considerable a conquest.

"The horses are at the door ; now for a ride ! O, there is more music in the trampling of those hoofs than I could ever yet thump out of a piano. Good morning, Jack, I kiss my hand to you.  
SOPHIE."

A tolerable idea of a mental chaos, had Mr. J. Randolph Richmond, on reading the above. He smiled, but it was "a ghastly smile." In vain he tried to believe Sophie in jest ; *jealousy* obscured his perceptions with a thick *green* cloud. Kate was going out for the evening, but he called her back, and pale and trembling, handed her the letter. The gipsy laughed over it, till he threatened to send her to the watch-house ; then gave it as her sage opinion, that his love was a true love, a sensible girl, that knew how to take and give a joke ; and left him, with the sisterly advice not to make a fool of himself in his reply. How he profited by it, the following will show :

"MY DEAR, TOO DEAR SOPHIE— How could you write so terrible a letter ? Mine was a joke, all a joke. Kate is my

*sister*, my own sister ! But yours cannot be mere pleasantry ; you never deal in that. Beneath the sparkling foam is an under-current of deep meaning. It is as I have often feared, you do not love me ; you are lost to me forever. You must have seen that my letter was a jest, but were too happy of an opportunity to break those ties, which to you are irksome, but which bind *me* to life ; those vows, plighted before heaven, beneath the eternal stars, Sophie ! I would go to you, but I dare not ; the place by your side is for another, far dearer. But three short months have passed, since in a delirium of rapture I first called you mine ; and now, in an agony of hopeless love, I write, *you are free*.

“ O heaven ! my heart is crushed, my brain whirls — I fear I am ill. Yet do not let that give you unhappiness. May love, and joy, and peace, be around you, like the breath of the blessed angels.

“ J. R. R.”

He wrote the above in absolute earnest, reader, and in due time received the following.

“ MY DEAR RANDOLPH — What a nice ‘Comedy of Errors’ we have been acting, to be sure. There was but this difference — you wrote in a lover-like way of your *sister*, while I was *romancing altogether* ! I have not, I never had, a cousin Mortimer, but as I manufactured him, ‘regimentals’ and all, out of my own brain. I took your letter as an unmitigated hoax, and merely thought to give you ‘a Roland for an Oliver.’ So you see, love, you have wasted an immense amount of Romeo-ish anguish and despair. Nor is that the worst feature of your lamentable case. *You have doubted me*. In a rash mood, you have flung me back my holy plighted faith, as a thing of little worth. Now, indeed, is a noble opportunity for me to display the lofty spirit, the inborn dignity of woman, by proudly accepting the freedom you offer. But, alas ! there is one provoking little obstacle in the way. It happens, unfortunately, that — I love you ;

that it has somehow become quite a habit with me to think of you, and I am not tragedy-queen enough to punish myself in being revenged on you. Come to us, and bring 'our Kate;' I am impatient to meet my charming rival, and to have one long, united, glorious laugh over our romance of folly.

"Now and ever yours,

"SOPHIE."

"P. S. — Don't think of being 'ill,' nor any such nonsense. If there is any accomplishment I pride myself upon, it is that of ministering to the sick. So, if it is just as convenient for you, please postpone all illness till I am within calling distance, if you wish to be nursed *con amore*.

"SOPHIE."

And now, my patient reader, have I not sustained my first position?

## SLY PEEPS

### INTO THE HEART FEMININE.

---

It is one of my beliefs, that every tolerably pretty maiden, (present company excepted,) who has arrived at the age of twenty years and upwards, has known something like a disappointment of the heart. Once on a time, not long ago, this being the subject of my meditations, a luminous thought suddenly flashed across my mind. Would it not be curious, and highly interesting, to compare the feeling and action of dissimilar characters, under this most trying of all trials? The more I dwelt on this fascinating fancy, the more irresistible it became, till, seizing my "grey goose quill," I addressed a sort of circular to those young daughters of Eve, whom Providence has blessed, or tempted, with a pretty face, and I have honored with my friendship, entreating them, in the most honied terms, to send me a leaf from their "heart-book"; to tell me truthfully, if on the young rose of their life had fallen the early frost of an unhappy affection. Some, proud or prudent, or, it may be, *a little too heart-sore*, deigned no reply, or flatly refused to give me any information on the delicate subject. But, as I was not then suspected of "taking notes," four nice, sensible girls, wrote satisfactory letters.

The first is from a tall, statuesque blonde, who once spent a vacation with me; at which time I managed to get nearer



her heart than I fancy it would be easy for one to do now, whirling as she is in the vortex of fashionable life.

"DEAR GRACE — I never write letters. I have no time. Yet I cannot forget *lang syne*, and to-day shall deprive myself of my usual *siesta*, in order to comply with your strange request. What odd impulse could have prompted it? Oh, Grace, *prenez-garde*, or you will become decidedly *outré*.

"I did, indeed, once know something of an unhappy *affaire du cœur*: but I have forgotten nearly all about it now, 't is so long since — more than six months. I remember that Edward C—— was eminently handsome and elegant in appearance. I really could not love a plain, unpolished man. He was a genius — a poet. Ah, *ma chère amie*, the sons of Apollo do indeed know

‘ The sweet and gentle primrose-way  
To woman’s fond, devoted heart.’

"For once in my life I was impulsive and inconsiderate. I had scarce known him a week before yielding to his impassioned entreaties, I pledged him my hand. I know I was rash, but oh, Grace, he wooed so beautifully! You know I am an orphan, and the reputed heiress of my uncle Henry. I myself undertook to break the matter of our engagement to him. To my surprise and consternation, he flew into a fearful passion, and swore, by the eternal heavens, he would never give his consent to my wedding a penniless poet; and that, if I married without it, every shilling of his property should go to my cousin Caroline; a girl you know to be shockingly destitute of all refinement, as well as quite plain. Tears and prayers were alike vain; and, Grace, was it not terrible to think of resigning all those pleasures and luxuries to which I have been so long accustomed? — for Edward’s income was quite limited. I had an interview with him, however, and told him of uncle’s decision; adding that I feared I would make but a sorry poor

man's wife ; but *if he insisted*, I would resign society, and my elegant home, for love and a cottage with him. The generous fellow would hear to nothing of the kind, but immediately restored to me my liberty. Yet, *entre nous*, I sometimes fancy other considerations than those of self-sacrificing affection influenced my poet-lover. Poets are not so sadly destitute of good sense and worldly wisdom, as some people would have us believe.

"I will not deny that I had for some time a dispirited manner, and colorless cheek, and acquired a perfect passion for the poetry of L. E. L. In August, uncle took me to Saratoga. I am not romantic, I never pretended to much sentimentality ; so I will frankly acknowledge that the novel pleasures of that gay watering-place drove the shadow of my ill-fated love from my life ; at least I had no time to think of it, which was all the same. Yet, somehow, your letter made me feel — *not happy*. I was restless and *distraite* ; finally sat down to play a song, the words of which are Edward's ; and sung with a voice shockingly tremulous. This song was sent me just after our parting ; I will give it you.

' No passionless creature of duty,  
No child of capricious delay,  
Our love, like the goddess of beauty,  
Sprang into warm life in a day !  
Around us her magic spells flinging,  
She smiled as she saw we adored,  
And then, in a burst of wild singing,  
Her soul's thrilling raptures outpoured.

' Ah, soon changed that song, born in heaven,  
To farewells, and passionate sighs ;  
For a mist, like the shadow of even,  
Came over her violet eyes :  
With Hope's golden sunshine around her,  
On joy's couch of roses half-blown,  
Pale, cold as a snow-wreath, we found her —  
Her glowing young spirit had flown !'

"When I finished, something glistened on the keys—tears! I had been unconsciously weeping. Adieu.

"ELLEN R."

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The second letter was from one who, in our school, went by the name of "the little nun." She once nursed me through an illness, and is really a very *good* girl; besides being as pretty as one's idea of the saintly Isabella.

"MY DEAR FRIEND—I was somewhat surprised by the singular subject of your letter. I trust you have no frivolous object in view in the request you make; and if the history of my trials can benefit you, I ought not, in Christian duty, to withhold it.

"I once gave my affections too much to a frail and erring child of dust. I have now, I humbly believe, turned from my idol, though not without hard wrestlings with my stubborn, sinful nature. If you had known Charles W——, you would scarce wonder at my partiality; for he was a most exemplary young man. He was blessed with great worldly possessions; but I know you will not imagine this circumstance had any weight with me. We were distant relatives, and had inclined much toward one another from our childhood. When I left school, he had just graduated at Harvard, and we were to be married in the next spring. But oh, how vain are our hopes, how transitory our joys, in this 'vale of tears!' During the winter, much interest was felt on religious subjects, in our section, and I had several conversations with Charles on doctrinal points. He was strictly moral in his life, regular in his attention to the forms of religion, always accompanying me to sit under the spiritual teachings of our good pastor; but, my dear friend, I discovered he was *an errorest*, that he was tinctured with *Socinianism*! I labored with him, but it was of no avail; he almost impiously declared that his heterodox principles were a part of his soul, and could only perish with it.

I then told him, 'more in sorrow than in anger,' that I never could ally myself to a virtual enemy of the church into whose bosom I had been received; and requested him to release me from my engagement, which he did. In this I endeavored to do nothing rashly. I took, from the first, the advice of my worthy pastor, who solemnly assured me, that I should endanger my own spiritual welfare by being united to an unbeliever. I regret to say, (for it shows the fallibility of poor human nature;) I have reason to fear that this pious counsel was not altogether disinterested; for Charles had scarcely ceased visiting at our house, before I was surprised by an offer of marriage from our pastor himself. I was compelled to decline the honor, as I felt quite unequal to the cares and high responsibilities which await the companion of a watchman in Zion, especially as Mr. — was the father of daughters older than myself, and of four or five young boys, who, I am sorry to say, were not as well governed as the children of clergymen should be.

"I heard that Charles suffered much after our separation; and I for many weeks lay on a couch of pain and languishing. When I recovered, alas! I still murmured at my lot. In the words of the hymn —

'The fondness of a creature's love,  
How strong it strikes the sense!  
Thither the warm affections move—  
Nor can we call them thence.'

"Soon after, I received a call to go on a mission to the Tuscaroras, which, hoping it would restore my peace of mind, I gratefully accepted. I was absent a year, and returning home on a visit, was filled with amazement to find Charles W—— married to our minister's oldest daughter! It must be that his heretical sentiments were not of so dangerous a character as we supposed. I cannot believe an orthodox clergyman would let *wealth* have any weight in such a matter.

"Ah, my friend, I thought I had given *him* up; but heaven only knows our inmost hearts. And sometimes a painful thought crosses my mind that I *may* have erred, unintentionally, through zeal without knowledge. Yet my path seemed made plain before me—I seemed led. Providence overrules all things; and had a life of domestic happiness been mine, I might have been deaf to the calls of 'the heathen in his blindness.' I humbly trust that some benighted children of the forest may yet bless the hour, when I broke the sweetest of human ties, and let my soul,

'On wings sublime,  
Rise from the vanities of time.'

"Your unworthy friend,                      MARTHA."

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The third letter was from one already slightly known to the reader, Kate Richmond. Kate and I were predestinated friends, we are twin-hearted:

We catch the light of loving joy  
Each from the other's face,  
As our souls go waltzing on through life  
In close and glad embrace.

Kate's character is little understood; many give it credit for no more than the careless gaiety which is its distinguishing trait. My joyous friend heartily detests all cant; and there is a sort of sentimental cant going, as distasteful as any other. Many persons display their feelings, as the *nouveaux riches* their jewels, conspicuously at all times and on all occasions. Kate errs, perhaps, in the opposite extreme; but those who know her well, know her to be rich in deep and fervid feeling.

"WHY Grace, what has possessed you to apply to me like a Methodist class-leader, with a 'come, sister, tell your experience?'

“Your letter has lain too long unanswered. Shall I tell why? It caused me to commit a folly, of which I am seldom guilty, that of looking back tearfully to the past. I was resolved I would not reply in the fit of low spirits your letter caused me; for it is one of my fixed moral principles, never to let my little blue-devils go a-visiting.

“‘I had a lover once,’ as Mrs. Sigourney says, a lover *par excellence*. It is a remarkable fact, that he was in every thing my opposite; sentimental, gloomy and misanthropic. We weren’t born for each other, were we? I think it speaks well for my freedom from self-love, that I admired him most when most unlike me. Yet I would frequently dispute with him, all in jest, little dreaming that I was trifling away that love dear to me as my own existence. You have seen him, Grace — *Albert*, so I’ll not waste words on a description, but hasten to the grand catastrophe. One day he was reading to me some of those portions of ‘*Childe Harold*,’ which alternately cause one to turn up one’s nose and grind one’s teeth at one’s fellow mortals. I saw with pain, that the cold serpent of misanthropy was coiling too closely around his heart; and playfully catching the book from his hand, placed in its stead a volume of Hood, entreating him to read me ‘*Miss Kilmansegg, and her Golden Leg*,’ as something vastly more amusing, and inculcating a decidedly better morality. Ah, then followed a scene highly dramatic! My knight arose, with a cloud lowering on his brow, and lightning flashing in his eye! There is a taste of the heroics; now I must be serious, for so I *felt*, I assure you, when he thus addressed me: ‘*Miss Richmond, this one act of yours, if others of the same nature were wanting, would convince me that there is not, can never be, any degree of sympathy between us. I regret to say, that I believe a heart so thoughtless and frivolous as yours, to be utterly incapable of love. I have long foreseen our parting; ’t were best it were no longer delayed.*’ Grace, I loved him; but this was *insolence*, and so I neither fainted nor wept, but rose, and

making a most charming courtesy, thanked him for thus anticipating me in a disagreeable duty, that of making a similar announcement to him. He was struck dumb, and left immediately. I held the fountains of my eyes 'till he was out of sight,' then closed the blinds, locked the door, threw myself on the sofa and abandoned myself to a luxuriously long spell of weeping. But grief for the loss of a love so selfish and fickle was, I well knew without any one's preaching, unworthy of a high-spirited woman. I resolved to fling it to the winds. I read, I studied, I danced, and on my 'gallant gray,' I galloped it off.

"Though for a time the wide world seemed 'one glorious lie,' I never could get up a feeling of *hatred* toward one I had once loved. Serpents hiss and scorpions sting, when they are crushed; but the grape pours forth the generous wine, and the flower sends up its perfume. I concluded it was altogether more poetical to resemble the latter, besides being better Christianity. After all, I suppose I have suffered no more than many pretty maidens have endured, both before and since Æneas 'cut a Dido.'

"I am happy to be able to inform you, because I think it will give you a slightly malicious, but most womanly pleasure, that I had scarcely become reconciled to this good old world of ours, and began to feel friendly to its odd sort of inhabitants, before my false knight returned sorrowing. But the freed bird would not be lured back to his cage; it was 'off, off and away!' Thine, KATE."

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To the writer of the fourth letter was often given the *sobriquet* of "Juno," But her own good Christian name was more expressive. Sarah signifies princess, and a more princess-like creature than Sarah Norris I have never yet known. She was possessed of the most loveable qualities, however; of sympathies warm and outgushing; of affections pure, deep, and devoted; of all the unwritten poetry

of a true woman's nature. Yet one would have to know her intimately, before her full character unrolled itself. Very few were ever admitted into her spirit's "holy of holies." Strict domestic discipline, and severe early afflictions, had given her a wonderful power over feelings naturally glowing and impulsive; so that to the multitude her heart was a sealed book. Her beauty was rare and undeniable, she mingled much in society, and had many admirers; yet she was full twenty-two before she ever allowed herself to be really and earnestly in love. The world called her unimpressible, heartless and exacting; and some worshipped her for her very coldness and queenliness. But she *knew herself*. She would never love, until, ceasing to play statue, bending from the pedestal of her pride, and glowing with the life of the divine sentiment, she could fling herself, all laughing and weeping, into arms extended to fold, in protecting tenderness, around *the woman*, in all her weakness and dependence.

The favored mortal at last appeared. Frank L. in person was just what one calls "a splendid fellow." It is praise enough to say that, in intellect and heart, I believed him worthy of my peerless friend.

In society, Sarah remained the same; but to those who came within the charmed circle of her affections, she was indeed changed. As we sometimes see a rose, which, at first view, appears perfectly white, but on whose inner leaves we may perceive a faint blush, so exquisitely delicate, we can almost fancy that it was called forth by the enamored song of the nightingale; so love imparted to her pure being a new and tender beauty, that the world, which looked only to words and manner, the outer leaves of her life, knew not of.

When I left her native city, the death of her father had deferred her marriage indefinitely; but when I wrote her my letter of inquiry, I had little idea that she would have any thing to tell of disappointed affection. After a few



expressions of surprise at my unusual request, her reply ran thus :

“ I WILL tell you a plain, sad story, Grace. It has grown strangely familiar to me ; the time has passed when every word would have oozed from my heart like a blood-drop. After you left, Frank’s uncle and benefactor offered him a partnership. I rejoiced at his good fortune, little dreaming to what it would lead. This uncle is the wealthiest merchant in our city, and the father of one fair daughter, Frank’s visits to me grew gradually less frequent, and he often seemed absent and gloomy. I heard that he was almost always at his uncle’s, by his cousin Lucy’s side. She, an exquisitely beautiful girl was thought in a decline, and the report was, that she was to spend the winter in Florida, but before leaving the north was to be married, and — *to Frank*. As my own engagement was known but to my nearest friends, I was constantly hearing things which, though I could not believe, annoyed, and at last distressed me. I finally asked a full explanation of Frank. He blushed, looked deeply concerned, but said he could not give it me. I then requested him to discontinue his visits to Lucy, *for the sake of my love*. He mildly but steadily refused. I could not share a divided heart ; I spoke proud, perhaps harsh words, and we parted.

“ I next heard that Frank resided entirely at his uncle’s, that Lucy was declining fast, and that the marriage would take place immediately ; but this morning, the papers announce the death of Miss Lucy M. She died suddenly. I pity Frank, from my soul. I more than pity, I forgive him.

“ To you I will confess, what none ever suspected, that for many weeks I bore about a spirit lonely and desolate ; a heart in which was closely shut a grief wild and passionate. But now, though scarce two months have passed, I am calm and strong. I am resolved to be worthy of myself. Hence-

forth I will diffuse and expand my affections. I will not adore individuals; I will love the world. I will not that my woman's sympathies shall be the fountain, springing up, and gushing out, and pouring itself away in the little, luxuriant garden of a single love; rather the dew, falling slowly, silently, yet refreshingly, on the worn, and thirsty, and waste places of life.

"Oct. 30. — Away with such forced philosophy, and back again to nature, and to woman! To nature, whose free impulses mock at the power of the strongest resolves; to woman, for whom the love of one truthful, manly heart is a world, a universe! Grace, I have seen *him* — seen Frank! I know him now; how could I ever doubt him! He loved Lucy as a cousin, but she — let me whisper it to you, Grace, for she is in her grave now — *loved him not as a cousin*. Pure, gentle girl, I bless her memory for it! Ever since her mother died, she has been fading and passing away. Her father surprised her one day in tears before a picture of Frank; and she hid her young face in his bosom, and told him of her love, and of her grief. The idolizing father revealed all to Frank; and entreated him, that if he could not love, once in a while to see his dying daughter. The poor girl was almost heart-broken when she heard that her unobtrusive affection had been made known to its object, and, in the most touching anguish, prayed Frank to reveal it to no human being *until she was dead*. He promised; how could he do otherwise? Heaven bless him! He did more; he soothed her, comforted her, read the Book of Life beside the bed of death; he wearied not, forsook her not, till, on her father's breast, and with her hand clasped in his, she slept, and awoke no more.

"Grace, you will honor, yes, *love* my Frank, who had courage to be distrusted, almost despised, by the woman he loved; to suffer for a while a shadow to rest on his name, in her estimation, rather than lay another grief on an old

man's breaking heart, or bring a painful blush to the cheek of a dying girl.

"Do you ask if I am happy now? I scarce know how to answer. When first I knew that this love was restored to me from the dead, my winged thoughts went floating in an atmosphere of intense and exulting enjoyment; but now they seem sinking into a deep and delicious sadness, like butterflies drowning in wine.

"I bid you good morning, and the wish has some meaning; for the day without has all the matchless, dying beauty belonging alone to October. But ah! the sunlight streaming through the casement, and resting like a loving blessing on my head, falls also on the new-made grave of poor Lucy.

"SARAH."

## THE SOCIETY OF FOUR.

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SOMEWHERE in —— state, and in a school that shall be nameless, were my young ideas taught to shoot. I will say, in justice to my teachers, all of whom are exemplary and respectable ladies, that if at this present time, and in the dim future, said ideas do not take right aim, or in any way fail to hit the mark, the fault lies at my own door.

Our seminary was in “a perfect love” of a situation; in the midst of beautiful and extensive grounds, near a silvery stream, and overlooked by towering hills. I am sure no one can fail to recognize it by this graphic description.

We were very happy there, we girls; for Providence blessed us with teachers almost wholly exempt from the too common faults of persons in their exalted station. I of course, mean severity; principles sternly upright, and those mistaken and unreasonable ideas, that the freeborn spirits of young ladies in their teens must be curbed by the sober hum-drum rules of propriety. We had pretty much our own way, until our parents or guardians found it out, and then, adieu to the classic shades of —— seminary! By the way, it is my private opinion, that the system of subduing the wills, and making mental machines of the intellects of *faire maydens*, in our pattern seminaries, is the great, lamentable cause of their being such spiritless, submissive wives, in after years. I am convinced that there is an alarming conspiracy formed by fathers and guardians, to patronize

only such institutions of female learning, as are calculated to keep damsels in subordination, in order to prevent them from fulfilling their natural, lofty destiny — from aspiring to equal power and influence in church and state. I mean at some future time to write an essay on this momentous subject, for the "Lady's Book"; to make a clear *exposé* of this long existing, and never-to-be-sufficiently-reprehended plot of the all-usurping sex; but at present I must "gang anither gate." I now only think to amuse you, reader mine, by giving a little history of a novel kind of society which at one time existed in our school. Its very name proclaimed its exclusiveness, for it was christened "The Society of Four." Let me see; there was Bessie Stevens, a regular out-and-out beauty, presidentess; Kate Richmond, the liveliest and most charming of brunettes, secretary; Mag Melton, a rich southron's daughter, treasurer; and Grace Greenwood, private member; for being of a modest turn, myself, I felt a blushing unwillingness to be honored with any office.

We had a constitution, which stated that the objects of the society should be *fun* first, *fun* last, *fun* always. We bound ourselves to keep nothing in the least degree laughable from one another; and that, in order to have every joke, or amusing occurrence, *new*, we would be close to all the world, but open as day to the society. A heavy fine was the penalty for a stale piece of pleasantry. The funds of the society were to be appropriated to buying presents to bribe monitresses, to connive at egresses and ingresses, and to purchase nice things of the cook, (a most obliging woman,) for refreshment, after our arduous labors. The times of meeting were to be as often as we had opportunity; and last, we pledged ourselves over a glass of lemonade, never to betray one another, but to assist in any piece of practical witchcraft, where assistance was required; and to avenge, singly or collectively, any affront offered to any one of us.

Immense capabilities for all sorts of fun and nonsense, we found this secret society to possess. As just the right spirits

were first engaged in it, those who were impressed with its value, and devoted to its interests, it succeeded admirably for one entire term; but a vote having been passed to admit some three or four others to its honors and privileges, it happened mysteriously that soon after they were let *in*, the important sayings and doings of the society were let *out*; and it fell, and "what a fall was there, my country" women!

Our principal was a widow with one fair son, a promising youth of nineteen or twenty. Well, in the palmiest days of our society, young Hal came to spend a college vacation with his "ma." He showed himself to be, from the first, that sad creature, that pitiable piece of unfinished manhood, *a dandy*! But the partial mother evidently doated on the lad. She made a grand party for him, and introduced him to all her pupils who were beauties or heiresses. When he had honored our seminary with his ethereal presence some three weeks, one of our number being monitress, the society met in my room.


While Secretary Richmond was reading her report, I, who had just commenced Euclid, was puzzling over my lesson for the morning, the never-to-be-forgotten "fifth proposition." The report ceased, and still I kept at my book, stumbling along over the "dunce bridge," when I was aroused by hearing the silver voice of Mag Melton, addressing the presidentess thus — "I beg leave to state, in the way of fun and business, that *I have received a bona fide offer of marriage.*" Love before mathematics, for ever! Away to one of the right angles of the room sped Euclid, cutting the air in a horizontal line, and springing up with a you-don't-say-so sort of expression of face, I drew my chair into the semicircle by the window. Mag then made known that Master Hal had proposed, in form, professing the warmest admiration for her, but, oddly enough, not mentioning her fortune. As the young gentleman was what Kate Richmond called "a little softy," we "guessed his declaration was something

quite laughable," but were sadly disappointed when Mag averred that he really wooed in such elegant and poetical language, that, had he not been guilty of burlesquing the tender delicacy of our sex, by dandyism, she could never have pierced his heart with a cruel "no!" which flew from her lips like "a bullet from a rose-bud!"

In less than a week the learned society again met, and we were electrified to receive a similar announcement from our presidentess! Ay, from the Honorable Bessie Stevens herself! The indomitable Hal had made her a declaration, which, as well as she was able to judge, was the same, *verbatim et literatim*, which he had before made to our little treasurer. Alas! bullet the second had whizzed through his devoted heart!

A few evenings from this, I was sitting rather late, in my little dove-cote of a room, penning an examination composition, on "the sublime and beautiful," ever and anon threading my fingers through my curls, and gently irritating the organ of ideality, when my door opened, softly, and the officers of the society entered, in pursuance of a call for a special meeting.

"Monsieur Tonson come again!" Kate Richmond reported, that the declaration of love which the presidentess stated she had received, sounding to her, Kate Richmond, rather familiar, she, on reaching her room, drew Bulwer's last novel from under her pillow, and found said declaration in a certain love-speech of the gallant hero. Kate has presentiments sometimes, and put the book, which was in pamphlet form, in her pocket. On the fourth day, while walking in the seminary grounds, she was joined by the great rejected, who then and there made her an offer of his hand, and what heart he had left. He went on with his set speech, smoothly and glibly for awhile, but getting slightly embarrassed towards the end, by the fixed gaze of the lady's round black eyes, Kate leisurely drew forth the novel, and opening at the declaration scene — with a half-



arch, half-innocent smile playing around her lips, said demurely, "*Suffer me to prompt you, sir!*"

He bowed and vanished! No, I am not sure he stayed to bow, but I am sure he vanished; for the first things we saw on our way down to breakfast the next morning, were his travelling trunks in the hall, and the stage rumbled away from the door soon after.

Ah, Hylas! sweet youth! He had been borne down the tide of love, by the mischievous nymphs, and then left to float alone! The last was evidently "the unkindest *shot* of all;" his poor little heart was quite riddled. The thanks of the society were voted to Kate Richmond, for furnishing the best joke on its annals. I, of course, did not refuse my vote, though, to tell the truth, slightly provoked at Kate, for exposing the fellow so soon, and thus preventing *me* from sharing in the triumph of my roguish friends—a triumph seldom exactly displeasing to the heart feminine—and thereby capping the climax to the discomfiture of a vain and assuming coxcomb.



## MY FIRST HUNTING AND FISHING.

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### CHAPTER I.

#### MY FIRST HUNTING.

"THAT 's what I call a title distinguished for its femininity," says a roguish-eyed friend, peering saucily over my shoulder.

"Ah, never you mind, Fred ; it 's a harmless little fancy of my own," as the lady said, when she led her footman to the altar.

I love to look upon a sportsman. I don't mean one of your moustached amateurs, who sallies out once a year, perhaps, in white gloves and gaiters, and with scarce manly strength sufficient to hold his fowling-piece at arms' length ; one whom you might fancy mistaking a hen for a pheasant, and taking aim at her through an eye-glass, while it requires no violent exercise of the imaginative faculty to behold her placing her claw upon her bill and performing certain contemptuous gyrations therewith. Bah ! not such an one. *His* has been bad shooting from the very root ; he has never known a good aim ; his whole existence has missed fire. But a full-chested, strong-limbed, spring-footed, keen-eyed, fearless-hearted, born and predestinated Nimrod ! One who snuffed powder in his cradle, whose first known amusement was peppering the cat with potato-balls from a pop-gun ; one who from his boyhood has gone forth shooting

and to shoot, feeling within himself a divine right to scatter the plumage of the proudest young turkey that ever strutted on a prairie; to call down by the crack of a rifle, the circling eagle from the arch of heaven; to bring to a death-halt the bounding career of the finest stag that ever tossed his antlers through the wilds, or snuffed the air on the peaks of the Alleghanies.

Such an one, oh, most courteous reader, allow me to present to you — Henry Grove, the younger, son of the Colonel, and a citizen of the west. He has been and is the very cousin of cousins; was my first tutor in mathematics and mischief, philosophy and play-acting, history and horsemanship, logic and leaping fences, a very jewel of a joyous-spirited fellow, full of fun, frolic, and frankness; with a heart “as large as all out-doors,” and as warm as all indoors, and with just sufficient beauty to save himself from vanity, and susceptible damsels from a too sudden bestowal of their unsolicited affections. Yet I have remarked the dash of the dare-devil in his composition to be peculiarly captivating to young ladies just out, who had been puritanically reared. I do not intend to intimate that my well-beloved kinsman is that horror of careful mammas, “a wild young man.” I am inclined to believe that the goodness of people, now-a-days, is in inverse proportion to their pretensions. Harry Grove makes few pretensions; *ergo*, he is quite good enough to serve as a hero, in these degenerate times, when our mental dishes to be palatable *must* be slightly spiced with wickedness.

But Henry is not my present hero; I am my own heroine; yet he will figure largely, though secondarily, in “this strange, eventful history.”

Though the very embodiment of health, in the main, Harry had once a long and distressing illness. We came near losing him when he was fifteen. As soon as the crisis of his fever was passed, I, by special request, was appointed sick-room companion and supernumerary nurse. I never left

him for a day. Though a fragile child of ten years, I never wearied of those heart-prompted cares ; my whole soul was whelmed with joy, gushing heavenward with fervent thanksgiving to the God of life. Ah, is it not a blessed thing to behold eyes beaming upon us, all light and love, we had thought to have seen dim with the eclipse of death ; smiles on the lip, a glow on the cheek we had thought to have seen stiff with the rigidity which no affection and no passion may move, touched with the icy chill which not even a mother's last, lingering kiss may melt into warmth ; to see the spirit of life pervading that form we had thought to have laid away in silence and dust forever !

One beautiful and summer-like morning in September, when Harry was just strong enough to walk about the yard with the assistance of a cane, a large hunting party left our town, taking conveniences for camping out, provisions and wine, armed and equipped as the law of sporting directs, for a week's crusade against all sorts of game to whom Heaven had given the freedom of the woods, and who had been obligingly fattening themselves to furnish glory and good living to as arrant a set of scapegraces, as ever broke college with a whoop and hurrah !

Half a dozen merry fellows came dashing and ha-ha-ing up to our door for Harry's elder brothers, who were to join them. Harry, like a noble, manly boy as he was, strove hard to be happy with and for them, but I saw his lip quiver as he offered his favorite dog and gun to a young stranger from the city. At last, with many regrets, politely and earnestly expressed, that the invalid could not accompany them, they were off—all gone. Harry watched them sadly as they wound up the hill opposite the window, and when the last of all, his noble hound, after giving one long, wistful look backward, turned again and disappeared, the poor boy, sighing deeply, sank back into his arm-chair, and covered his face with his emaciated hands. Presently I saw fast tears gliding through the pale and almost transparent fingers.

They were the first I had seen him shed, and seemed wrung from my own heart ; so, winding my arms about his neck, I spoke words of affection and good cheer, which, though childlike, were effectual. He began by calling himself hard names ; he was a "woman," "a girl," a "very baby, and a booby-baby at that." Then he drew up his head, and curled his lip, and dashed away his tears, and "Richard was himself again."

"Sudden a thought came like a full-blown rose."

"Oh, Cousin Harry," I exclaimed, "there are flocks of birds in the orchard. Go out and shoot *them* ! I'll carry the gun."

"*What* gun, Grace ? Did you not see that they took them all ?"

Here *was* a damper ; but trust a woman, even in embryo, for scheming. I sat out instantanly on an exploring expedition. Every chamber and closet in the roomy old mansion was ransacked, and finally my labors were rewarded by finding among some rubbish in the attic, a clumsy musket, once belonging to our grandfather. Its battered appearance was presumptive evidence of its having gone through the "seven long and bloody wars ;" but there were barrel and stock entire. It was a *bona fide* engine of destruction and death, and I bore it away in triumph, though with a slight shudder, as I thought how many red-skins it might have sent to their spiritual hunting grounds.

Harry smiled as, with mock-heroic air, I presented arms ; but laughed outright when he came to examine the musket.

"Why Grace," said he, "*there is no hammer to this lock !*"

After a little explanation as to the offices of the important agent in the discharge of fire-arms, which had thus inopportunately 'come up missing,' I suddenly exclaimed, "I have it now ! You just load the gun, and pour the powder into

the pan, and I will follow *with a coal of fire in the tongs*, and — and I think I dare touch it off, cousin.

I thought Harry would have died of extravagant merriment. He rolled on the floor in a perfect paroxysm of laughter, but becoming calm, vowed he would take up my proposition for its very fun and oddity.

So behold us sallying forth — Harry, to whom a strange strength seemed given, bearing the gun, and I very busily engaged in efforts to keep coal and courage alive.

The first bird at which we took aim was a “chipmunk,” who sat on the fence leisurely gnawing a kernel of corn. Never shall I forget the moment when Harry whispered “*now!*” I reached out the tongs, but a sudden mist came over my eyes; then a quiver started from my heart and ran along my arm; the coal descended on to Harry’s wrist instead of into the pan; he, with an exclamation more hot than holy, dropped the gun; the gun fell on to the coal and then went off, frightening away the “chipmunk” with its report, but, (believe it or not, my reader,) sending a “whizzing death” through the fat sides of a toad, which we had before remarked demurely seated on a stone near where we stood.

This laughable accident having restored to Harry his good nature and to me my courage, the gun was re-loaded, a new coal procured, my eyes and nerves were true to me — there was a flash, a smoke, a stunning report, and

“Lo, the struck *blue-bird* stretched upon the plain!”

At last, wearied with our labors and satisfied with glory, we gathered up our spoils and turned homeward.

It is strange, but though many years have passed, I still remember distinctly just what game I held in my pinafore on that day, viz: one blue-bird, two chipping-birds, a meadow-lark, and a red-breasted robin. The toad I did not count. All of these, with the exception of the robin, a part of whose neck only had been carried away, were literally torn to pieces.

To my disappointment, I found none but servants to whom to display the proofs of my valor. My sweet cousin Alice was at school, and my aunt and uncle taking their morning drive. I waited impatiently for their return, and meeting them on the portico, held up my bloody trophies, exclaiming, "See the game that cousin Harry and I shot while you were gone!" The colonel, patting my cheek, pronounced me a "brave girl;" but my aunt, sadly smiling, said only, "This must have been the robin that sung on our lattice at prayer-time this morning. Poor bird! its song of praise is ended!"

This gentle reproof quivered like an arrow in my heart. I turned hastily, threw away the mangled remains of all but the robin, and with that sought my room. There I folded the dead bird to my breast, and wept over it bitter and passionate tears. I was agonized with contrition when I bethought me that He who had created worlds on worlds, had not disdained to mould that tender form, to tint its plumage with one of the colors glowing in the bow which He hung in the heavens, and to breathe the soul of song into its trembling little bosom. Then bowing down my head, I fervently promised never, never to take from a happy-winged creature the existence which the Father of all in his wisdom had bestowed. Thank heaven, that vow is yet unbroken — the *necessary* destruction of wasps, mosquitoes, and horse-flies always excepted.

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## CHAPTER II.

### MY FIRST FISHING.

THREE years had passed since the woman in my nature got the better of the heroine, and the day of my first hunting closed in tears. Methinks that the glorious Maid of Orleans,

the night after a battle, may have wept over the dying and the dead, even as I wept over those birds. What an absurdity is the doctrine that there is no sex in soul. I would even then have laughed contemptuously had I seen Harry Grove whimpering over the most beautiful songster that ever flashed its plumage in the morning sun. But to return. Three years had passed since my daring exploits as a huntress, and I was again spending a few merry weeks with the Groves. Please picture to yourself, my obliging reader, a tall, slender girl of thirteen, just out of short frocks, but retaining still her long, black, Kenwigsian braids, having a downward look with her eyes commonly, and gifted with a

“complexion

The shadowed livery of the burnished sun,”

and you have my daguerreotype at that period of my humble existence.

It was summer, and Harry came home for a vacation, accompanied by two college friends. As one of the young gentlemen was hopelessly lame, hunting was out of the question, and fishing parties on the lake took its place. Every favorable morning their boat put off the shore, and every evening they returned, famously dirty and hungry, with wet feet and dry canteens, and generally, with the exception of Harry, cursing their luck. I well recollect that however large the party, Harry always insisted on furnishing the fishing tackle. The colonel once remonstrated with him on this extravagance, but was archly reminded that “he who spares the *rod* spoils the child,” and that as a good parent he should “give *line* upon *line*” as well as “precept upon precept.” So the old gentleman turned laughingly away, being like all other amateur soldiers, proverbially good-natured.

Those parties were, I regret to say, made up of the sterner sex exclusively, but after Harry’s friends had left, I proposed

one morning that he should take Cousin Alice and myself to the lake on a fishing excursion.

"Alice is quite skilful," he replied; "but do *you* understand angling?"

"No, but there's nothing which I cannot learn."

"Very well, my modest coz, put on your bonnet, and we will go down and practise awhile by catching small fish for bait, in the old mill-pond."

The sheet of water to which my cousin referred was nothing more than an enlargement and deepening of the stream which ran through the town. The mill which its waters once turned had been destroyed by fire, and all the fixtures so fallen to decay, that Harry remarked, that *as a mill pond* it was not worth a *dam*, but a capital place for catching bait, nevertheless. I did not smile approvingly at this profane pun, not I; but reminded the offender, with chilling dignity, that I should be full fourteen in eleven months and nine days.

After spending a half hour in initiating me into the mysteries of angling, Harry took a station farther up stream. Near me lay a small log, extending out into the pond, the top only lying above the water. Wearied at last with sitting on the bank, and catching not even a "glorious nibble," I picked my way out to the very end of this log and cast my bait upon the waters. Presently I marked an uncommonly large "shiner" glancing about hither and thither, now and then tantalizingly turning up his glittering sides to the sunlight. My heart was in my throat. Could I manage to capture that fish by hook or by crook, it were glory enough for one day. Reader, have you ever seen a "shiner"? Is he not the most *finifine*, dashing, dandyish, D'Orsay of the waves that ever *cut a swell* among "sheepsheads," or coquetted with a young trout?

The conduct of this particular fish was peculiarly provoking. It was in vain that I clad the uninviting hook in the garb of a fresh young worm, and dropped it, all quick and



quivering, down before his very nose. Like a careful wooer who fears "a take in," he would not come to the point; he had evidently dined, and, unlike the old Reformer, played shy of the Diet of Worms.

At last, as though a sudden appetite had been given him which required *abatement*, he caught the worm, and the hook caught him, and — and — but language fails me —

Ye may tell, oh, my sisters, in author-land, of the exquisite joy, the intoxicating bliss which whelms a maiden's heart when love's first kiss glows on her trembling lip; but give to me the rapturous exultation which coursed through every vein, and thrilled along every nerve, as my first fish bent the top of the slender cane-rod toward the water!

But, ah, the instability of human happiness! That unfortunate "shiner" was strong — very. I had just balanced myself on the rounded three inches of the log; I now saw that I must drop the rod and lose the fish, or lose my balance and win a plunge. Like a brave girl, as I flatter myself that I am, I chose the latter. Down, down I went, into six feet depth of water, pertinaciously grasping the rod, which immediately on rising, I flung, with its glittering pendant, high and dry on the shore; and having given one scream, only one, went quietly down again.

Just then, Harry, who had heard my fall at first, reached the spot, plunged in, caught and bore me safely to the bank. When I had coughed the water from my throat, and wiped it from my eyes, I pointed proudly toward my captive "shiner." Alas! what did I behold! — that fish, *my fish*, releasing himself from the hook and floundering back into his native element! Yes, he was gone, gone forever, and for one dark moment,

"Naught was every thing, and every thing was naught!"

I need not tell of our walk homeward, of the alarm and merriment which our appearance created; or how I was placed in bed and half smothered with blankets, how a

nauseous compound was sent up to me, which Harry kindly quaffed, and grew ill as I grew well. All such matters can be safely left to the imagination of my intelligent reader.

I will but add, that, though of late years I have angled more extensively and successfully, have flung a lucky hook into the beautiful rivers and glorious lakes of the west, and have dropped *occasional lines* into the waters of American literature, I have never since known that pure, young delight, that exquisite zest, that wild enthusiasm, which led me to stake all on one mad chance, and brave drowning for a "shiner."

## HEART HISTORIES.

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### AUNT MARY.

THERE is a multitudinous amount of Aunt Marys in the world, yet he who has not seen *our* Aunt Mary, though he may remain in blissful ignorance of his loss, has nevertheless sustained one. She has just sailed for the old country, and dear reader, I intend to take advantage of her absence, to tell you all about her. She is now, alas! in the Indian summer of her beauty, that is, in her forty-first year. Now don't turn away from my heroine with a "pshaw!" and call her "*passee*." She is a most fascinating woman still, I give you my word for it, and it is scarcely necessary to add, upon *that* you may lean as on a staff. I declare that she is yet beautiful enough to grace rather than to be graced by "Mary," that rose-bud among names; yet elegant and accomplished enough to turn the heads of half a dozen young collegians in a week; yet mirthful and light-hearted enough to drive the blue devils from the chamber of a confirmed hypochondriac. There is some secret in this which does not lie in mere personal gifts. True, she was very lovely from her earliest childhood, but many who are fairies at thirteen are frights at thirty. In the first place, she has always cherished a spirit of hopeful cheerfulness, in itself a greater beautifier than all the cosmetics of Gourard. It is her earnest and untiring activity which has *preserved* form and feature within the line of grace and beauty, while a genuine love of home-joys has kept them from the wear and

tear of dissipation. The sole secret of her loveliness lies in her *loping*. All through her life, with the fearless independence of a pure and lofty spirit, she has dared (like the angels) to love whatever and whoever she found worthy of that adorable sentiment. She has never presumed to cage in narrow prejudices that dove flown to us from the bosom of God, to bind down its restless wing with the harsh maxims of a selfish philosophy, but has sent it forth again and again to fly from heart to heart, and it has always returned to her unwearied and unsullied. Yet is she no visionary, no wild enthusiast, for her whole mind and soul are deeply imbued with that true spirit of poetry which is both the clearest sense, and the highest reason.

I will now, after this long introduction, let her reveal herself farther to you, reader mine, in a letter which she wrote for my eye alone, and placed in my hand on the morning of my seventeenth birthday. It was suggested by a remark made by me the evening before, in all the confident wisdom of a school girl, an expression of my belief that first love is the only love which we poor mortals may ever experience, the Alpha and Omega of all we may ever know of the divine passion.

The letter will be found to be quite fragmentary. It was a style of writing peculiar to her; her conversation had something of the same character.

“And so, dear Grace, you believe in first and only love! and how have you, while yet so young, formed so sage an opinion? From poetry and romances, not from experience or even observation, I must believe. But as I know such a sentiment to be sometimes productive of error and unhappiness, I have resolved to unfold to you the history of one all womanly heart. Grace, *I* have twice loved; once in my early girlhood, and once in my maturity — the unsettled April, and the rich June of my existence. Well do I remember the object of my ‘first and passionate love.’ His

was a dark, stern face, of wondrous classic beauty, illuminated with the fire of a restless and aspiring genius ; a face where *mind* sat enthroned, but whence *heart* was banished. There was no ' love light ' in his eye, no *woman* about the mouth, but all was calm, proud, imperial manhood. His stature was low, his form slight, but in his loftier moods he seemed to tower far above me, and my weak eyelids trembled and drooped beneath the descending lightning of his glance. His voice had a clear, bold, imperious tone, which thrilled one like the note of a clarion. He seldom smiled ; he scarcely understood mirth ; he despised sentiment and softness. Life was to him a deep and serious game ; he played for its honors ; he fed his soul on ambition, and gloried in what he termed his manly unimpressibleness.

" Such was the being who sought my love, or rather *commanded* it. To others I had always been wayward, enthusiastic and impetuous, but in his presence I was awed and subdued ; even my pride, that crown of woman, was laid at his feet. But I loved him with a deep, wild, engrossing, ever-present love, which left no room for any other sentiment. Reflection, reason, even the cherished affections of years, seemed overpowered and paralyzed, seemed perishing in the glow of that rapturous adoration, dying a sweet death, like insects in the flame of a censer. As when one has looked upon the sun, its golden semblance long burns before his gaze, so wherever I turned, shone before me the glorious image of my love. Had I any disquietudes, any little heart-aches, Moore's *Lilis* would as soon have confided them to her angel lover, as I to him, who claimed me as his plighted wife. Should I come with my complaining strains to make discord amid the lofty music of a soul like his ? I tremble now, as I remember how daringly I took on my soul the sin of so blind an idolatry. But there came a time when a vague fear, a nameless dread, took up its abode with me. I was like one who dreams he is walking in Paradise, yet knows that he is dreaming ; like one who treads upon thin

ice, beneath which he can almost feel the heaving of the waves. Even as I exulted over my love, I trembled lest this new star of my existence should be blotted out, lest this morning dew of my life should rise in mist and float away for ever.

“May not this have been the warning whisper of my ministering angel? for Charles F—— is living, and we are as strangers. Had our separation been caused by vices or positive faults in him, they should not be revealed, for affection once given, throws a sacredness, like that of the grave, around even an unworthy object. Had many errors been his, around them would my tenderness have clung to shield from all censure. Had the world hated and shunned him, one heart would have been loyal to the last; but the world looked upon him with mingled admiration and awe, and *this was all he asked.*

“Slowly and painfully the truth came home to me that he to whom I had given worship belonging alone to Heaven, did not and could not love me as I would be loved. At first I had been content with the admiring homage of his genius, but at last I began to yearn for the tenderness which it was not in his nature to bestow, for the winning words, the fond smiles, the endearing attentions which have been the food of woman's heart ever since God made her loving and dependent. At last I saw it all. He was a statue, from the pedestal of his greatness looking down with cold, calm eyes on the enthusiastic devotion of his worshipper. A lofty, spotless, unimpassioned embodiment of pure intellect, whose eddying currents of human feeling were only wide enough to circle round himself. I saw that the marriage altar must be an altar of sacrifice, a funeral pyre of all in my nature which could not then be merged in his; that my joys and sorrows, my purposes and life, almost my very identity, must not mingle with, but be *lost* in his. I saw that the fountain of my heart would exhaust itself when there were no waters to replenish it; that the garden of my soul would

become a waste place when there was no hand to tend its flowers. I knew this should not be ; I said it *must* not be, and we parted.

“ When Death bears a loved one from us, the sudden grief prostrates and bewilders ; but, oh ! the intense, exquisite anguish of the deliberate rending of clinging affections, the tearing one by one the bleeding tendrils from the living tree !

“ Years passed away, and I loved again. But how unlike the idol of my former dream ! Edward C—— united the winning softness of woman to the dignity of man. He was feminine, though not effeminate. He did not wear his manhood as a Spanish grandee wears his cloak, wrapped around him moodily and closely, as for fear of displaying the poverty beneath, but as a young prince his royal robe, with careless gracefulness over the richness and beauty it but half conceals. His mind was not like a cultivated plain, which but for toil and art would have been a barren waste ; it was more like a prairie of the west, from whose bosom spring flowers and verdure, spontaneous, but luxuriant and beautiful. He was tall, but never seemed to tower above me ; he was fair, and his face wore a joyous expression, if so restless a name could be given to that outlook of a calm and happy nature ;—

‘ A world of sunshine slumbered in his eyes,  
A world of sweetness gathered round his mouth ;  
His quiet tones spoke gentle sympathies,  
As breathe of flowers the low winds of the south ; ’

and over all broke the light, but not the fire of genius.

“ So had his beneficence endeared him to the humble ; so had his earnest character and spotless life won for him the admiring homage of the great ; so did the kindly feelings of the good and true throng around him, that I felt that even my unspeakable love was but the world’s sentiment concentrated and impassioned. Yet it was long ere we loved. The

bud of that divine feeling was long in unfolding, for it was never to fade. Love has been called the rose of the heart, and the heart is too often made a hot-bed to force it into unnatural and premature bloom. If it be left to the sunlight of nature, to the dews of innocence and truth, to the tending of the angels, what a joy to mark its upspringing, to watch its unfolding leaf after leaf, taking from each passing hour a sweeter breath and a warmer glow, till it stands in the perfectness of its matchless beauty.

“Our life has been singularly free from outward incidents of a painful nature, yet we have known some sorrows and heart-wearying cares. Yet we could not repine, as it was granted us to share them together. Above all, that willing confidence, that perfect trust, that delicious repose of soul on soul which we bore with us to the altar, and without which there can be no true marriage, has never for one hour forsaken us. Nor have we been blind worshippers; we know each other's faults; all, even to the most minute; yet ever as they have revealed themselves we have wrapped about them the white robe of forgiveness, and thrown over them the silver veil of charity, and thenceforth they have been sacred from the world.

“In conclusion, dear Grace, I would thus compare my two loves: my first was an eaglet, caged by a master-hand, submitting to captivity, but longing ever for his former freedom, remembering still the glad rush of his untamed wing. My second was a gentler bird, stealing contentedly into the heart of her capturer as to her own home nest, and folding her weary wing in quietude with a scarce perceptible flutter of delight.”

Here closed Aunt Mary's singular letter. Though eloquent for its simple earnestness, it did not convince me, for I took the ground that what she called her first love was in fact no love at all. She could not come *near enough* to Charles F—— to love him, and had they wedded, she would



have been like the wife of Cato, who her stern lord affirmed, never dared to cling about him but when Jove thundered. The sentiment she knew was admiration, gratified pride, infatuation; any thing you please, but that bondage of the soul in which the slave hugs the chains, that madness of the heart which the lunatic infinitely prefers to reason. She seems to have held the balance of power, and to have decreed the parting, which she could never have done had she loved with all the blind devotion, the beautiful folly of woman. Our strength in affairs of the heart is often pride, which must be roused by wrong or slight, and she seems to have received neither the one nor the other. With her love I found no fault, though it seemed a little too much like "walking by sight" to be charmingly feminine; but to her first experience I could not allow the name she had given; so I remained *in statu quo* till I was convinced by more "powerful means."

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#### ELLEN MONTGOMERY.

"I say Grace," said my friend, Kate Richmond, "I like your cousin Nelly right well: she comes wonderfully near angelhood; but then she wants something, I scarcely know what, but *something*. Does she not lack feeling?"

"You're out there, Kate," I replied, "for our Nelly is *all* feeling."

"Ah, that is just what I meant; it is too evident, too much on the surface, too foamy and frothy; there is no still, unfathomable deep. Or she has no rich hoards of passionate feeling; it is all in small change."

"Why, Kate," said I, half piqued by her want of penetration, "Nelly is yet a mere child. You surely would not ask for strong, concentrated passion in a girl of seventeen. The woman in her nature is yet a sealed fountain; but she

will develop gloriously by and by, mark my words. Her character will yet reveal itself in marvellous strength and beauty, and our eyes shall behold it."

If ever there was one I knew thoroughly, heart, mind and soul, it was my sweet cousin, Ellen Montgomery. She came to us a fairy-like child of ten summers, an orphan. Her father had died while she was a mere infant, and when his widow, after a few darkened years, was about to follow him, she tenderly bequeathed her sole earthly treasure to a fond and devoted sister, my own mother, well beloved.

Cousin Nelly found a home, indeed. She was the pet and idol of the household. Our father indulged her, and our mother seemed to feel for her a peculiar tenderness, yet we young folks were never jealous. We saw her growing up surpassingly beautiful, yet we never envied her. There was a magnetism in her loveliness, which drew our hearts to hers and fastened them there. At no time of my life have I seen a character so freshly, dewily natural as hers, one that so turned itself out to the sunlight, was so transparent in its perfect simplicity. She positively could not comprehend the artificial rules of propriety teachers — what she termed the stupid, meaningless laws which oppress modern society. Perhaps it would have been wise in us to have preached to her on the danger of thus remaining as God had made her, to have counselled her to conform to the regulations of fashion. Our weakness in failing to do this may have cost her some heart-aches.

At the time Kate Richmond made the remarks I have noted down, Ellen was the acknowledged belle and beauty of our village. Generous, amiable, and light-hearted, she rapidly won the earnest regard of all. And she was a most indefatigable hoarder up of affection; bee-like, she flew from heart to heart, weighing herself down with the sweets of tender and kindly feeling. Yet those who knew her well, believed her to possess a rich inner nature, unrevealed even to herself, and that the heart which seemed to

open fully to all, was yet but 'a half-unclosed flower, capriciously delaying its unfolding, and waiting to have its most glowing leaves kissed apart by the lips of the angel of Love.

It was soon after Ellen was seventeen that the heir of the Grahame property, Mr. James Stuart Grahame, (I give the name in full, as he always wrote it,) burst upon us in a sudden glory. He had left our town when a lad, and after graduating at Yale and visiting the land of his fathers, old Scotia, with his mother and sisters, had now come down to have the grand old mansion made inhabitable as a summer residence. Young, rich, handsome and haughty, his advent naturally stirred up our village into a state of delightful excitement. It was at a May party that he first met with us. He was certainly what romantic young ladies call "interesting" in appearance, besides being

" Perfect in form and feature,  
And so divinely tall : "

but then he had a cold, condescending way with him a manner I always feel myself especially called upon to resent, and one could see at a glance that he was as proud as the fallen "son of the morning." I afterwards found that, like a true Scot, this pride was his distinguishing trait and ruling passion; it was within, around him, and emanated from him in all directions. /

Nelly was our queen, and never shall I forget the startling impression which her first appearance, in all her grace, gaiety and blooming beauty, made upon Grahame. He gazed awhile with eyes dilated and lips apart, and then pressed eagerly forward for a presentation. It did my heart good to see the imperious, travelled aristocrat kneeling humbly, blushing like a very schoolboy, and timidly kissing the rose-tipped fingers of our laughing little Nell. But my triumph gave place to a slight feeling of apprehension, as I remarked the eyes of Her Majesty *pro tem.*, fixed with

evident interest on the glowing face of her courtier-like admirer. I saw it was all over with *him*, that he could do nothing less than haul down colors and surrender to Commodore Cupid; but I did not wish the heart of our brave Nelly to prove so easy a conquest. But what availed my wishes! All through budding May and leafy June was Greenwood cottage honored by the frequent presence of Grahame the admirer, Grahame the friend, Grahame the lover, Grahame the adorer, and Grahame the affianced of our darling Cousin Ellen!

The bridegroom elect was boyishly proud of his betrothed, and seemed to exult in having won the beauty of M——. To others he was as imperious and fastidious as ever, but deferential and fondly attentive to Ellen! And she — how gloriously the woman woke within her! How she trusted in him, how proud she was of him, how she doted on and treasured up his lightest words! How she poured her very soul out in grateful worship! Yet she loved him familiarly; she sang, and danced, and laughed, and jested with him till her own beautiful and joyous existence seemed so intertwined with his that they could not be separated.

At last, with much “pomp and circumstance,” the female part of the family of Grahame came to M——. Ellen and I were among the first to call. We found the mother a stiff, formal Scotch woman, and the two daughters exceedingly plain and exceedingly disagreeable. What was pride and haughtiness in the brother was superciliousness and insolent arrogance in them. As they knew of the engagement, I was indignant at the airs they assumed towards Ellen. Dear girl! it was the first time I had ever seen her painfully embarrassed. The very atmosphere seemed to oppress her. Yet she rattled on, and said many charming things, and some, it must be confessed, more distinguished for *naïveté* than wisdom. She even, when James was mentioned, began warmly praising him out of the fullness of her little innocent heart. But the old mother looked solemn, Miss Euphemia prudish, and Miss Margaret giggled.

On our way home I hinted to Nelly that it were best for her not to seek to *win* the regard of the lofty Scotch dames, but to give them a sufficiency of coldness and formality, and *queen it* in her turn. But no, she had such a holy faith in love, she would subdue them with kindness; she would wind herself into their hearts, and they *must* love her yet. I then suggested that she should endeavor to conceal her partiality for Grahame in the presence of his mother and sisters. I might as well have counselled a wild rose to hide her blushes. It would out. It revealed itself in a thousand ways, and on no occasion did the sisters of Grahame fail to notice it and call the attention of others, till James was evidently annoyed by those very demonstrations of preference which once thrilled his heart with proud pleasure.

Finally Ellen was honored with an invitation to spend a week at "Grahame Place." She returned before the visit was completed, sad and ill. I questioned her, and she said she had never so felt that she was an ignorant country girl; that she found she could not sing Italian like Miss Euphemia, nor speak French and paint in oils, like Miss Margaret. "And then," said she, while her face grew crimson, "*I was dressed so plainly.*"

"But, surely," I remarked, "their manner did not make you to feel this? Were they not kind and affable?"

"No; cold and neglectful."

"But James, how was he?"

She threw herself on my breast with a gush of tears, and murmured, "He was like the others."

At last she told me of many things he had said and done, which had cruelly grieved her heart. One circumstance I now recollect. On the morning of the day of her return, an excursion on horseback was planned, and Grahame collected a considerable party. While showing off the paces of his horse, a fine, blooded animal, the vicious creature suddenly threw him. Grahame was but slightly hurt, but dreading the laughter of his friends, lay for a moment as though insensible.

Ellen, half-frenzied, sprang from her palfrey, raised his head on her knee, chafed his temples, and called upon him wildly and tenderly. He opened his eyes, flashed upon her a look of angry pride, flung her hands rudely from him, and exclaimed, in a harsh undertone, "Good heavens! Miss Montgomery, do not render yourself and me ridiculous!"

In the afternoon, Ellen pleaded illness and came home.

Three days of terrible suspense passed before she saw the face of her betrothed husband. At last he came, and all in a tremor of fearfulness and love she received him. In a short time I saw him pass down the avenue, but for more than an hour Ellen remained alone where he had left her.

When she gave me leave to enter, I found her extended on the sofa, her face hid with her hands, and the long, golden curls which had fallen over it, her breast heaving and her neck quivering with quick, convulsive sobs. She could tell me nothing; her anguish was too intense for words; all night long she wept and moaned within my arms, and her hot tears seemed burning into my heart. Just at dawn she fell asleep, and remained in tranquil slumber for some hours. When she awoke and found me watching beside her, she turned her sorrowful eyes upon me, and said meekly, "How good of you to show such kindness to a poor, humiliated, forsaken girl."

"*Forsaken!*" I exclaimed. "Has James Grahame *dared* to forsake you?"

"He said we had better part; that he was convinced that we were not suited to one another, and he has left me forever."

"And thank Heaven for it!" I cried, "my dove, my lamb, my rose-bud, my every thing that is good and gentle and lovable! Grahame was never worthy of you; he never truly loved you. You never reigned over his little, narrow soul. Pride only, 'like a mountain devil,' ruled there. If he thought less of you for your being portionless, let him now see with how *rich* a scorn you can look down on one poor in

heart and poor in honor. Learn to despise and detest him as the embodiment of faithlessness and refined cruelty. Let him shrivel beneath the scorching contempt of a proud and injured woman ! ”

She looked up mournfully for a moment, and only replied, “ *I love him !* ”

Such brief and childlike answers were all she ever returned to my appeals to her pride, and attempts to rouse her resentful feeling. She said her heart was so sore, so crushed and trodden to the earth, that she could never be proud again. For the sake of the blissful past, she mourned her faithless lover as one dead, tenderly and forgivingly.

I despair of having my heroine admired by young ladies of spirit. She was, indeed, no tragedy queen ; she was but a meek, loving, constant, child-woman.

All through the winter our beloved Ellen drooped daily, and spring found her but the pale shadow of her former self. Then came a new era in her existence. An uncle of her father, a Bostonian of great wealth and family, having married off his last daughter, wrote to his “little unknown niece,” entreating her to accept a home with him, and thus “make glad the house and heart of a lonely old man.”

She went, and two years passed before we saw her dear face again. She then came to spend a summer with us ; the same, and yet how changed.

Ah, she was a magnificent creature in her full ripened loveliness, with the patrician carriage of her exquisitely moulded head, the serene dignity which slept upon her brow, the womanly purity which looked from her eye, and the winning softness which waited on every curl and curve of her delicate lips ! She had none of her former restless thoughtlessness ; the very spirit of *repose* seemed pervading her entire character. Every movement was tranquilly graceful. She said little, and her voice was low and deliciously intoned. She laughed in a quiet, musical, lady-like manner, and it even seemed that she smiled leisurely and with thought.

In her absence, she had been the idol of her city relatives, and she followed and worshipped of a large circle of intellect and fashion, and now the accomplished, self-possessed woman met again the lover of her early girlhood.

Since his heartless desertion of Ellen, he had buried his mother and married his sisters, and now dwelt in solitary grandeur in the old homestead. I witnessed the meeting. He happened in at an evening party, evidently not dreaming of such an encounter till the hostess electrified him by an introduction to his *ci-devant* lady-love. He turned deathly pale, and actually shook with agitation ; but Ellen never lost her queenliness for a moment, her eye never quailed, -and the hand she extended, while remarking carelessly that they were old friends, never trembled.

All present must have seen that he was deeply struck and instantly subdued by the rare combination of natural and artificial fascinations which she presented. He hovered round, and gazed upon her in a silent stupor of admiration. She was dressed superbly that night. A profusion of rich lace and pearls, harmonizing charmingly with her style, contributed not a little to her dazzling beauty.

I could cover pages in telling how from that time, gradually and timidly, like a school-boy who has played truant, the haughty Grahame stole back to his allegiance ; how Ellen, though she did not positively encourage, *did not frown on him*, till it was evident that he loved with all his soul, and for once, with all his *pride*. He had *fancied* our little Nell as a pretty plaything, but he now *adored* the elegant, perfectly developed woman as a goddess. He was her most devoted, her knight, her slave, here, there, and everywhere at her bidding, till I grew indignant at her not rejecting his homage, at her permitting his presence, for I would sooner have seen her wedded to a wild Seminole than the courtly wife of the master of thousands. At last, with the freedom of other days, I entreated her at least to relieve my suspense. She answered by placing in my hand a letter, to which she had



just replied. It was from Grahame. I began reading it with a sneer, but as I read on I was thrilled, amazed and spell-bound by an eloquent outpouring of strong and intense feeling. It clearly revealed that, under the influence of a real passion, the writer had found his better nature *had expanded into a man*. He seemed to have lost his pride in his love, and while daring to offer the fervent devotion of his future life, to be filled with humiliation and contrition for the past. He threw himself on her mercy, dwelt on the remorse which had pursued him since their parting, alluded to the interference of his family, acknowledged that he had first loved her beauty merely, not knowing her worth, yet called Heaven to witness that he had since known no other love, and closed with an appeal to her womanly sympathies, so tender, wild and passionate, that I dared not dream it had been in vain.

"How did you answer?" I asked.

"*I rejected him.*"

"Thank Heaven! But why?"

She quietly placed in my hand a miniature, saying, "*This is the only man I ever will wed.*"

I gazed from the picture to her in amazement. The face was new to me, and by no means a handsome one. And yet, as I looked with earnest attention, I grew to liking it exceedingly. It was one of those faces which one might fancy possessed an inner set of features, of surpassing beauty, *shining through*. A something fascinating and endearing appeared to emanate from it; the brow bore the stamp of nobility, and the eye was alive with intellect.

"Why, Nell," I exclaimed, "who *can* this be?"

"Mr. Frederic Aymes, of Boston, a poor artist and *protege* of my uncle, and soon to be my affianced husband."

"Ah, why is he not *now*?" I asked.

"Because I wished to remain free till I had consulted my early friends, as I told *him*; until I had again met James Grahame, my first love, as I told *myself*."

"Oh, ho, the mystery is out! You were weighing love against love, and the first was found wanting, eh?"

"Yes," she replied, with an emphasis so hearty as to leave me no room for doubt; "and I shall write to Fred to-morrow and send him the face he loves, on ivory; he painted it a whole year ago."

When I awoke next morning, a delightful one in June, Nelly had risen, and was writing by the window. She wore a morning dress, white as new-fallen snow, one sleeve unfastened at the wrist, displayed her rounded arm to her dimpled elbow; her hair was tossed carelessly back from her brow, and lightly into a crimson cushion sunk her unslipped feet. I knew by the dewiness of her eye, and the deepened glow of her cheeks and lips, to whom she was writing. And then, with the beautiful impulse of a loving heart, she had gathered some half-opened roses from the bush which clambered to our window, placed one in her bosom, and laid a handful on the desk by her side.

One week from this time Ellen Montgomery received two letters; one was from James Stuart Grahame, bearing his adieu; he was about revisiting Europe; and the other from Frederic Aymes, announcing his speedy coming. The first Nelly hurried through and laid aside with a sigh of pity; but the second she read and re-read with tears and smiles, kissed, and literally "laid to heart."

In order to give my reader a glimpse into Frederic's character, I will quote some passages from his letter. In alluding to the miniature she had sent, he said: "Heaven and all its good angels bless you for this faint shadow of yourself! I gazed on it long and fondly, but dared not press it to my lips. Was it not strange, dear love? You know I painted it before you took a fancy to your humble servant, and it seemed to wear a cold, calm, *stranger* look. But by-and-by a soft love-light seemed to quiver from the pictured eyes and live around the mouth, and then, and then, and then! I have placed it now where every throb of my heart kisses it. Pardon if I

write wildly ; I am intoxicated with happiness and dizzy with 'love's divine excess.' Am I not thine, and art thou not mine, my pride, my princess, my Peri, ay, and my Paradise ? Ah, how faintly and coldly my pen translates my heart ! Gladly would I search through all the languages of the east for endearing words, for rare, sweet names, all glowing with the life and perfumed with the breath of love ! And yet Ellen, *my own Ellen*, were sweeter, dearer, more deliciously musical than all. That name ! I have grown it in flowers in the garden of my heart ; it is traced on my memory in lines of rosy light ; it sounds through the chambers of my soul like the voice of an angel."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Did you not say, Ellen," asked I when she had read me the letter from which the above is extracted, "that Mr. Aymes was poor !"

"Yes," she replied, "he has only his profession."

"Will your uncle favor his suit ?"

"No, and I can expect nothing from him."

"Then, Nell, you will have to resign fashionable society."

"No matter, I shall see the more of Fred."

"You must give up expensive dress."

"Oh, Fred admires simplicity."

"You cannot keep a carriage."

"But we can have delightful walks."

"You must take a small house and furnish it plainly."

"Yes ; but, coz, elegant furniture would be out of place in a cottage."

"You will have to cover your floors with cheap, thin carpets."

"Ah, then I shall hear *his* step the sooner !"

I caught her hand, kissed it reverently, and pressed it to my heart.

## ELINOR VERNON.

"What most I prize in woman  
Is her affections, not her intellect.  
The intellect is finite; but the affections  
Are infinite, and cannot be exhausted.  
Compare me with the great men of the earth,  
What am I! Why, a pigmy among giants!  
But if thou lovest, — mark me! I say lovest,  
The greatest of thy sex excels thee not!  
The world of affection is thy world,  
Not that of man's ambition. In that stillness  
Which most becomes a woman, calm and holy,  
Thou sittest by the fireside of the heart,  
Feeding its flame." — LONGFELLOW.

WALTER MAYNARD was a young man of rare intellect and varied endowments; but, unfortunately for his age, he was born to a fortune, which, though a very comfortable thing for the gentleman himself, did not conduce to the full development of his genius. Ah! there is nothing like a hand-to-hand struggle with the world; and, say what they will, a race for bread has about it far more of intense excitement and tireless energy than a race for fame. Constitutionally somewhat indolent, and singularly devoid of ambition, it was impossible that Walter Maynard should do full justice to his powers without the spur of necessity. As it was, knowing that he had not to make his way in the world, that honorable position, and a pleasant and luxurious part in life were his by inheritance, he contented himself with a knowledge of his half-developed power, made a private luxury of his genius. He graduated creditably at Oxford, only just missing the highest honors, because he preferred they should be taken by those who set their hearts on such things. He made the tour of Europe in the quietest way possible, and

though he kept a journal, never bored a patient public by its publication. In short, he did nothing for display, or in the hope of renown. He rather shrank from distinctions of all kinds; his pride, inborn and independent, being far greater than his vanity or love of approbation.

With a tall, powerfully built figure, and a head somewhat massive in character, Walter Maynard impressed one with an idea of superiority, an influence resulting equally from the *physique* and the *spirituel*; yet his face, except on critical inspection, was not handsome. Its beauty did not draw out and compel admiration; was not kindling, not genial and gentle in its character. It was that of Phidian regularity of feature, accompanied by an expression of high and severe intellectuality. But the play of his mouth in conversation with his familiar friends, at times revealed softness and sensibility, and the curve and fullness of his lips indicated that his nature was not wholly without the element of passion. His manner ever the same, reserved, and marked by great repose, carried with it a subdued and irresistible lordliness, always *felt*, but seldom resented, by those with whom he was brought in contact. In dress, equipage, and all personal surroundings, he was tasteful, but not always *à-la-mode*. He was not distinguished for *style*, and a lady, not informed that he was the heir to a fine estate, would hardly be likely to honor him with a second glance in a drive through the Park, or level her glass at him at the opera. He was not a votary of pleasure, nor devoted to society. If he took pride in his knowledge of the world, it was of the world *en masse*, not of certain castes and grades, cliques and classes. He had a horror of fashionable women, and a wholesome contempt for the entire "dandiacal body" of fashionable men. He was soon ennued to death with town and life, the opera bored, and the illegitimate drama disgusted him; he nursed no sickly moustache, he cherished no passion for billiards, ballet dancers, and trotting horses. Thus it was that he soon sought retirement, freedom, health, and quiet

happiness in the society of books and of his amiable parents, in his well loved home, a fine old country residence in the south of England.

Here Maynard found a new and unexpected, but an exceedingly pleasant, occupation awaiting him. This work, which he undertook voluntarily, was the care and direction of the education of his cousin, a ward of his father's, an orphan, and a young lady of, perhaps, seventeen summers.

Elinor Vernon was a girl of remarkable talent, even *genius*, and of some degree of personal beauty, though, at that age, neither intellectually nor physically developed. She was tall and slender; her face, almost colorless, wore at most times a sad and thoughtful expression. Her eyes, of dark, intense blue, shadowed by lashes observably long and black, were eloquent with a deep soul's unfathomable meanings. Her raven hair of uncommon length and fineness, was always gracefully, though somewhat carelessly, arranged around a head not Grecian, but of infinitely more character and spirituality. Almost from childhood the softened grandeur of the form and expression of Elinor's head was observed and commented upon, even by those who could see nothing to admire in that face, which required some extraordinary excitement of the intellect or the emotions to light it into transient brilliancy.

Elinor Vernon was a student, enthusiastic and devoted, and one of rare attainments, both in character and degree. At eighteen, besides the usual elegant accomplishments of young ladies, she was a fine classical scholar, read the Greek and Latin with great correctness and singular appreciation.

It was in these studies, and in philosophy, that her cousin most loved to join his instructions to those of her tutor, and watch her mind in its rapid and beautiful unfolding. The three would daily spend hour after hour in silent, intense study, or low-voiced readings, drinking in long, deep draughts from the exhaustless fountains of ancient inspiration. In after

years, they might well have adopted the words of the glorious poet, Elizabeth Barrett : —

“ And I think of those long mornings,  
Which my thought goes far to seek,  
When betwixt the folio's turnings  
Solemn flowed the rhythmic Greek.  
Then what golden hours were for us ;  
While we sat together there,  
How the white vests of the chorus  
Seemed to wave up a live air !

\* \* \* \*

“ Our Euripides the human,  
With his droppings of warm tears ;  
And his touches of things common  
Till they rose to touch the spheres !  
Our Theocritus, our Bion,  
And our Pindar's shining goals !  
These were cup-bearers undying,  
Of the wine that's meant for souls ! ”

Thus passed the early womanhood of Elinor Vernon ; but she was by no means utterly lost in her literary pursuits ; she developed morally and socially, as well as intellectually, and her heart was not dwarfed in her rapid and extraordinary mental growth. She was simple and natural in her tastes, and though the character of her mind was tender and thoughtful, she had enthusiasm, passion, and, at times, a flashing wit. Yet, ever in her most impassioned or brilliant moods, there were about her manner a certain softness and delicate freshness, like moss clinging around a rose, which subdued the intensest glow of feeling, and took from wit the effect of display.

At nineteen, Elinor was far more attractive in person than when she first became known to her cousin. Her form had acquired a fine fullness, and her movement a quiet grace that were very noticeable. Though she still was generally pronounced quite plain, those who knew her well knew that, at

rare times and in peculiar circumstances, she was surpassingly beautiful. There seemed *latent* charms in her unclassical features, which were warmed into life every now and then, or her face had the quality or power of *absorbing* its own loveliness, and giving it out in sudden and startling radiations. It followed, that, with this peculiar beauty, which was like the inspiration of the poet, unsought, and half unconsciously received and enjoyed, she was every now and then giving pleasant surprises to those who loved her; an experience unknown to a woman of faultless form, classic regularity of feature, and unvarying brilliancy of complexion.

It was when Elinor was about nineteen, that Walter Maynard one morning perceived her sitting in an arbor in the garden, with a portfolio on her knee, deeply engaged in writing. Now and then she raised her large, dark eyes, no longer dreamy, but flashing with the fire of genius, while her usually pale cheek was flushed with a radiant, though fluctuating color, like rose-reflections flung from the passing wing of the invisible spirit of beauty. Walter drew near unperceived, and looking over her shoulder, saw, with a start of surprise, that the soul of the gifted girl was at last finding natural and inevitable utterance in its own appropriate language. The rapid hand of his cousin was only embodying in words the abundant *poetry* of her rich inner life; her heart flowing out into stanzas, her nature resolving itself into melody.

Suddenly, in glancing up, at the close of a passage, Elinor met the earnest eye of her grave cousin. With a cry of half terror, and a paleness spreading over her face, she sprang up, and with her portfolio pressed against her bosom, stood looking silently at Maynard. With much tact and kindness, Walter finally overcame the sensitive fears of his cousin, and persuaded her to confide in him as ever before. He was amazed at the thought and spirit shown in those few first poems, which he took from the reluctant hand of the young poet. Though unequal, and in some respects inartistic,



they still possessed the true elements of poetry, strength, fancy, imagination, and harmony.

From that day, Walter Maynard devoted himself to the cultivation of his cousin's taste, no, *passion*, for that is not too strong a word, for poetry. He instructed, criticised, and encouraged her, until literature became the constant and beloved pursuit of her life. But it was more than a year before she came before the world as an authoress, and then it was almost by accident. There happened to visit at the house of her uncle and guardian, the proprietor of one of the most popular and influential periodicals of the day ; a man of genius and fine critical taste. To him, Walter, who was really very proud of his cousin, showed some of her spirited poems. The critic, surprised and delighted, immediately and urgently requested them for publication. Elinor, with the advice of her uncle and cousin, reluctantly consented. The poems appeared, were successful, were followed by others, and ere a year had passed, Elinor was a distinguished woman, the reigning queen of song, the fashion and the passion in the literary world.

Thus was she borne, by easy flights, up the first steep of fame, where many sink down exhausted and discouraged. She never knew the "hope deferred which maketh the heart sick," nor the hard necessity of mental toil, when the brain was weary and the soul faint. She never knew the dull pain, which is the slow death of aspiration ; the anguish of forbidden or insufficient expression, or the suffocating agony of a poor and pent-up life, whose bitter cry is, "Oh ! I feel like a seed in the cold earth, quickening at heart, and pining for the air !"

It was hers to see her hopes and aspirations, one after another, perfecting and rounding into beautiful realizations. The most genial and kindly elements of outward existence ministered to the growth and freedom of her spirit, and her genius expanded and unfolded into vigorous and luxuriant life. Yet was she never *satisfied*, though never unhappily

discontent. No sooner did she seem to attain and grasp her ideal, than it re-appeared to her in some more beautiful and glorious form ; and thus she knew it must ever be through infinite existence. Not always, when her spirit wrestled with the angel of high thought, did it overcome and receive the blessing ; and many times, when, after long seeking, she reached the sacred shrine of poesy, she found the deity departed, or cold to her imperfect worship ; yet did she find strength in those struggles, and comfort in those pilgrimages. She recognized her poetical mission, and with a cheerful and worshipful heart sought to fulfil it. For this she had received no fire-baptism, but rather a sprinkling from the purest and quietest fountains of nature. Her gift of poesy burned not upon her brow in the royal power and splendor of the highest genius, nor weighed upon and bound it tightly, like the iron casque of a poet-reformer, a knight in the lists against the age, whose words clang like mail, and whose thoughts crush like battle-axes, and cleave like swords ; it was rather like the festal wreath of the village maiden, worn half playfully, half in earnest, exacting no envy, but winning involuntary homage, so freshly beautiful in itself, and so royally gracing the gentle brow that wears it.

The poor and unhallowed sentiment generally understood by the word *ambition*, Elinor Vernon did not possess. She had grown up from childhood with an impression, a conviction, vague and undefined, but deep and constant, that she had to work out a peculiar destiny, distinct from an ordinary woman's life. Thus, when the knowledge came to her that she indeed possessed that rare, and sometimes fatal gift, *genius*, she did not name it a crown of mockery, nor waive it from her as a bitter cup, but received it cheerfully, though not exultingly. She knew that the life of a woman of genius must be multiplied infinitely for good or evil, and that it remained to her to make her life sublime, and its revelation in song, strength, and consolation, and "a joy forever" to thirsty hearts and weary spirits. As for herself, she would

adopt a simple philosophy, "strive to keep good and pure, and then suffer as little as possible." To this end she would nurse no unreal woe, no sweet imaginary sorrow, no sentimental despondency, and no morbid misanthropy; for surely, she said, the eyes which look always upon life and nature through tears, can never perceive clearly, nor reveal truthfully, and while the head is pillowed on thorns, the heart may scarcely dream of heaven.

Such, my dear reader, was Elinor Vernon, when, in the height of her first celebrity, she left her country home to spend a winter in London, whither she had been invited by a friend of her family, a lady of rank and fortune. This was an era in the life of the young genius, and a season of triumph to the brilliant woman.

It was there in London fashionable circles, that her unaffected and earnest manner, her conversation, with its sudden inspirations of wit and humorous fancies; the *abandon* of her enthusiasm, and the spirited and peculiar type of her beauty, won ready and universal admiration, it may be because of their rarity. It was there, also, that an introduction to the highest literary circles set the seal to her popularity as a poetess. She was then flattered and lionized to absolute weariness, till the thick incense of praise became sickening. She wrote to her friends, just before her return home in the spring, that she had been strongly solicited to publish a collection of her poems; that she had at length consented, and that, accordingly, a volume, beautifully illustrated by a distinguished artist, and graced by a fine portrait of herself, would appear during the next autumn.

On her return from London, Elinor stopped to spend a week with her godmother, who was living in much retirement, in a quiet village near the sea-shore.

Mrs. St Clair was a woman whose spirit had been tried by a series of misfortunes and deep sorrows. She was a widow, and she had yielded up one after another of a mother's treasures, until one only child, her eldest son, remained to her,

the pride of her heart, and the joy and stay of her declining years. Frederic St. Clair, an officer in the army, had but lately returned from India, on leave of absence. Elinor remembered him, as she had known him in her childhood, a young man of striking beauty of face and form. She was somewhat pained to find that beauty greatly diminished. A soldier's life, some years of which had been passed in an eastern climate, had robbed his figure of its boyish slenderness and grace, hardened his features, and bronzed his fine English complexion. Yet his face wore still the old expression of thoughtfulness, amiability, and manly frankness ; and his old manner yet remained, a manner quiet, unobtrusive, and thoroughly gentlemanly, neither lofty nor condescending, neither insinuating nor exacting ; not compelling deference, and impressing only with the goodness of a great heart, and the honor of an upright mind. It was a manner which had in it no *consciousness* ; its possessor was not always present to himself ; he was not burdened with the care of his own individuality, but he was ever intensely conscious of the existence and presence of others ; into the sphere of their happiness or sorrow, he threw himself with a living interest. In short, his character seemed singularly wanting in the element of selfishness.

Elinor Vernon soon perceived that Captain St. Clair, though a brave and honorable soldier, was equally without martial pride and authoritative severity. In donning epaulette and sword, he had not thought it necessary to lay aside his native humility and gentleness of spirit. His was a Christian rather than a knightly courtesy. She found, also, that he had most unsoldier-like habits of thought and study ; and that while he was passionately devoted to music and painting, his love for poetry equalled her own ; its joy and exaltation had entered into his spirit. These pursuits and enthusiasms had thrown a glow of pure happiness and an ideal beauty over his harsh, ungenial life, with all its fearful realities.

But the most beautiful trait which our heroine observed in

the character of Captain St. Clair, was the childlike warmth and perfect devotion of his filial love. His mother was somewhat of an invalid, and he was always near her, to read to her, while she reclined on her couch, or to wrap her shawl carefully around her, and support her when she walked. He would even sometimes take her in his arms, as though she were an infant, and bear her up a flight of steps, or over a piece of damp ground. He united, in his manner toward her, the tenderness of a lover with the reverence of a son.

The last look which Elinor caught of her friends, through the carriage window, on the morning of her departure, they were standing together, with clasped hands, in the little vine-shaded portico of their cottage; manhood and age, vigor and fragility, alike and equal only in the love which lived and glowed in their bosoms.

Then it was that Elinor thought to herself, a most womanly thought, that she whom that man would love after his mother, should be angelic, for an angel's lot were her's.

Soon after Miss Vernon's return to her home, a young baronet of wealth and high character, who had met and admired her in London, presented himself as a candidate for the honor of her hand. He was rejected; but being of a hopeful spirit, applied to her uncle and guardian to induce the lady to reverse her decision. Mr. Maynard, thinking that his son might have more influence with his niece, confided the important mission to him.

It was near evening when Walter Maynard sought his cousin, as ambassador extraordinary for the rejected lover. He found her, as usual, in her favorite window-seat in the library. He paused a moment to contemplate her before she perceived his presence. She was looking unusually well, clad in simple white, with a light wreath of rose geranium leaves circling her superb head. She was reading Tennyson; her soul floating on the tide of his clear and sparkling song, like a swan on a summer river. Maynard did not wonder, at that moment, at the persevering passion of the baronet.

Elinor greeted her cousin in a kindly tone, and with the sunniest of smiles. Walter had a certain indefinable dread of the subject of his errand ; so dashed into it at once with the energy of desperation. Elinor knit her brows in vexation, and replied with a slight hauteur, " I gave my answer to Sir Charles himself, my *final* answer. Now let us drop the subject."

" Nay, but my perverse cousin, I am not inclined so soon to abandon the cause of my friend. This were a most advantageous alliance for you. Why do you decline it ? "

" Simply because I have no love for the man," she replied.

" But *why*, may I ask, can you not love him ? He has wealth, position, intellect, amiability, is quite handsome, and, what is more to a woman, *distingué* in appearance."

" Still, cousin Walter, he is not my ideal."

" Your ideal must be a nonpareil ! Say, have you ever seen him in real life ? "

Elinor looked half vexed, but smiled and nodded her head.

" Oh ! " continued Maynard, " some London Life-guardsmen, some Regent-street exquisite, or, it may be, some one of the cockney school of poets."

" No, indeed," cried Elinor, quickly.

" Then who, in the name of romance, can it be ? You know no one else who could take your imagination captive, unless," he added with a laugh, " it be *myself*."

A deep and burning blush instantly covered the neck and face of Elinor Vernon ; she started at once from her seat and said, hurriedly, " I must leave you now ; will you give my reply to Sir Charles ? "

But Walter caught her hand, saying, " No, Elinor, you must not leave me now ; I will know the meaning of that blush before you go."

The unconscious lordliness of the "*will*," roused Elinor's proud spirit, and she coldly replied, " This questioning is not generous, not manly in you, Walter Maynard ! Will you let me pass ? "

"No, Elinor," he said in a softened tone, "not yet, not quite yet. That blush is a new revelation to me, one of joy and beauty, I trust—of *you* certainly. Is it possible that we have been reading Latin and Greek together for years, and have never yet fully understood the language of our own hearts? Is it possible that we love one another, not as cousins, not as brother and sister, but as those whom God and nature bind by stronger affinities? I scarcely know, you are looking so gloriously to-night; and I think, ah, I am very sure, that I love you immeasurably! Have you nothing to say?"

Elinor looked up with a slight reproach in her tearful eye, but a smile on her lip as she replied,

"I *know* that I love you, Walter, through all my soul; and you are *always* looking gloriously to me."

"There spoke the woman! there spoke the *heart*, not the *genius*, of Elinor Vernon," said Walter, and drew his cousin near to him. Elinor leaned her head on his shoulder, and was silent; the fullness of her strange joy finding expression only in tears. Walter raised that Sapphic head, gazed a moment in those wondrous eyes, and murmuring, "Elinor, *my* Elinor!" pressed his lips to hers. To the one that kiss was the seal of a sacred compact of the heart, the expression of a love unspeakable, and of a faith illimitable; to the other it was a deep, though unconscious, perjury of the soul! for Walter Maynard did not love Elinor Vernon!

When Elinor sought her pillow that night, though *his* love floated through her soul like the breath of balm, though his good-night kiss was on her eyelids, she could not sleep, for the sweet tumult in her heart, where happy and sad thoughts jostled one another, and the voice of her lover lingered in perpetual echoes. And in the midst of all, she was troubled and pained by the recollection of the royal authority with which her dear and long-cherished secret had been demanded and taken from her, with which the inner chamber, the most holy place of her heart, had been invaded. But her love was

clamorous, and finally cried down all other voices ; and when Elinor rose, after a sleepless night, she never felt more of the freshness and fullness of life, and God's earth never looked so gloriously beautiful to her, though without it was but a dull and rainy morning.

When the betrothed cousins met in the breakfast parlor, eye spoke to eye a language which only the heart could interpret. That morning was spent by them in the library, but not in reading the classics. If study had been the order of the day, they would, perhaps, have gone back to their first lessons, and conjugated the verb "to love," in all languages known to them. In the afternoon of the same day, Elinor received the following note :

"MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND — Frederic left this morning for India. I fear this is our last parting, but I pray God it may not be so. I have no one with me to comfort me at this sad season. Dear Elinor, will you not come to me for a short time? I send the carriage and my maid for you. Pardon me, my dear girl, if I am asking too much of you ; but I am very lonely. Heaven bless you ever,

"ISABEL ST. CLAIR."

Elinor did not hesitate, even at this time, between her inclination and her duty. She went to her friend, and remained with her for a fortnight. In that time she wrote occasionally to her cousin Walter, and received from him letters of nearly the same character of those which he had written to her while she was in London. It was evening when she returned to her home ; there were guests in the drawing-room, and being weary, she retired early, after having merely exchanged a few words with her friends.

The next day, Elinor was surprised not to meet her cousin at breakfast, and the morning passed on without his making his appearance in the library or pleasant family parlor. Elinor grew troubled and apprehensive ; was driven, by her



restlessness, to a ramble through the grounds, and by restlessness soon driven home again. At the door of her apartment she met a servant, who handed her a letter from Walter. With a hesitating eagerness, she opened it and read,—

“MY DEAR ELINOR — Do not be startled at receiving a home-letter from me. I had a few things to say to you, which I thought could be said in this manner.

“During your absence, I have reflected long and deeply upon the new relations which we sustain to one another, and I have been impressed with the necessity of a clear and perfect understanding upon certain essential points. I have a few requisitions to make, my dear Elinor, with which, I trust, you will have the wisdom and womanliness to comply.

“And now, I scarcely know how to express myself in all truth, without giving you pain. Can you appreciate my feelings when I say, that my ideas of a true domestic life have never been associated with those of mental power, poetical inspiration, least of all, *fame*. In short, my idea of a *wife* has never been a woman of genius. And even now, dear Elinor, when I would draw near to me, and bend protectingly over the woman of my love, smooth the shining hair from her low, sweet brow, and gaze deep into her meek eyes, filled with unquestioning devotion and depending tenderness, there rises before me another figure, one royal with the sovereignty of intellect, with a brow lofty and laurel-crowned, and eyes lit with another light than that of love, a presence that might have graced Olympus!

“The name breathing most music to me, and which I would fain hide in my heart of hearts, becomes almost discordant when it is trumpeted in my ear, and may meet my eye in every journal and periodical of the day; and the thought that the fame of one so near to me, is in any degree at the mercy of petty critics and penny-a-liners, sends a cold shudder through my veins!

“You may ask why I encouraged you at first in your lite-

rary career, knowing the inevitable consequences. You must, recollect that I then only regarded you as a woman of genius, and genius, of itself, is certainly a grand and beautiful thing. Had I regarded you in the light of the most sacred of relations to myself, that of a *wife*, my course would have been far different. As it was, I felt pain at seeing your sheltered maiden life dragged forward into glaring publicity ; but I knew that it was, probably, better for the world that you should exercise your remarkable talent in authorship, which, though unnatural for the woman, was the legitimate career of the genius. So you see, cousin dear, that it was pure philanthropy which influenced me, a philanthropy, however, to which I find myself unequal in my present position.

“It was not until deprived of your society by your late visit to London, that I became aware of the deep interest for you, which long intercourse and an observation of your many virtues, (true womanly virtues, I will do you the justice to say,) had created in my heart. Pardon me, when I say, that I then shrank from offering my homage where the world had forestalled me. Unhappy, it seemed to me, must be that lover whose rivals were laudatory reviewers and newspaper sonneteers. My ideas of domestic life are thoroughly English, a proud avoidance of all public observation ; a shutting out of feverish excitements ; a still asylum for those quiet joys with which ‘the stranger intermeddleth not.’

“It was this habit of thought and feeling, dear Elinor, which gave me strength to stay the current of my heart in its first flow ; and I will tell you frankly, that my interest in you would never have been revealed, had it not been for your own involuntary and unobtrusive betrayal. Flattered and joyfully surprised, my long hoarded strength utterly failed me ; and what wonder ?

“But enough of the past ; turn we now to the future. Whether it be well or wise, we *love*, and are plighted to one another, and should do all in our power for our mutual peace and happiness. This you will surely admit, and allow me to

make known to you my few and simple requisitions, which hardly deserved so formidable a preamble.

“In the first place, it is my earnest desire that you pledge yourself to me, never to publish another stanza, or sentence; and further oblige me by suppressing the volume which you have in publication. I do not say that you must resign writing altogether, though I should prefer that you should do so, for the reason that exercise will only strengthen your passion for literature, and keep alive your ambition; pursuits and feelings inconsistent with the performance of your future duties. Hitherto, I fear that these things have taken too strong a hold upon you, engrossing your thoughts by day, and dreams by night, and sincere is my self-reproach for having guided you into such paths.

“Intellectually, at the best, is but cold and harsh; but it may be that love may create you anew, to a serener and more feminine existence. If so, happier than Pygmalion were I. Yet I believe, dear Elinor, that by nature you have great capacities for loving; but the mischievous fairy, who waited upon you in your cradle, to bestow *that* gift for which the world envies you, did her best to spoil you, to speak plainly.

“In the next and last place, I must ask you to relinquish all your lately formed intimacies with authors and authoresses. Literary people make the worst friends and companions in the world. They are, with few exceptions, egotistical, exacting, and utterly heartless. They wind themselves into your confidence, and go mousing through your private experiences for material and literary capital; they would put your secret sorrows into so many stanzas, and weave sentimental romances out of your heart-strings. It would seem that they have expended fine feelings and honorable principles upon their imaginary heroes and heroines, until they have reduced themselves to absolute moral beggary. Do not think me too severe upon these people; I *know them*, and I could never consent to their finding my house, in town or country, a point of attraction.

“And now, dear Elinor, gratify me by granting these requests, and I will cheerfully resign all my somewhat fastidious sentiments; *prejudices* you may perhaps call them, respecting great intellect in a feminine embodiment; forget the sybil, the prophetess, the poet, in the *woman*; the Olympian heaven of genius, in the holier heaven of love. Thine,

“WALTER MAYNARD.”

As Elinor Vernon read the foregoing letter, the unusually brilliant color of the morning gradually faded from her face, until she was startlingly pallid. She laid it down at the close, remained in deep thought for a moment, then took it up and re-read it with earnest attention. When she had finished her second perusal, she sat for a long time with her face buried in her hands. When she looked up, there were tears on her cheek, but not many. She gave way to no passionate weeping, but rising up, crossed the room, slowly removed the veil from a picture which hung at the foot of her bed, and gazed upon it earnestly. It was the portrait of a beautiful woman, Elinor's lost mother, the tone of whose spirit, and the measure of whose intellect were alike angelic. From a long contemplation of that countenance of love and serene strength, Elinor turned to seat herself at her desk, and write thus:

“DEAR WALTER — Your letter was to me, for many reasons, a painful surprise. I had believed, pardon me, I had believed *you* superior to such unworthy sentiments as you there avow; for that they are the sentiments of the commonalty of men, I am well aware. But let them pass, I would not seek to combat them.

“I do not reproach you for encouraging me in entering upon that path which has so soon led me to sorrow; for in this ordering of my life, I recognize a higher agency than yours, even His, ‘who doeth all things well.’

“There is one portion of your letter to which I cannot reply without intense pain. It is that in which you so coolly

allude to the involuntary manifestation of my preference for yourself. Yet why should I feel shame that my heart revealed itself in its own inarticulate language, a language which Heaven has placed beyond the control of the will? That blush was more honorable to me, than its immediate and confident interpretation to you.

"You have said — oh! bitter words to a woman, even a woman of *genius*! — that I unconsciously *drew* from you a premature avowal of affection. A betrothal, under such circumstances, could be no true binding and blending of soul; call it error, folly, madness, if you will, only let it be past, and be forgotten.

"Passing over a large part of your letter without comment, I come to your 'requisitions,' or 'requests,' as you call them, though, allow me to say, that to me they sound very like *commands*. I read and re-read them with positive amazement. With all your knowledge, you know little, very little of a true woman's nature, and you are more strangely, more profoundly ignorant of true love. For you evidently do not know that woman joys only in *voluntary*, not *extorted* sacrifices; and you betray an absolute want of faith and simple confidence in love, depending on pledges and promises. Toward me, oh, what poverty of trust have you shown! what atheism of the heart!

"You do not believe in the worthiness and reliability of my nature, yet hope, that by the mysterious power of *love*, I may

'Suffer a *soul*-change,  
Into something new and strange.'

Let me say to you, that no true woman will recognize that application of the story of Pygmalion's statue. No essentially 'cold and harsh' nature was ever thus warmed and softened. Love is not a creator, but a revelator. He does not plant the seeds of goodness or greatness in any heart, he can only minister to their growth.

“When the maidenhood is poor and unlovable, the womanhood cannot be rich in devotedness and enduring affection. The sacred fire of love will not burn upon an unworthy shrine; the breath of nature would not fan the faint flame, and Heaven itself would shed quenching dews upon it.

“What I have thus far written may prepare you for the reply which I have to make to your ‘requisitions.’ The dispassionate voice of my own nature, and the true dignity of womanhood, forbid that I should grant them. I cannot accept them as *conditions* by which I am to enter upon ‘the most sacred of relations’ towards yourself; and I cannot recognise your right to offer them. I could bind myself by no oaths, save the one comprehensive altar vow. I could only promise to love you through all life, with the proud love of freedom and equality; a love which, trust me, is feminine in the voluntary homage of conscious strength, though not abjectly dependent by the necessity of weakness; a love which the intellect sanctions, which is the concentration of the power and poetry of a life. I could only pledge myself for the devotion of a grateful heart, in which has been reposed the fullness of trust.

“ELINOR VERNON.”

In a short time after sending the above to her cousin, Elinor received the following brief reply :

“MISS ELINOR VERNON — Your letter is before me. I will not comment upon its false philosophy, and its unfeminine, not to say arrogant tone. You are a genius, and therefore subject to vagaries and eccentricities, and not amenable to the usual laws which govern the words and actions of your sex.

“Your decision as regards my reasonable requisitions, rash and unwise as it is, should scarcely have given me surprise. I confess my own folly in believing, for one hour, that a woman of genius could turn from the intoxicating

draught of public praise, to drink of the still waters of quiet pleasures and home joys ; could sacrifice ambition for love.

“ I will not dwell upon my own present pain and mortification ; but for you, my cousin, I have much regret and apprehension. How perversely are you turning from the Eden of the affections into the wild waste of the world ! You are rearing, with tenderest care, a plant which shall bear you blighted roses, set thick about with thorns ! you are nursing a young vulture in the dove’s nest of your woman’s heart ! Receive this as meant in all kindness.

“ As it would be embarrassing for us to meet often in our present relations, I have concluded to leave home, for my long contemplated visit to my estate in Scotland, there to remain through the summer. I shall set out to-morrow morning. I need only intimate to you that it were better my parents should know nothing of the immediate cause of my journey.

“ Allow me to wish you happiness in your favorite pursuits. Heaven knows that I hope you may never see cause to regret your recent decision. Ever your friend,

“ WALTER MAYNARD.”

The next morning, after a leave-taking calm and kindly, Elinor knelt at the window of her chamber, watching the carriage which conveyed her cousin, as it whirled down the long avenue. At length it passed through the park gate, turned a point in the road, and disappeared. Then Elinor bowed her head, and the long suppressed tears burst forth passionately, while “ her breast was shaken with a storm of sighs.” Yet from her lips came no angry cry, no bitter complaining ; only the words, “ Oh, Walter ! Walter ! ”

The morning crept on, and still knelt Elinor there, while rose-breath and bird-warblings stole through the open casement, and the sunlight played around her bowed head in the mockery of gladness. Still knelt Elinor, her bosom heaving with the long swells of slowly subsiding anguish, and ever

and anon, in a voice sorrowfully reproachful, came the words, "Oh, Walter! Walter!"

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Months, long, weary months went by; Elinor lived, and smiled, and labored, and none knew that she was often faint unto death with the slow, hidden bleeding of a breaking heart. Yet heaven was never afar off from her; nature ministered to her with her gentle solaces, and on the spirit of poetry leaned the sad orphan, as on the bosom of a mother.

She well knew that she had bestowed the priceless treasures of her soul unwisely, and with mad prodigality; that the rich love of her life's warm morning had been lingering around coldness and insensibility, like sunlight round an Alpine glacier; but she said, "This is surely well, and in wise kindness appointed; and the wisdom bought by this bitter experience, in the future may guide my steps aright."

Yet was the world never the wiser or the sadder for her sorrow. She did not exact its sympathy by despair in blank verse, or misanthropy in Spenserian stanzas. She did not drug the public with a decoction of bitter herbs from the waste garden of her heart. With her it was *sorrow* that

"Took up the harp of life, and smote on all the chords with might;  
Smote the chord of *Self*, that trembling passed in music out of sight."

Into the joys and hopes of others she threw her spirit; for others she sung cheerfully and bravely. Oh! how often does woman sing in sharp anguish, as sings "the nightingale, with her breast against a thorn!" How often, as the red wine is bruised from the grape, is the richest tide of woman's inspiration *crushed* from her heart by the wine-press of agony!

But the deep well of Elinor's nature had been so shadowed by thoughtful truth, that it mirrored the solemn stars in the noonday of her life's brightest season; so it was that that



life seemed more silvery with heavenly consolations when the sunshine was withdrawn ; as the day had not been all glare, the night was not all shadow.

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### AMY MACDONALD.

#### A SEQUEL TO ELINOR VERNON.

WHEN Walter Maynard left his home, disappointed, chagrined, and though he would scarce acknowledge it to his own proud heart, not a little humiliated, he went directly to his estate in Scotland, and plunged at once into business, that best relief for all such sorts of unhappiness. As he did not much affect the sporting life of the neighboring gentry, particularly at this time, he had little temptation to cultivate their society, but withdrew into himself with a reserve and hauteur not difficult for him to assume. He made an exception, however, in favor of one family, that of Sir James Macdonald, whose estate bordered on his own. The son of this gentleman, George Macdonald, had been Maynard's favorite, or rather, only friend in college, and this friend Walter was not sorry to find spending the season in the Highlands.

Mr. George Macdonald was the only son, but not the sole heir to the wealthy baronet ; there was "one fair daughter," Amy, an exceedingly lovely girl of nineteen.

It was a morning in the last of June, when Maynard rode over to Macdonald House to return the first call of his friend. Young Macdonald met him at the door, and himself led the way to the drawing-room. Having presented the guest to Sir James and his lady mother, he turned towards a window recess, saying, "My sister, Mr. Maynard."

Walter turned to see Amy Macdonald half rise from a lounge, on which she was reclining, with a book in her hand

and a pretty lap-dog at her side. The young lady murmured an inarticulate greeting, and resumed her book, evidently to cover her confusion, as she no longer appeared to be reading.

In all his wanderings, such a vision of feminine beauty had never before met the gaze of Maynard. Amy Macdonald was of medium height, and of a round, full figure. Her face was all bloom, yet her movements were full of that soft, indolent grace, so irresistibly bewitching when not the result of affection, or the languor of ill health. She was dazzlingly fair; her face was a faultless oval, her nose and chin exquisitely chiselled, her eyes soft hazel, and her auburn hair waving and luxuriant. Her delicate and infantine mouth wore an expression of unvarying sweetness; the entire countenance expressed serenity and amiability, rather than spirit or thoughtfulness. Her dress was of simplest material, without ornament, and her beautiful curls were suffered to take care of themselves, without the aid of comb or band. In short, she was a blooming, natural, lovable girl, who appealed to one's affections by her modesty and beauty, though she might neither dazzle by her wit nor impress by her character.

I doubt not that my reader already anticipates my story; Amy Macdonald *was* the woman who was to rival, to supersede Elinor Vernon with Walter Maynard; aye, more, to kindle in his breast the first *real* passion he had ever known. He recognized in her, at once, the beautiful opposite of his gifted and brilliant cousin, the woman who had wounded his vanity, if not his heart; and influenced more than he was aware by an angry revulsion of feeling, with all his worldly prudence, and cool, practical good sense, he was guilty of the poetical folly of love at first sight; and after a few faint struggles, gave way to the irresistible force of emotions as powerful as they were novel.

A most devoted and fearful lover became the once exacting and confident man, though he had now to deal with an affectionate and child-like heart, to which he soon taught the first grand lesson of life, *love*. But Amy Macdonald was by no

means demonstrative in her nature. \* She was thoroughly unimpassioned, and not even the strongest sentiment she had ever known had power to disturb her peculiar quietude. When alone with Maynard, whom she regarded with admiring awe, her natural diffidence was painfully apparent. She trusted herself only with the merest commonplaces of conversation, and the long, dark lashes drooped so protectingly ever her eyes, that the eager gaze of her lover could there detect no soft encouragement of his suit. Thus weeks and months went by, until late in the autumn, when Maynard made his grand leap absolutely in the dark, declared his passion and offered his hand to a woman, of whose sentiments towards himself he had many doubts and misgivings. But he was accepted, and, as a matter of course, immediately found himself the happiest, proudest, most fortunate, and most to be envied man on earth. He found in his Amy, his "bonnie Highland lassie," all that sweetness and softness, that clinging dependence, that blind, unquestioning, worshipping faith, which had ever before gone to make up his fair ideal of feminine loveliness. But perhaps it were as well to give here some extracts from a letter written to his parents about this time. After announcing his engagement in form, he says : —

"Perhaps I should give you some idea of my fair betrothed. The beauty of her person, and the winning sweetness of her manner are indescribable ; I must leave them to make their own irresistible impression on your hearts. As to her character, I believe, with a favorite author, that a woman to be perfectly lovable must have *no character at all* ; at least, none positively striking or deeply impressive. My especial aversion is a strong-minded woman, or one with startling brilliance, high spirits, or a manner *prononce*. The repose of my Amy's manner is always observable ; it almost amounts to the soft, southern languor of an Italian, though in no other way does she resemble one of ' the fierce and

fiery south.' Her dark eyes beam, but never flash; her beautiful lip can neither quiver with passion nor curl in scorn; and, more than all, she has a 'low, sweet voice, that most excellent thing in woman,' a voice that is never raised in disputation, and never quotes from the classics. She is not at all literary; there was no 'ink on her fingers when I kissed her hand.' I do not believe that she ever perpetrated a sonnet in her life. She is not learned, neither calculates eclipses, nor dissects flowers, preserves butterflies, nor treasures up minerals. There is about her presence neither the mustiness of old folios nor the 'odor of the midnight oil.' She never had a passion for poetry, therefore never runs mad for Byron's heroes, nor bores one with Miss Landon's sentimentalities. She reads little besides light romances, of which she is quite fond; the kind of reading I am beginning to think best suited to a young and lovely woman. In short, in all her feelings, tastes, and pursuits, my gentle friend is perfectly, charmingly *feminine*; she cares little for elegant dress, and courts no admiration; she loves flowers, birds, and music, and has given me the first, faithful affections of her pure, depending nature. She is more like one of Shakespeare's simple-hearted women, learned alone in the lore of a confiding, deferential, and absorbing love, than like the half-unsexed females of our time, with their cultivated minds and strong independent characters. Should you ask her the reason of her preference for and devotion to myself, she would not go into the metaphysics of the heart, or pour you out a flood of modern sentimental cant about spiritual magnetism, deep, innate sympathies and attractions, oneness of soul, but would be more likely to render the simple, womanly reply,—

'I love my love because my love loves me.'

"But I know I may safely leave her to make her own way, when she comes to you, as a daughter. I but wait your sanction to wed the bride I have wooed. It is our wish to be

with you at Christmas, after which we have planned to spend a month in London. Affectionately,

“WALTER MAYNARD.”

Great were the rejoicings in the fine old house, and throughout the estate of the Maynards, at the merry Christmas time, when Walter returned, with his lovely young wife, to the home of his fathers.

Amy met from the family and friends of her husband only affection and deference; her beauty was the golden key that unlocked all hearts to her, and her winning ways insured her a lodgment therein.

The pride and affection of Maynard were alike gratified by the sensation which his fair wife created, and the admiration which she unconsciously drew forth from all around her.

But where was Elinor Vernon through all this? In London, where, she had been since the last of October, at which time she had yielded to the urgent request of her kind friend, again to spend a few months in town. Soon after leaving home, she received a letter from her aunt, announcing Walter's engagement. The good lady, who loved her niece with great tenderness, did not communicate her son's description of Amy Macdonald, as she herself had been pained by its obvious reflections upon Elinor's character and attainments.

Now, indeed, for poor Elinor was “the silver cord loosened and the golden bowl broken.” But though startled, she was not overwhelmed. She had already beheld “hope's gayest wreath fall and fade away,” the splendid illusions of her unhappy love vanish into thin air. Like the frail, lighted barque, which the Hindoo maiden sets afloat on the Ganges at night, she had seen her once living and glowing faith go out in chill and darkness. And now, as she read, one sharp pang shot through her heart, her pale cheek grew still paler, and blinding tears sprang to her eyes; but proudly, almost

indignantly, she dashed away those tears, and with them her last, lingering thought of love for Walter Maynard. Thenceforward, as regarded *his* power, no eagle in a mountain land was freer than her heart; disenchanted and disenthralled, scorned, but not humbled, forsaken but not despairing.

Thus it was that Elinor Vernon, at last, met Walter Maynard and his beautiful wife in London circles; met them calmly, gracefully, with the dignity of a proud mind and the kindness of a generous heart.

Elinor was spending a more brilliant season than even the former winter. The favorable reception which her first work, then just out, had met in the literary world, had given a new *éclat* to the career of the young authoress. The homage of intellect, the worship of genius, waited upon her every where, and Maynard soon perceived that the softness and beauty of his quiet, unintellectual wife, were no match for the brilliance and queenliness of his gifted and distinguished cousin. He saw all this, but was neither displeased nor disappointed. He had married a wife for *home*, not society, and their home husband and wife soon sought with one consent.

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In the spring following the marriage of Walter Maynard, Elinor did not return to her old home, but announced to her former guardian her intention of residing for the future with her godmother, Mrs. St. Clair.

Here, with occasional visits to the city and to her relatives, she remained for the two succeeding years, occupying herself in affectionate attendance on her invalid friend, in the study of music, and in the pursuits of literature.

At the close of the second year, Elinor persuaded her friend to rent her cottage and take up her residence at a house belonging to herself, on a small but beautiful estate adjoining that of the Maynards. Here they passed a summer of much enjoyment; but with the coming of autumn,

the health of Mrs. St. Clair rapidly declined. Through the winter all the comforts that wealth could procure, all the consolations which affectionate solicitude could bestow, surrounded the gentle and uncomplaining sufferer; but in vain; she drooped daily, and Elinor saw, with inexpressible sorrow, that this second mother was soon to be taken from her.

One bright morning in April, as Mrs. St. Clair was standing a few moments by the window, supported by Elinor, a letter was brought in, bearing a foreign post-mark. It was from Captain St. Clair, and had been long delayed on the way. After reading a few lines Mrs. St. Clair exclaimed,

“Thank God! Elinor, Frederic has resigned his commission, is coming home! I shall see him before I die!”

A few weeks only had passed, when Captain St. Clair clasped in his arms the wasted form of his beloved mother, who wept tears of joy upon his breast.

For a short time after her son's arrival, Mrs. St. Clair seemed to rally, and oh! for that brief while, what sweet, wild hopes were cherished, what beautiful plans were laid for their future by that little family circle! In vain, the first excitement passed, and languor and greater suffering succeeded for the invalid, till, at last, it came home even to the heart of her son, that she was indeed dying. Faint and more faint grew that dear voice, the hectic deepened on the cheek, more startling became the strange brilliance of those eyes, as though they already gave forth the radiance of their future home. For two months, ah! to them how fleeting! Frederic and Elinor watched beside the departing saint, with loving care and unwearying devotion. At length, one morning, after a night of more quiet repose than usual, she desired to be removed to a window opening towards the garden, that she might “look on the summer earth once more.”

When Frederic had wheeled her couch to the window, she looked eagerly forth for a moment, then closing her languid eyes, murmured, “Beautiful, beautiful are even thy *outer*

courts, O Lord ! glorious are our *earthly* skies ; but oh, the splendors of that Heaven which o'ercanopies the Paradise of God ! ”

Afterward she held sweet and solemn communion with her loved ones, blessed and bade them farewell many times, and, at last, with her hand clasped in Elinor's, and her head on the bosom of her son, she breathed out her blameless life in untroubled peace, trusting in Jesus. When her last sigh quivered on the air, Elinor flung her arms around her with passionate weeping ; but Frederic pressed his lips to the forehead of the dead, then turned his pale face heavenward, and while a sublime expression kindled in his eye, said fervently, “ Joy to thy spirit, mother ! ”

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A short time after the funeral of his mother, Captain St. Clair took leave of Miss Vernon, and set out on a visit to a relative in Wales. Elinor was not quite alone ; she had, some weeks before the death of her godmother, offered to a widowed friend in reduced circumstances, a home, which had been gratefully accepted, and she had found in this lady an intelligent and sympathizing companion.

With her mental resources, Elinor could not well be lonely, and the elastic cheerfulness of her nature, her energy and activity, preserved her always from *ennui*. She found much to occupy her hands and interest her heart, even in her limited household and among her few tenants ; and while sorrow weighed heaviest on her own spirit, was she most faithful in her daily duties, most diligent in her friendly and charitable offices. Yet I would not say that Elinor was *happy*, in the deepest and richest sense of the term. She was not enjoying existence to the fullest capacity of her great and generous nature ; for there were too many high and beautiful feelings not called into exercise by the life she was leading. In short, she felt always the womanly need of receiving and of bestowing more of *love* ; she felt the sad



incompleteness of a life on which no lives depend wholly for love, or happiness, or care, or gentle ministrations.

The summer months had flown. It was a chill morning in October. Elinor Vernon was in her garden, mourning and moralizing over the ravages which an unexpected frost had made among some favorite flowers, when Mrs. Darcy, her widowed friend, joined her.

"See here," said Elinor, "how this poor lily has closed its petals over the frost which has fallen on its breast, like some wronged woman shutting in upon her heart" —

But Mrs. Darcy, at this moment, placed in her hand a letter which had just arrived. It was from Captain St. Clair, and — Elinor Vernon never finished that sentence about the blighted lily.

#### THE LETTER.

"DEAR MISS VERNON — Will you pardon me that I can no longer keep silence on a subject which lies nearest my heart? Yet, though I speak, it is with doubt and apprehension. I do not look for scorn or severity from you; I fear only to meet a just but gentle rebuke for my presumption, for I now write to offer you the love and devotion of my heart, and to ask of you in return no less than your favor, and, finally, a share, and I will be frank, a *large* share in your womanly affections.

"Do not, I pray, distrust the sentiment which prompts this act; it is no 'new thing,' let me assure you. Since my early youth, you, and you only, have been the star of my worship; the object of an homage silent indeed, but deep and fervent.

"When, on my first return from India, I first met you as a woman, I saw the ideal of my dreamy boyhood realized and perfected. But, dear Elinor, you were then so brilliant and happy, that it seemed the love of one like me would almost cloud your glorious destiny. I had, to offer you, no

rank, distinction or wealth; I had, to win your favor, no charm of address, no beauty of person, no gaiety of spirits, and no persuasive eloquence. I even feared that no one love could satisfy your exalted nature; that glory, and glory alone, could fill a soul so great as yours. Ah, even to *me*, the laurel on your brow shadowed somewhat the sweet womanliness of your face. I now see my error, and know that woman's genius can alone become grandly beautiful through *love*; that glory is perfected and greatness sanctified by love. While power, and majesty, and immortality, belong to the *thoughts* of the woman of genius, the emotions of her heart should not be suffered to waste away vainly and silently, but should be cared for and ministered to with infinite tenderness; for they, in truth, are the diviner portion of her nature.

"I left England for India with my hopeless love unrevealed by word or deed. Months went by, a year had passed, when one fortunate day brought me a package from my mother, containing a volume of your poems. I can never tell you what a treasure that book proved to me! I read until my every-day thoughts chimed to the music of your verse. I marked, with joy inexpressible, the heart of the meek, gentle, loving *woman*, throbbing through every line of the poet. I saw every where, amid gorgeous imagery and the beautiful convolutions of a wayward fancy, glimpses of the generous impulses, of the tenderness, truth, and devotion belonging to the pure heaven of a lofty feminine nature, as angel faces sometimes look out from amid the leaves and flowers, and strange, wild shapes of formless beauty in the exquisite arabesques of the East.

"That volume I got literally by heart, dear Elinor, and so much of your bright life floated into mine, like a festal garland flung on a darkened river. Your presence was around me ever, a sunlight that knew no shadow; the music of your soul's voice stole in upon my dreams and charmed my waking hours, until I grew to love you, if not so reverentially

as formerly, more entirely and more familiarly. I regarded you with less distant adoration, but with a nearer sympathy and a more human tenderness.

"Then I returned to England, to find you uniting the patient woman and the ministering angel in your attendance upon my poor dying mother, and she to whom my intellect had done homage, my full heart blessed with grateful fervor. 'Oh, worthily,' I said, 'is her greatness glory-crowned; but her goodness is a halo, bathing in a serene and holy light every leaf of that proud chaplet!'

"I entreat your pardon for claiming your attention so long. I leave my cause in your hands, commend it to your heart. I have, as ever, no fame, and little fortune to lay at your feet. I am a lonely man, dear Elinor, whom life has used somewhat roughly, a soldier, wayworn and battle-scarred; I can only offer you a heart too manly to undervalue itself, and too proud and earnest to come as a mendicant or a flatterer; a love, the only one which that heart now cherishes, a love born of the affections, but in which the mind exults and the spirit glories, as a sentiment which has about it not alone the passing beauty of earthly flowers, but bears inscribed upon it the forever of the stars.

"As a friend, or by a dearer name,

"Ever yours,

"FREDERIC ST. CLAIR."

As Elinor Vernon finished reading the above letter, a tide of life, of joy, of *love*, poured through her heart, and clasping her hands with a quick, religious impulse, she murmured, "O God! I thank Thee!"

At this moment, she became for the first time conscious that she had long loved Frederic St. Clair. The frequent letters which she had read from the young officer to his mother, so filled with noble thoughts, so warmed with constant affection, had revealed his nature perfectly to Elinor, won her respect and admiration, until he became her stand-

ard of all manly excellence, the hero of her heart's most beautiful romance.

Thus it was, with a deep glow on her cheek and tears of sweet emotion in her eyes, that seemed to heighten rather than to dim their beauty, Elinor replied to that letter : —

“DEAR FREDERIC — Life blooms around me like a new Eden this morning ! The knowledge of your love brings brightness and song, and throws a flush of warmer glory over *my* world. But, ah ! it seems too great a good, too rich a blessing for one so little deserving. I ask myself again and again, ‘Is it possible that he loves me, and with the love of years ?’ Oh, generous spirit ! oh, faithful heart !

“We have been told that ‘it is more blessed to *give* than *receive* ;’ then how doubly blest am I for the love and devotion which henceforth it will be mine to pour around your life. You will see that I know you well, that I trust you entirely ; for I deal in no disguises and no reserves. I might promise, with the gentle Juliet, to

‘Prove more true  
Than those who have more cunning to be strange.’

“I cannot write well to-day ; my hand is tremulous, and my thoughts confused and disconnected. In my heart is a voice which murmurs, constantly, ‘He loves me ! he loves me !’ and I cannot chide it for its sweet interruptions.

“Come to me, and see me in my true life, my time of pride ; come and see how my *poetry* finds in your *love* its triumph, its crowning, its glorious apotheosis.

“God love you and bless you !

“ELINOR.”

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When the turf was fragrant with the earliest violets, and the first spring birds sang above the grave of Mrs. St. Clair, her son, Frederic, there lingered away a twilight hour with

Elinor, his wife. It was the evening of their marriage-day, and Elinor left her bridal wreath on the grave of her mother.

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But it is time we should return to the Maynards. Alas! how sad a thing it is to witness the gradual but sure decay of a love, which, having fallen on ungenial soil, and "having no root in itself, withers away!"

Walter Maynard began his married life with a system of fondest indulgence towards his pretty Amy, by petting even her foibles and humoring her most unreasonable caprices, until her affectionateness became exacting sensitiveness, and her gentle dependence childish weakness.

After a while, the old habits of study returned upon Maynard, and his wife became painfully jealous of his books. At first, he would reply with fond caresses and smiling remonstrances to her tearful reproaches; but at last, even he grew wearied, and paid little attention to her pouting dissatisfaction; and then Amy, somewhat in self-defence, took to novel-reading more devotedly than ever before.

Maynard soon perceived that the zest of his student-life had vanished; books, his dear old friends, seemed unaccountably changed to him; and the classics, the sciences, poetry, and philosophy, had grown strangely dry and dull. He missed a clear, subtle, critical judgment, to which he had once been wont to appeal, a quick apprehension, a nice poetical ear, a kindling enthusiasm, an exquisite taste, a strong, comprehensive, active intellect; in short, he missed *Elinor*. He missed her more in that study, where for years he had known her pleasant companionship, and at times that mere *mental* loneliness would become insupportable; then he would fling down his book and hurry from the room.

Once, and once only, he made an effort to initiate Amy into the mysteries of classical literature. He began with the Latin language; but he soon found that his pretty wife had neither taste nor comprehension for such pursuits.

After a fortnight's hard study, she could conjugate the verb *amo*, — *et violà tout*.

When Maynard had been married about a year, his excellent mother died, and left a place in her home which none could wholly fill. She had been a quiet, diligent woman, peculiarly fitted to manage the affairs of a household, and insure to a family order, comfort, and daily tranquillity. She was a lady of much dignity of manner, and ease and grace as a hostess. Every domestic circle must have some presiding genius, some ruling spirit; Amy was, unfortunately, deficient in those qualifications which distinguished her predecessor, and discomfort and misrule gradually crept into that once well ordered household. For a hostess, Amy did not naturally possess the tact and address, and she never acquired them. Yet she was not engrossed by other pursuits and pleasures. She neglected music; her piano was always out of tune; she cared little, too little, for dress; but she cherished all sorts of pets, and cultivated her insatiable and indiscriminating taste for novel reading.

The faults of Amy Maynard were a mind which was a perpetual childhood, thoughtless, aimless, depending, feeling no responsibility, and capable of no decision, and an indolence inborn and ever increasing. She had been the favorite child of a fond and foolish mother; flattered and indulged from her cradle, her limited intellect had known neither culture nor discipline. Love could work no miracle with such materials. She had sufficient perception to be aware that something was wanting in herself; but her amiability was too passive, her virtues too negative in their nature, and her very love too unpoetical and infantine to refine, exalt, or energize her character. That there were too few points of sympathy, that there was too little equality between her gifted husband and herself, she well knew; she would look up to him, *in the abstract*, until her neck was weary, but could not rouse to the effort of rendering herself more worthy of his love and respect.

Walter had hoped that the birth of her first child would work some change in the character of his girlish wife ; but when he first sought her chamber, to greet her as a mother, he found little of the impressive gratefulness —

“ The solemn joy of a new life, spread  
Like a mysterious halo round that bed.”

The young mother expressed pleasure, indeed, in the possession of a “ new pet,” and a desire to have it christened “ Helen,” after one of Miss Edgeworth’s heroines.

In a little more than a year from this time, Walter Maynard folded to his heart, with “ exceeding great joy,” an infant son, and after that, as the children grew in years and beauty, he was a far happier man. Yet there were hours when he was indeed wretched, though with a wretchedness of which the world took no cognizance. He had seen his most beautiful vision of domestic happiness fade away like a cloud palace. He had once cherished bright hopes of the sweet companionship of wedded life ; yet now he was never more alone than when *tête-à-tête* with the wife of his bosom, with whom he could venture only on the merest common-places, and to whose careless keeping he dared confide no matter of importance.

As a father, he had the additional pain of seeing his wife prove a thoughtless and foolishly indulgent mother. Little inclined to have the *dolce far niente* of her life broken in upon by the cares of maternity, she exercised no dignity towards, and no authority over her children, till it became evident to all the household, that she was herself the passive subject of the wilful and passionate little tyrants.

When Walter Maynard’s eldest son was about six years of age, an incident occurred in his family which brought with it a most impressive moral.

It was a day when a number of the servants were absent at a fair in a neighboring town, among them the nurse of little Harry. During the morning Walter entered his wife’s

boudoir, leading the child by the hand, and said, in an angry voice,

"How is this, Amy? I found Harry in the stable under the heels of the horses! Will you *never* begin to act the part of a mother towards your children? Ah, I see, tears again, always *tears*! Will you give me nothing better, Amy, in return for my remonstrances against your criminal carelessness and indolence — no repentance, no amendment?"

The rebuked wife made no reply, and her husband hastily left the room, leaving the child with his mother. Amy continued to weep for a few moments, and then drawing a book from beneath the cushions of a lounge, soon found in the ideal sorrows of its hero, "balm for all her woes." But presently, the noisy contentions of her children disturbed her, and she said to the boy,

"Harry, darling, you make mamma's head ache; go and play on the lawn a little while; but mind and don't let papa see you!"

A few moments only had passed, when Maynard, while sitting near the open window of his study, was startled by a piercing scream, another, and another! He rushed down stairs and through the hall, to meet at the door a groom bearing in little Harry, with his forehead cut and his cheek laid open by a kick from a vicious horse.

A surgeon was sent for, who prepared to sew up the frightful wound. The boy cried to have his mother hold him during the operation.

"Will you take him, Amy?" said his father.

"Oh, Walter, I cannot! indeed, indeed I cannot! I have not even strength to stay and see it done. Oh, my poor boy will die! I know he will die!"

"Silence!" said Walter's father, authoritatively, and the next moment he bore the weak mother from the room in strong hysterics.

After the wound had been dressed, and a composing



draught administered to the little sufferer, the surgeon took leave, assuring Maynard that the child would recover, but adding that he must expect him to be somewhat disfigured for life.

Walter Maynard sat for a long time beside his once beautiful boy, plunged in bitter and sorrowful thought. At length the child ceased his low moaning, and slept ; and the sad father rose, crossed the room softly, and approached the window, looking towards the south. It was the room which had formerly been his cousin Elinor's, and this was the window from which, years before, the heart-broken girl had watched his departure for Scotland. As he now stood, looking out on the neglected garden, he took, mechanically, from a light book-rack at his side, a volume, which proved to be an old copy of Milton. As he listlessly turned over the leaves, he found therein a small crayon sketch of Elinor's noble face, which he had taken long ago. He hastily closed the book on the picture, saying as he did so, in a scarce audible voice, "Oh, Elinor! Elinor!" There was tardy justice done his cousin ; there was the bitterness of a vain regret in that simple exclamation, "Oh, Elinor! Elinor!"

Let us look in upon the St. Clairs ten years after the marriage of Frederic and Elinor.

It is a winter evening, and we will find them in the pleasant family parlor, "the room of the household." There are books, musical instruments, engravings, and toys, scattered around, yet all giving no air of careless, or unpleasant confusion. A few fine portraits adorn the walls, and near one of the windows is a small flower-stand, over which hangs the light cage of a favorite bird. The curtains and carpet are of rich, bright colors, giving an air of warmth and cheerfulness to the apartment.

Captain St. Clair is seated by the centre-table, turning over the leaves of a new periodical ; at his feet is crouched

a beautiful greyhound, who evidently considers himself not the least important member of the family circle. By his father's side sits a fine, frank looking lad of nine years, busily engaged in drawing.

Mrs. St. Clair is seated on the sofa, with a lovely little girl on her knee, and by her side, leaning his head fondly on her shoulder, is the richest inheritor of her genius, a pale, spiritual-eyed little boy, who is even now reciting, in a low, fervent voice, "one of mamma's own beautiful hymns."

Elinor is more lovely, and of a more noble presence as a matron than as a girl. Her home-life has consecrated her poetry, and her poetry has given grace and dignity, and ideal beauty to her home. With her, Love has not absorbed Song, but has given to it deeper meanings and diviner purposes.

As an authoress, she now occupies an enviable position in the world of letters. She has published a second volume since her marriage — the triumphant lyrics of love and joy, the sacred melodies of home. Feeling not the strong necessity of constant mental effort, she is able to bestow much time and thought on all she writes, and never sends her fair creations *en deshabille* before the world.

Hers is a quiet, happy household, for the care and affection of the wife and mother never weary and never sleep. Between her husband's heart and her own there is always confidence and peace. Not but that they have known some slight differences; for such there will ever be between two free, strong minds, differently constituted, though united by the most harmonious sympathies. But it was the calm conflict of reason, not the fierce strife of passion; the momentary collision of mind with mind, and more like the clash of silver wings, than the sharp clang of meeting swords.

"Elinor, love," exclaims Captain St. Clair, looking up from his book, "here is a poem which it almost seems that I should have written; it is so perfect an expression of *my* feeling towards *you*. It is called, 'A LOVE-LETTER TO MY

WIFE,' and is by Mr. S. C. Hall. Let me read to you one or two of the most *apropos* stanzas : —

' I gave to thee an humble name,  
Which thou, dear wife, hast given to fame ;  
And surely 't is no idle boast,  
That many laud and flatter thee ;  
Yet when the world has praised thee most,  
Thy woman's heart was most to me !

' Years of success have taught thee this,  
Dear wife — that duty leads to bliss ;  
'T is thine to show to those who toil,  
That love can make all labor light ;  
That fame and favor may not spoil  
The mind that thinks and acts aright !

' 'T is thine to prove that strength of mind  
May work with woman's grace combined ;  
To show how nature's debts are paid,  
In studies small that sweeten life ;  
And how the loftiest thoughts may aid  
The duties of a loving wife.' "

One more picture. Some years, I will not say how many, have passed. It is Christmas, and the two families which this history most concerns, are met in the drawing-room of Maynard House, waiting dinner, which seems unaccountably delayed.

Walter Maynard, now past forty, has acquired a portly figure, and a face more suggestive of good Madeira than of thought or acute sensibility. He is now an M. P., and deeply absorbed in political life ; but half driven from an uncongenial home into public duties as he is, the spontaneity of his patriotism may perhaps be questioned.

Captain St. Clair preserves the elegant air and chivalrous address of the soldier, and wears still his characteristic frank and cheerful expression of face.

The elder Mr. Maynard, erect in figure and courtly in bearing, shows as yet few marks of age.

Elinor St. Clair, who sits with her fair daughter, Isabel, at her side, is somewhat changed in person, but as interesting and dignified in manner as in her youth, and her face retains its fine, peculiar expression ; a rare combination of high intellectuality and feminine softness.

Amy Maynard is still beautiful in face, but her excessive *embonpoint* has destroyed the early grace and delicacy of her figure. She is now reclining in a luxurious *fauteuil*, with her feet on a soft, crimson cushion, and the ever present lap-dog nestled amid the folds of her cashmere.

In a window-seat opposite, bending over a new annual, with one foot drawn up under her, sits Miss Helen, a beauty very much after the order of her mother.

"Captain St. Clair," says Walter Maynard, "to what school do you send Edward?"

"Why, to none; the boy's health is very delicate, and Elinor and I have concluded to fit him for college at home. Fred goes to Eton."

"*Elinor!*" exclaims Walter; "why she is also Isabel's governess."

"And also the model housekeeper of the county," adds his father, laying his hand affectionately on Elinor's head.

"And the model wife of all England," says Captain St. Clair, with a smile.

"How! — what!" exclaims Amy, half raising herself from her *fauteuil*. "Why, I declare, I have been dozing. But what were you saying about the 'WIVES OF ENGLAND?' I think that is a stupid book; I don't see why, when one writes at all, one can't write a good *tale*. Now, Miss Pickering's last is splendid! I sat up so late last night to finish it, that I have a horrible headache to-day. Walter, love, *do* just step to the hall and ask those dear boys to be more quiet. I declare, if I were the queen, I would have Christmas come in the summer, so that the children might play on the lawn."


## A NIGHT OF YEARS.

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MY READER : I have sat some minutes, with my pen suspended in the air above my paper. I have been debating a delicate point ; I am in a position. You will perhaps recollect that one of Fanny Forester's exquisite sketches was entitled " Lucy Dutton." Now it happens that the *real name* of the heroine of the " ower true tale " which I am about to do myself the honor of relating to you, was no other than Lucy Dutton. Shall I rob her of her birthright, compel her to wear a *nom du guerre*, because my sister-authoress accidentally gave the true name to one of her ideal creations ? Shall I sacrifice truth to delicacy ? that's the question. " No ? " You said no, did you not ? Then Lucy, Lucy Dutton, let it be.

Some forty years since, in the interior of my beautiful native State, New-York, lived the father of our heroine, an honest and respectable farmer. He had but two children, Lucy, a noble girl of nineteen, and Ellen, a year or two younger. The first named was winningly, rather than strikingly beautiful. Under a manner observable for its seriousness, and a nun-like serenity, were concealed an impassioned nature, and a heart of the deepest capacity for loving. She was remarkable from her earliest childhood for a voice of thrilling and haunting sweetness.

Ellen Dutton was the brilliant antipode of her sister ; a " born beauty," whose prerogative of prettiness was to have



her irresponsible own way, in all things, and at all times. An indulgent father, a weak mother, and an idolizing sister, had all unconsciously contributed to the ruin of a nature not at the first remarkable for strength, or generosity.

Where, in all God's creatures, is heartlessness so seemingly unnatural, is selfishness so detestable, as in a beautiful woman !

Lucy possessed a fine intellect, and as her parents were well reared New Englanders, she and her sister were far better educated than other girls of their station, in that then half-settled portion of the country. In those days, many engaged in school-teaching, for the honor and pleasure which it afforded, rather than from necessity. Thus, a few months previous to the commencement of our sketch, Lucy Dutton left for the first time her fire-side circle, to take charge of a school, some twenty miles from her native town,

For some while, her letters home were expressive only of the happy contentment which sprang from the consciousness of active usefulness, of receiving, while imparting good. But anon there came a change ; then were those records for home characterized by fitful gaiety, or dreamy sadness ; indefinable hopes and fears seemed striving for supremacy in the writer's troubled little heart. Lucy *loved* ; but scarcely acknowledged it to herself, while she knew not that she *was* loved ; so, for a time, that beautiful second birth of woman's nature was like a warm sunrise struggling with the cold mists of morning.

But one day brought a letter which could not soon be forgotten in the home of the absent one ; a letter traced by a hand that trembled in sympathy with a heart tumultuous with happiness. Lucy had been wooed and won, and she but waited her parents' approval of her choice, to become the betrothed of young Edwin W——, a man of excellent family and standing in the town where she had been teaching. The father and mother accorded their sanction with many

blessings, and Lucy's next letter promised a speedy visit from the lovers.

To such natures as Lucy's, what an absorbing, and, yet what a revealing of self is a first passion ; what a prodigality of giving, what an incalculable wealth of receiving ; what a breaking up is there of the deep waters of the soul, and how heaven descends in a sudden star-shower upon life ! If there is a season when an angel may look with intense and fearful interest upon her mortal sister, 'tis when she beholds her heart pass from the bud-like innocence and freshness of girlhood, and, taking to its very core the fervid light of love, glow and crimson into perfect womanhood.

At last the plighted lovers came, and welcomes and festivities awaited them. Mr. W—— gave entire satisfaction to father, mother, and even to the exacting "beauty." He was a handsome man, with some pretensions to fashion ; but in manner, and apparently in character, the opposite of his betrothed.

It was decided that Lucy should not again leave home, until after her marriage, which, at the request of the ardent lover, was to be celebrated within two months, and on the coming birth-day of the bride. It was therefore arranged that Ellen should return with Mr. ——, to M ——, to take charge of her sister's school for the remainder of the term.

The bridal birth-day had come. It had been ushered in by a May morning of surpassing loveliness ; the busy hours had worn away, and now it was nigh sunset, and neither the bridegroom, nor Ellen, the first bridesmaid, had appeared. Yet, in her neat little chamber sat Lucy, nothing doubting, nothing fearing. She was already clad in a simple white muslin, and her few bridal adornments lay on the table by her side. Maria Allen, her second bridesmaid, a bright-eyed, affectionate-hearted girl, her chosen friend from childhood, was arranging to a more graceful fall, the wealth of light ringlets which swept her snowy neck. To the anxious

inquiries of her companion, respecting the absent ones, Lucy ever smiled quietly and replied,

"Oh, something has happened to detain them awhile; we heard from them the other day, and all was well. They will be here by-and-by, never fear."

Evening came, the guests were all assembled, and yet the "bridegroom tarried." There were whisperings, surmises and wonderings, and a shadow of anxiety occasionally passed over the fair face of the bride elect. At last, a carriage drove rather slowly to the door. "They are come!" cried many voices, and the next moment the belated bridegroom and Ellen entered. In reply to the hurried and confused inquiries of all around him, Mr. W—— muttered something about "unavoidable delay," and stepping to the sideboard, tossed off a glass of wine, another, and another. The company stood silent with amazement. Finally a rough old farmer exclaimed, "Bètter late than never, young man; so lead out the bride."

W—— strode hastily across the room, placed himself by *Ellen*, and took her hand in his! Then, without daring to meet the eye of any about him, he said,

"I wish to make an explanation. I am under the painful necessity, that is, I have the pleasure to announce that *I am already married*. The lady whom I hold by the hand is my wife!"

Then turning in an apologetical manner to Mr. and Mrs. Dutton, he added, "I found that I had never loved until I knew your *second* daughter!"

And Lucy! She heard all with strange calmness, then walked steadily forward and confronted her betrayers! Terrible as pale Nemesis herself, she stood before them, and her look pierced like a keen, cold blade into their false hearts. As though to assure herself of the dread reality of the vision, she laid her hand on Ellen's shoulder, and let it glide down her arm — but she touched not Edwin. As those cold fingers met hers, the unhappy wife first gazed full



into her sister's face ; and as she marked the ghastly pallor of her cheek, the dilated nostril, the quivering lip, and the intensely mournful eyes, she covered her own face with her hands, and burst into tears, while the young husband, awed by the terrible silence of her he had wronged, gasped for breath, and staggered back against the wall. Then Lucy, clasping her hands on her forehead, first gave voice to her anguish and despair in one fearful cry, which could but ring forever through the souls of that guilty pair, and fell in a death-like swoon at their feet.

After the insensible girl had been removed to her chamber, a stormy scene ensued in the room beneath. The parents and guests were alike enraged against W—— ; but the tears and prayers of his young wife, the petted beauty and spoiled child, at last softened somewhat the anger of the parents, and an opportunity for an explanation was accorded to the offenders.

A sorry explanation it proved. The gentleman affirmed that the first sight of Ellen's lovely face had weakened the empire of her plainer sister over his affections. Frequent interviews had completed the conquest of his loyalty ; but he had been held in check by *honor*, and never told his love, until when on his way to espouse another, in an unguarded moment, he had revealed it, and the avowal had called forth an answering acknowledgment from Ellen.

They had thought it best, in order " to save pain to Lucy," and prevent opposition from her, and to secure their own happiness, to be married before their arrival at C——.

Lucy remained insensible for some hours. When she revived and had apparently regained her consciousness, she still maintained her strange silence. This continued for many weeks, and when it partially passed away, her friends saw with inexpressible grief that her reason had fled — *she was hopelessly insane !* But her madness was of a mild and harmless nature. She was gentle and peaceable as ever, but sighed frequently, and seemed burdened with some great

sorrow which she could not herself comprehend. She had one peculiarity, which all who knew her in after years, must recollect; this was a wild fear and careful avoidance of *men*. She also seemed possessed by the spirit of *unrest*. She could not, she would not be confined, but was continually escaping from her friends, and going they knew not whither.

While her parents lived, they by their watchful care, and unwearying efforts, in some measure controlled this sad propensity; but when they died, their stricken child became a wanderer, homeless, friendless and forlorn.

Through laughing springs and rosy summers, and golden autumns, and tempestuous winters, it was tramp, tramp, tramp; no rest for her of the crushed heart and the crazed brain.

I remember her as she was in my early childhood, toward the last of her weary pilgrimage. As my father and my elder brothers were frequently absent, and as my mother never closed her heart or her door on the unfortunate, "Crazy Lucy" often spent an hour or two by our fireside. Her appearance was very singular. Her gown was always patched with many colors, and her shawl, or mantle, worn and torn, until it was *all* open-work and fringe. The remainder of her miserable wardrobe she carried in a bundle, on her arm, and sometimes she had a number of parcels of old rags, dried herbs, &c.

In the season of flowers, her tattered bonnet was profusely decorated with those which she gathered in the wood, or by the way-side. Her love for these and her sweet voice were all that were left her of the bloom and music of existence. Yet no, her meek and childlike *piety* still lingered. Her God had not forsaken her; down into the dim chaos of her spirit, the smile of His love yet gleamed faintly; in the waste garden of her heart she still heard His voice at eventide, and she was not "afraid." Her bible went with her every where, — a torn and soiled volume, but as holy still, and it may be as dearly cherished, my reader, as the gorgeous

copy now lying on your table, bound in "purple and gold," and with the gilding untarnished upon its delicate leaves.

I remember to have heard my mother relate a touching little incident, connected with one of Lucy's brief visits to us.

The poor creature once laid her hand on the curly head of one of my brothers, and asked of him his name. "William Edwin," he replied, with a timid, upward glance. She caught away her hand, and sighing heavily, said, as though thinking aloud, "I knew an Edwin once, and he made me broken-hearted."

This was the only instance in which she was ever known to revert to the sad event which had desolated her life.

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Thirty years from the time of the commencement of this mournful history, on a bleak autumnal evening, a rough country wagon drove into the village of C—. It stopped at the alms-house; an attenuated form was lifted out, and carried in, and the wagon rumbled away. *Thus was Lucy Dutton brought to her native town to die.*

She had been in a decline for some months, and the miraculous strength which had so long sustained her in her weary wanderings, at last forsook her utterly. Her sister had died some time before, and the widowed husband had soon after removed with his family to the far West; so Lucy had no friends, no home but the alms-house.

But they were very kind to her there. The matron, a true woman, whose soft heart even the hourly contemplation of human misery could not harden, gave herself with unwearying devotion to the care of the quiet sufferer. With the eye of Christian faith, she watched the shattered bark of that life, as borne adown the tide of time it neared the great deep of eternity, with an interest as intense as though it were a royal galley.

One day, about a week from the time of her arrival, Lucy appeared to suffer greatly, and those about her looked for her

release almost impatiently; but at night she was evidently better, and, for the first time, slept tranquilly until morning. The matron, who was by her bed-side when she awoke, was startled by the clear and earnest gaze which met her own, but she smiled and bade the invalid "good morning!" Lucy looked bewildered, but the voice seemed to re-assure her, and she exclaimed,

"Oh what a long, long night this has been!" Then glancing around inquiringly, she added,

"Where am I? and who are you? I do not know you." A wild surmise flashed across the mind of the matron — *the long lost reason of the wanderer had returned!* But the good woman replied calmly and soothingly,

"Why, you are among your friends, and you will know me presently."

"Then may be you know Edwin and Ellen, rejoined the invalid; "have they come? Oh, I had such a terrible dream! I dreamed that they were married! Only think, *Ellen* married to *Edwin*! 'Tis strange I should dream *that*."

"My poor Lucy," said the matron, with a gush of tears, "that was not a dream; 't was all true."

"All true!" cried the invalid, "then Edwin must be *untrue*, and that cannot be, for he loved me; we loved each other well, and Ellen is my *sister*. Let me see them; I will go to them!"

She endeavored to raise herself, but fell back fainting on the pillow.

"Why, what does this mean?" said she, "what makes me so weak?"

Just then, her eye fell on her own hand, that old and withered hand! She gazed on it in blank amazement.

"Something is the matter with my sight," she said, smiling faintly, "for my hand looks to me like an old woman's."

"And so it is," said the matron, gently, "and so is mine; and yet we had fair, plump hands when we were young."

Dear Lucy, do you not know me? I am Maria Allen; I was to have been your bridesmaid!"

I can no more — I will not make the vain attempt to give in detail all that mournful revealing — to reduce to inexpressive words the dread sublimity of that hopeless sorrow

To the wretched Lucy, the last thirty years were all as though they had never been. Of not a scene, not an incident, had she the slightest remembrance, since the night when the recreant lover and the traitress sister stood before her, and made their terrible announcement.

The kind matron paused frequently in the sad narrative of her poor friend's madness and wanderings; but the invalid would say with fearful calmness, "Go on, go on," though the beaded drops of agony stood thick upon her forehead.

When she asked for her sister, the matron replied,

"She has gone before you, and your father also."

"And my mother?" said Lucy, her face lit with a sickly ray of hope.

"Your mother has been dead for *twenty years*."

"*Dead!* All gone! Alone, old, dying! Oh God, my cup of bitterness is full!" And she wept aloud.

Her friend, bending over her, and mingling tears with hers, said affectionately,

"But you know who drank that cup before you."

Lucy looked up with a bewildered expression, and the matron added,

"The Lord Jesus, you remember him."

A look like sunlight breaking through a cloud, a look which only saints may wear, irradiated the tearful face of the dying woman, as she replied,

"Oh, yes, I knew Him and loved Him *before I fell asleep*."

The man of God was called. A few who had known Lucy in her early days, came also. There was much reverential wondering, and some weeping around her death-bed.

Then rose the voice of prayer. At first, her lips moved, as her weak spirit joined in that fervent appeal; then they grew still, and poor Lucy was dead — dead in her gray-haired youth!

But those who gazed upon that placid face, and remembered her harmless life and her patient suffering, doubted not that the morn of an eternal day had broken on her NIGHT OF YEARS.

## DESTINY IN A ROSE-BUD.

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READER mine, gallant sir, are you a clairvoyant? "Not given to any thing of the kind?" *Eh bien*, you will assume that character for once, and for a purpose, will you not? So now we are *en rapporte*, we must go back a dozen years or so, into the past. We are approaching a country village; we stop at the prettiest cottage it contains; we enter the blooming garden; we hear a low murmur of voices in that summer-house; we draw near, and peer through the clustering vines.

"Ha, what a superb girl! rather youngish, but a divinity, by Jove!"

"But, la, sir, don't you mark the youth at her side? a very Antinous!"

"He! ah, yes, passable, barely passable, madame."

"Sir, where is your taste? look again; what a magnificent brow! what glorious eyes! what lips! what hair! and, what a form! But they are reading, and from one book; what can it be? for the young man looks sad, and the girl's dark eyes are glistening with tears. Let us catch a glimpse of the title — 'Paul and Virginia.'"

The town of R——, in the interior of Massachusetts, has one of the sweetest parsonages in the world. I do not believe it can be surpassed by any thing short of some of those lovely English rectories, about which our travellers go into ecstasies. It is nested in foliage and flowers, and hung about

with a perfect drapery of vines. At the same time we have taken for the commencement of our sketch, it was occupied by a family of rare taste and refinement, consisting of the Rev. Charles Grey, a man of great learning and devoted piety; his wife, an excellent and lovely woman; and her niece, a beautiful girl of sixteen, but for whom the cottage home would have been comparatively desolate, for the Greys were childless.

Madeline Temple was the sole and orphan daughter of the only brother of Mrs. Grey, and was an heiress. Mrs. Grey, who had received a highly finished education in her native city, Boston, was herself Madeline's teacher in all feminine accomplishments, while her husband attended to the "classics."

I have said that Madeline was beautiful; but her beauty was of a peculiar type. It was not *attractive*; it was too proud and spirited for that, except to the few who loved her, and whom she loved. Her presence, even at that early period, was *imposing*; tall, fair and serene, she walked, rode, danced and conversed, with the quietest dignity and most exquisite grace; a child in years, but an elegant woman in her ways. One powerful and predominating trait ruled and moulded her entire character; and this was *pride*, lofty, unyielding, uncompromising pride. And yet was Madeline Temple in heart most womanly; true and warm in her affections, even to passionateness, yet carefully concealing all, under a manner cold, and at times forbidding. But when she smiled; ah, when she smiled, every thing princess-like and chilling, every thing which kept one from loving her, vanished in an instant, and Madeline was bewitching.

There was one who, though not a member of the minister's family, had been from his childhood a constant visitor there. This was Edward Lawrence, the eldest son of a small farmer living just out of the village. Mr. Grey, with whom Edward was a great favorite, had had the sole charge of his education, having undertaken to make up for the



young man's want of a collegiate course, and after Madeline's arrival the two pupils had pursued their studies together. Lawrence was handsome, strikingly so, but otherwise he was only distinguished for a modesty and delicate sensitiveness almost feminine. No man ever made poorer use of remarkable gifts of person. At the time when we introduced him to our readers, he had reached his twentieth year, and yet went his ways utterly and strangely unconscious that he was one to be gazed after, envied, and loved adoringly.

But there was one who saw his beauty, who knew his worth, who felt that there was a double fascination in his unconsciousness; and this was Madeline Temple. Ere she herself in her proud unimpressiveness, guessed such a thing, her heart was irrecoverably his. Slowly, but warmly and rosily, stole the morn-rise of love up the twilight sky of a life before all cold and colorless.

And Edward — from the first year spent in Madeline's society, he had loved with more of intense passionateness than she was capable of, and with the deepest and tenderest devotion. But years passed by, and he sought no return. Madeline was rich, and he, though not altogether portionless, was no match for her on the score of wealth; and a morbid fear of the charge of mercenary motives, joined to his natural diffidence, effectually sealed his lips. Day after day, he was with her he loved, and with books and flowers and music for his powerful and eloquent aids, and yet he never spoke of love. His manly pride, like a cold hand of iron, seemed crushing down his heart.

At length, when Madeline was just eighteen, her relatives in Boston, a family of wealth and high standing, became desirous of having her with them, in order to introduce her to fashionable society. Madeline was in love, but Madeline was a woman, and the brilliant life thus opening before her had its fascinations; she was also very much inclined to test in that way the strength of the passion which had

been engrossing her heart and thoughts for so long a period.

The last night of Madeline's stay had arrived, and Edward was at the parsonage to take leave. It was a summer's evening, and when he rose to depart, Madeline, at his request, strolled with him toward the gate, as she had often done. When they reached the termination of the walk, she paused, and held out her hand as usual. She was very pale indeed, but with her proud head thrown back, and with regal composure, she said farewell to the man whose love she prized in her inmost heart above all the triumphs and gaieties of the fashionable world. Lawrence bent over that hand, pressed it fervently to his lips, murmured a "God bless you!" and was gone.

Madeline Temple slept but little that night; she wept till almost daybreak, proud creature though she was; wept as bitterly as any meek, sorrowful, dear little maiden could have wept, at parting with the first love of her heart.

The year that followed her return to Boston was indeed a brilliant one for Madeline Temple. With accomplishments, beauty of a rare order, and fortune, it was little wonder that immediately on her *debut* she had become the rage. The history of some of the triumphs of her bellehood even reached her old friends, in their quiet, rural retreat, and greatly were the chastened hearts of the good clergyman and his wife troubled, because of the temptations which must beset the pathway of the inexperienced girl. But if they feared lest Madeline should suffer from the unworthy and mercenary, through her affections, they little knew her. One only love, hidden and striven against, yet living and unconquered, was as an angel guarding the portals of her heart, and she was safe.

During the first summer of Madeline's absence, Edward Lawrence lost his father, and found himself regarded as the head of a family of younger brothers and sisters. What with sorrow for the dead, and care for the living, he found

no time to indulge his love with the passionate fervor and wild abandonment of romantic lovers in general ; but he was nevertheless truly constant to her whose lightest word could once sound the lowest depths of his soul, and whose smile had been the sunshine of his life. She was not always in his thoughts, but she ever glided to his side when

“ Sweet evening was bestowing her soft dews  
Upon the earth, and shutting up the flowers  
With her moist fingers, for the sleeping hours.”

And when the night stole on, —

“ The glorious night,  
When hearts beat warm and true,”

her eyes looked on him with the stars — “ her face was on his sleep.”

Madeline had been gone a twelvemonth from R——, when mercantile business, in which he was engaged, called Lawrence to Boston. He there became known to a distant relative and former friend of his father's, a wealthy merchant and importer. This gentleman took a lively interest in the handsome and enterprising young man, and with his wife and daughters speedily introduced him to the most aristocratic circles of the “ Athens of America,” and there he again met Madeline, met her as the triumphant belle, followed, flattered and adored.

“ Ah, then was the spell broken ; then did the dream vanish ! ” anticipates my reader. But no ; after all that is said, few men have any decided objection to seeing the woman they love, the fashion ; it is an agreeable voucher for their individual taste, and as for Lawrence, he found himself more irreclaimably in love than ever. Yet still his intense pride, his shrinking fear of the charge of unworthy and sordid motives, kept him from an open declaration of his honest sentiments. Madeline, who saw with keen but carefully concealed pleasure his fervent growing attachment, was piqued at its

long delayed avowal, for she did not know her lover sufficiently to understand his pride and high sense of honor. But an unlooked for event occurred to hasten matters to a crisis. The merchant friend of whom we have spoken, desired to send out an agent with one of his vessels to some foreign port, and offered the situation, which was a very lucrative one, to Lawrence. The poor young man was in an embarrassing position. For the sake of his family, who stood in need of his assistance, he knew that he ought to go, but if he went he must be absent two years ; and his *love*, "ay, there was the rub !" He at length concluded to seek Madeline, and let her decide for him, resolving, if he went, to go only as a rejected man.

It was a lovely June evening, when Edward Lawrence slowly and thoughtfully turned his footsteps toward the splendid mansion which was Madeline's city home. On his way he chanced to meet a little flower-girl, who begged him to purchase something from her basket. The bouquets were nothing elegant, but the child had a sweet voice, and a beautiful blue eye, and he bought one bunch of her simple flowers. He was then surprised to find among the reddest roses blown to the last extremity, common violets, and stiff sweet-williams, one fresh and most exquisite moss rose-bud, standing out like a little princess from a crown of plebeians. Detaching this, and flinging the others aside, he bore it as a trifling present to Madeline. He found her lightly and elegantly attired for a ball, which was to be given at one of the fashionable hotels by the navy officers then in port. Lawrence had received an invitation, but had forgotten it, and he was now half angry with himself that he could not be the knight in attendance upon Madeline, she having engaged to accompany Lieutenant S——, a brave sailor and gallant gentleman, to whom the *world* had long ago affianced her.

But Madeline received her lover's simple offering with a smile, and this he interpreted as a favorable omen. The hour for the ball was drawing nigh, he saw that there was

no time for delay, and immediately and somewhat abruptly, acquainted her with his friend's generous offer. Madeline, for once thrown off her guard, quickly, and feelingly exclaimed,

"But you will not go, dear Edward, you surely will not go!"

The face of the lover shone with sudden joy, and taking her hand tenderly in his, he replied,

"No, Madeline, I will not go if you bid me stay, for your sake. I must tell you now what for long years I have tortured myself to conceal. My purposes and hopes all centre in you; my very life is bound up in yours! I love you, Madeline, wildly, adoringly; must it be in vain? Speak, answer me, dearest!"

But Madeline was silent. This long delayed triumph, this deep and immeasurable joy, seemed to have rendered her speechless, and there sat Edward, still holding her unresisting hand in his, and gazing upon her with his dark, passionate eyes, vainly striving to read her glowing and tumultuous heart, through her pale, calm face.

"Lieutenant S—— has called for Miss Temple," said a servant, entering. Lawrence started up and hurriedly said,

"I cannot press you for a reply at this time, but if I have not presumed too far, let me see you wearing my rose-bud to-night."

Madeline raised her eyes, smiled, and — the lieutenant at that instant entered the room. Lawrence, after briefly passing the compliments, took his leave, and Madeline greeted the new comer with her usual serene smile, admirably preserving her tranquil and duchess-like demeanor.

"A splendid looking fellow, that," said the lieutenant, "an old acquaintance of yours, I hear, Miss Temple?"

"Yes, Mr. Lawrence is a handsome man, and we were school-mates in our childhood."

"Ay, ay, I understand, when you were boys together

‘How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood!’  
Shall we go?’ ”

One word as to the lieutenant. In person, he was a man of mark, superbly formed and strikingly graceful; a fine dancer, an admirable waltzer, and he sat on a horse like a cavalier of old, and very unlike a sailor. His face was not regularly handsome, but it was frank, manly, and *sunshiny*. There was no denying that he was a little too wild, rash, and rattle-headed, rather too much given to flirtations and gallant speeches, but he was, after all, a noble fellow in the main.

When Lawrence reached the ball-room, he found Madeline, as usual, surrounded by a group of admirers, and looking more brilliant and joyous, more gloriously beautiful than he had ever seen her. As he drew nearer, he marked, with a thrill of joy, amid the rich folds of lace which fell over her magnificent bust, his own moss rose-bud, its red lips eloquent of love and hope. Seeing that she had not observed his entrance, he leaned against a pillar, at a little distance, and gazed upon her with a new and exquisite feeling, the consciousness of *possession*.

Suddenly came a peal of music, thrilling to the hearts of amateurs and the heels of dancers, and the next moment Madeline Temple and Lieutenant S—— were whirling in the waltz. Lawrence was not precisely jealous, but he felt hurt and amazed that she whom he considered his betrothed, could join with another in that dance which seems to have been invented for lovers alone, and wearing, as she did, that type of accepted love, that rose-bud on her breast. Ah, Edward Lawrence never learned the waltz, he knew nothing of its wild fascination, he never felt the “dizzy delight” known to the enthusiastic waltzer. Look at us, we may be languid or literary; finding fault with the weather, or quoting Carlyle; the air vibrates with the notes of a favorite waltz; and away we go round and round, like gay barques in a whirlpool of delicious intoxication! or like mad planets,

swiftly circling in an orbit of light and music. "Oh! who can tell how hard it is to" keep off the floor, with fine waltz music "tugging at one's heels;" a flirt will sooner take a round or two with her brother, a fashionable man with his wife. Had Lawrence known all this, he would, doubtless, have taken Madeline's waltzing with his rival less to heart; but as it was, after following her with his eyes for a few moments, he turned away and sought composure and cool air on the balcony of the hotel. Madeline, who had first seen him as he left the crowd which surrounded the waltzers, guessed with womanly tact the cause of his evident uneasiness, and soon requested to be led to her seat. A changed being was she, as she sat thoughtful and troubled, watching the gay figures, as they whirled by her in a kaleidoscopic succession of rich dresses and brilliant uniforms. She grew dizzy at last, and casting down her eyes, missed the precious rose-bud from its place!

She had dropped it in the dance, and she gazed about her for it, eagerly, but in vain. Presently, however, the lieutenant, who had quitted her for a few moments, returned, and a glance showed her the lost flower conspicuously hanging from a button-hole in the immediate neighborhood of that gallant officer's heart.

"I believe that is *my* flower," she said holding out her hand.

"It *was* yours, I know, I found it on the floor, yonder, and you surely will not take it from me, now that you have worn it and hallowed it; unless, indeed," he added, "it is some floral *gage d'amour*; there is often more than perfume wrapped up in a rose-bud."

Madeline was startled; the old instinct of proud reserve was roused, and she carelessly answered,

"No, indeed, it is of no consequence, keep the flower if you wish," and turning, she began chatting merrily to a superannuated beau at her side. But suddenly she looked around again with a start, for she heard the lieutenant say,

"Look here, Lawrence, see what a trophy I have won! I challenge any one to show a like favor, received from the belle of the evening."

"You are indeed fortunate," replied Lawrence, casting on Madeline a glance of scornful reproach, such a glance as one of her haughty spirit but ill could brook. She saw at once that her lover was putting a harsh though natural construction on his rival's possession of the flower, and feeling herself wronged and humiliated by his judgment, her eye flashed on him indignantly, while her fine lip curled with a smile of infinite scorn. "He thinks me a heartless coquette," to herself she said, "and never shall he see me stoop to convince him of his error."

Once only during the remainder of the evening did Edward find opportunity to speak with Madeline, and then it was he said, in a tone of startling estrangement,

"I should have hoped, Miss Temple, that in rejecting the offered love and devotion of a life, you would have chosen a mode less painful and a place less public. Your triumph is, however, complete."

"I do not comprehend you, sir," she coldly replied; then suddenly changing her manner, she added with mock gaiety, "By the way, if you are troubled about that poor little rose-bud, the lieutenant will doubtless return it to you; but don't let it blow out into a duel, I pray you."

And thus they parted, those two proud, unyielding beings, mistaken, estranged, and miserable at heart. Once again did Madeline see her lover; on leaving the ball-room, an indefinable feeling prompted her to look back, and standing directly beneath the brilliant light of a chandelier, she beheld Lawrence. His face no longer wore a look of anger, not even of reproach; it was intensely sad, touchingly, hauntingly mournful, and this last expression was present to her dreams that night, was before her when she waked, and left her never.

But on reaching her home, Lieutenant S——, who had



seen that something was wrong between Lawrence and Madeline, and had a shrewd suspicion of how matters stood, and that the rose-bud was indeed of value to the lady, returned it playfully, saying,

"I fear I have been presuming and selfish in keeping this little flower. Pardon me, and accept it again, though it is now sadly withered." And she took it without a word.

The next day Madeline did not go out, but sat listening nervously to every ring of the bell, confidently expecting the speedy coming of her fiery-spirited lover, to seek a reconciliation after the painful misunderstanding which had been brought about in a manner so unexpected, and by means apparently so trifling. But she did not yet know Lawrence. She had to deal with a nature as proud as, and far more sensitive than her own; and so hours wore on, and he did not come, and days went by and she received no message, until a whole week of suspense and unhappiness had passed.

At length, on returning one afternoon from a ride, the servant handed her a card, saying,

"The gentleman called while you were out."

Madeline saw that it bore the name of Edward Lawrence, turned it over, and found these words pencilled on the back:

"I called to make my adieus. The Orient sails to-morrow. I have been spending a week at R——. Your friends there are well. God bless you!  
E. L."

Madeline sought her room, and for the first time gave way to bitter and remorseful sorrow. She viewed herself in the most unamiable of lights, no longer blamed Lawrence for his rashness, and the mad jealousy which but proved to her his love; and before she slept, she wrote, though only after many unsuccessful efforts, a meek, loving, and most womanly letter of *recall*.

This at breakfast-time she handed to a servant, with directions to convey it immediately to the ship. For a full hour

sits Madeline at the window, watching for the return of her messenger. At last she sees him turn the corner of the street. Oh, how slowly he loiters along! He stops a moment to speak to an orange-woman—now to read a play-bill—will he ever come?

Yes, he is at the gate, and Madeline bounds down the steps to meet him—he reaches out a letter—O, Heaven, it is her own!

“The Orient sailed this morning at sunrise, madam.”

\* \* \* \* \*

Two years had passed, and Madeline was still unmarried. She was now less of a belle, less bloomingly beautiful than formerly, but she was still a surpassingly lovely woman. And Madeline was constant to her first love; constant though she never heard from her lover, except casually and indirectly, through his friends at Boston, or hers at R—. Madeline Temple was not a miserable woman; in the life which she led, she had little leisure for the indulgence of sorrow, neither had her proud spirit so utterly forsaken her; but she was not happy, she was not *at rest*, and after all, perfect *repose* best expresses the happiness of woman. She found most pleasure in looking forward to the return of the Orient, and a succeeding reconciliation with the only man whom she had ever loved. It was early autumn, and she heard that the Orient was expected daily.

’T was night, and Madeline Temple was splendidly attired for a fashionable party. She had arranged the last ringlet, clasped the last bracelet, and it was not yet time.

“Bring me up the evening paper, Janet,” she said to her maid. It had been her custom of late to look carefully over the daily arrivals of vessels in the port. The journal was brought, and the first announcement which met her eye was that of the arrival of the Orient, from a two years’ trading voyage. Joyful, hopeful, a young-hearted being once more, Madeline thankfully lifted her eyes to Heaven, then dropped them to the paper again, to see if the blessed intelligence

was indeed there. Alas! they fell upon a paragraph of a different nature. Gasping for breath, she read the following:—

“DISASTER AT SEA.—During the late storm off our coast, the ship *Orient* had two of her seamen swept overboard, and in endeavoring to save them, a gallant young man, Mr. Edward Lawrence, lost his life. It adds to the melancholy interest of this event to know that Mr. Lawrence, who was in the employ of the ship’s company, was just returning from a two years’ absence from friends and country, and perished in sight of land.”

When they sought Madeline, to bear her to the brilliant *soiree*, they found her sitting with despair upon her brow, unutterable anguish at her heart, the mocking gems flashing in her hair and on her bosom, and the paper she had been reading grasped convulsively in her jewelled hand. She wept not—she spoke not—she saw not those around her; but at length, shriek after shriek broke from her lips, and she fell prostrate. They laid her on her bed, and weeks passed before she rose again. When sufficiently recovered, she desired to be conveyed to her friends at R——, and ere long she was under their peaceful roof once more.

Impelled by an intense yearning for sympathy in her affliction, Madeline Temple paid an early visit to the widowed mother of Edward Lawrence. The good woman at first received her somewhat coldly, but when Madeline told of her fond and faithful love for the lost one, explained their misunderstanding, meekly confessed her own error, and revealed the grief which was wearing away her life, the stricken woman wound her arms tenderly around her, leaned the young mourner’s head upon her bosom, and they wept together.

“Oh, my mother,” said Madeline, looking up; “on *that night*, one frank word of explanation, one smile of affection from me, and all would have been well. But my sinful pride

drove him from his country, and has at last broken your heart and mine."

Edward, who had always made a confidant of his mother, had spoken freely to her of Madeline in his letters, but always as though he could not believe that she had ever loved him. In the last one received from him, was the following passage, which the mother read to Madeline at her earnest request.

"I wrote to Madeline Temple, dear mother, as you advised. When I first loved her, when we both were very young, we once read 'Paul and Virginia' together. I wrote to her after visiting 'the lone Indian Isle,' the scene of that most exquisite romance, and inclosed a flower from the grave of Virginia. On that mournful spot, which in spirit I had often visited with her, my heart went back to the sweet days of old; Madeline came before me, mother, the being I once believed her, all loveliness and truth, and not what I afterwards found her, a beautiful incarnation of unwomanly coldness and pride; and for the first time since my boyhood, I wept, for I seemed to be standing over the grave of my own love."

"I never received that letter! God knows I never received it!" cried Madeline, her whole frame quivering with anguish.

\* \* \* \* \*

In an arbor whose clustering vines are just tinted with the gorgeous hues of early autumn, in the garden of the parsonage of R——, sits Madeline Temple, now grown exquisitely ethereal in her waning beauty. On a light stand before her is placed an elegant rose-wood box, filled with precious things, beautiful keepsakes, and costly jewels. There is the magnificent diamond, the modest pearl, the sparkling ruby, the serene sapphire; but not on these she gazes, with those sad, tearful eyes. From beneath them all she has taken a small and much worn volume; it is the romance of St. Pierre, "Paul and Virginia." She opens where, pressed

between its leaves, lies a frail and colorless thing, a rose-bud faded and withered. On *this* are fixed her mournful eyes, and as she gazes, her thoughts go down far, far into the blue depths of ocean, to where sleeps a beloved one, with the sea grass waving o'er him. His pale, sad face is turned upward, and the swell of the waters lightly lifts his dark brown hair, and the cold, white hand, which lies across his breast. And she, that desolate one, faintly murmurs, "Oh, my first and only love; my poor, lost Edward! in this little rose-bud once were folded your destiny and mine."

## A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

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"Throw up the window ! 'Tis a morn for life  
In its most subtle luxury. The air  
Is like a breathing from a rarer world ;  
And the south wind is like a gentle friend,  
Parting the hair so softly on my brow.  
It has come over gardens, and the flowers,  
That kissed it are betrayed ; for as it parts,  
With its invisible fingers, my loose hair,  
I know it has been trifling with the rose  
And stooping to the violet. There is joy  
For all God's creatures in it. The wet leaves  
Are stirring at its touch, and birds are singing  
As if to breathe were music, and the grass  
Sends up its modest odor with the dew,  
Like the small tribute of humility."

THE delicious morning which is glowing around me, and which has recalled the exquisite description of our most gifted countryman, brings also to my mind the recollection of one as fresh and beautiful "in the days that are gone." I well remember how the sense of that morn's exceeding loveliness burdened my heart with a sweet weight, and how, at last, flinging aside the dull book which I had been attempting to study, I caught my light sun-bonnet and bounded out of the house, which outward bloom and beauty had suddenly rendered prison-like. I then turned my steps toward

a fine old mansion, the home of a very lovely girl, who had been endeared to me by years of constant and intimate intercourse. Of late there had been formed a new tie to bind our hearts; she had become the betrothed of "one of ours," a favorite cousin, and the engagement was a joyful event to all concerned.

Annie Moore, sweet Annie Moore, how thou glidest before me, in thy soft, ethereal loveliness, like a gentle spirit from a holier clime! With thy form of lily-like grace, tall and fragile, —

"With all thy young head's shining bands,  
And all its waving curls of gold;"

with thine eyes of softest violet, and thy cheek of delicatest rose-bloom.

William Gordon, the lover of Annie Moore, was an exalted, yet a most lovable character, an embodiment of intellect, manliness, faithful affections, and fervent piety. He was a young student of divinity, had been self-supported, almost self-educated, and at the time of his introduction to my reader, was in the expectation of entering upon the ministry in the course of the year.

And this man, poor, unknown, and devoted to a holy calling, was the choice of Annie Moore, the wealthy, the beautiful, the luxuriously reared! "T was passing strange;" our worldly ones wondered at, and our sewing circle gossiped about the matter, for a month or two, and then the ruffled tide of our village life flowed on as usual. But I was on my way to pay Annie a morning visit. William Gordon had called the night before to bid us adieu, as he was to be absent for many months, and I thought his betrothed might need a little cheering up.

I found her sitting at her work, as usual, and but a slight tremulousness of the voice, and a glistening of the long brown eyelash, told of the painful parting which had just taken place.

"When will William return?" I presently inquired.

"In May, little less than a year."

"And then?"

"And then we are to be married; so hold yourself in readiness to be my bridesmaid."

The summer passed, a season of earnest, untiring and prayerful toil with the young student, and of patient, hopeful and sustaining love on the part of his betrothed. Then came the chill autumn, followed by a winter of uncommon severity. Our dear Annie, while on a night visit to a dying friend, was exposed to a sudden and fearful storm, and took cold. Ah, does not my reader anticipate the mournful consequence? Her mother and elder sisters had died of consumption, and soon, very soon, the seal of death was on her blue-veined brow, and the very voice of the grave sounding in the hollow cough which shook her fragile frame. We knew that she must die, and she, unlike many consumptives, knew it also; yet she was strangely averse to acquainting her absent lover with the fearful truth. She wrote to him that she *had been ill*, was still suffering from debility; but that he must not be troubled about it, nor painfully surprised by her changed appearance, when he should return in the spring. Not one word of the dread, last parting before them; of the *grave*, which might

"Rival the bridegroom, and take from his side,  
To repose in its bosom, his beautiful bride."

At length May came round again, and with it returned William Gordon, the young clergyman. He was bowed to the earth by the great and unlooked-for affliction which awaited him, yet meekly drank the bitter cup, for his God had mingled it.

Sweet Annie was passing rapidly from earth, growing more and more fragile in form and angelic in spirit, day by day, and poor William became intensely desirous that their union might take place. Annie's friends readily assented,



but she, to our surprise, firmly refused to grant the mournful request of her broken-hearted lover.

One evening he was sitting alone by her side, as she was half reclining on a couch ; the hectic flush was more startlingly bright than usual on her cheek, for she had suffered much that day, and, as he thought how very near might be the dark wing of God's dread angel, he took her wasted hand in his, and said,

" Oh, my Annie, let me call you *wife*, before you leave me ! You would not be so utterly lost to me then, for I would know you bearing that sacred name in heaven. Refuse me not, love ! "

" Oh, William, William, urge me no longer, she replied, it must not, cannot be. I am the bride of Heaven, you must not be my husband, and hear me, dearest, you must *no longer be near me*. Your love is precious, but it is earthly, and it comes as a cloud between me and the glories of that upper world, to which I hasten. Your voice, my own, is sweeter to me than the hymns of the angels, heard in my dreams of heaven ! We must part *now*, for every hour renders you dearer ; and how can I leave you at last ? "

With heroic and martyr-like calmness spoke the mistaken girl ; mistaken, for a pure love, for one worthy, is the holiest and meetest preparation for His presence who " is love."

William Gordon saw her firmness, and that she was weak and trembling from the excitement of the scene, and

" in close heart shutting up his pain,"

resolved to yield instant and uncomplaining obedience to her wishes. He rose up calmly, and imprinting on her forehead a kiss of mingled love and anguish, turned and was gone ! Annie buried her face in her thin, white hands, and remained in an agony of prayer and grief. Then came vague regrets for the course she had taken, and painful doubts of the necessity of the sacrifice she had made. Presently she

heard a well known step; William had returned! his calmness had forsaken him, and he murmured imploringly,

"If I must leave you to die alone, Annie, let me fold you once more to my heart before I go; it will give me strength."

He knelt on one knee beside her, reached forth his arms, and, sobbing like a child, she leaned upon his bosom.

No word was spoken by that pair, loving and faithful unto death, while the flood of sorrow swept over their hushed spirits, as the fountains of the soul's great deeps were broken up. Yes, silent, but not tearless, knelt William Gordon, with his lips pressed against the dear head which lay upon his heart. At last he raised his eyes heavenward, and those lips moved in whispered prayer; he unwound his arms, and would have risen, but Annie moved not; *she was clinging to his breast!* A smile of joy irradiated his mournful face, and his arms once again enfolded her. She looked up and murmured with something of her old playful tenderness, more touching than the wildest burst of grief,

"Are you not stronger, dear William?"

"Ah, I fear not my love."

"This is strange, for when I felt the strength ebbing from my own heart, I thought it had flowed into yours."

"Thank God for the weakness which is lovelier than strength! I must never leave you Annie."

"Never!"

The morning of the wedding day had come, and I was arraying Annie in her bridal dress, a beautiful muslin, guiltless of ribbons or lace. I wished to twine in her hair a small string of pearls, which was once her mother's, but she gently put it from me.

"What, *no* ornaments?" I inquired.

"None," she replied; "but yes, if you will go into my garden, you will find a lovely white rose tree, which William planted when I first knew him; bring me one of its buds, and I will wear it in my hair."

I have seen brides radiant in healthful bloom, glittering in jewels, dazzling in satins, rich veils, and costly wreaths, but never have I beheld one so exquisitely, so wonderfully beautiful, as that dying girl, with her dress of simple white, her one floral ornament, the dewy lustre of her soft blue eye, and the deepened hectic of her cheek ! When the ceremony was to be performed, she wished to rise, and as she was too weak to stand alone, I stood by her side, and supported her. She smiled sadly as she whispered, " You remember, Grace, I promised you should be my bridesmaid."

As the beautiful marriage ceremony (that of the English Church) proceeded, the face of the bride became expressive alternately of earthly and of heavenly love, of softness and of sublimity, of the woman and of the angel, till it grew absolutely *adorable*.

At the last, she received the tearful congratulations of her friends with a graceful manner, and with the most cheerful smiles playing about her lips.

It was morning, a morning born of bloom and beauty ; so soft, so glowing, it seemed

" Like a rainbow clasping the sweet earth,  
And melting in a covenant of love."

Annie Gordon was lying on her couch by an open window, with her fair head supported on the breast of her husband.

And she, a father's joy, a brother's pride, the wife of two short weeks, was leaving us now. Every sunbeam which looked into her eyes, saw their violet hue grow paler, and every soft air which kissed her faded lips, bore back a fainter breath on its light pinion. Her doting father knelt in a deep trance of grief at her side ; I stood holding one of her hands in mine, while at her feet sat her younger brother, Arthur Moore, weeping with all the uncontrolled passionateness of boyhood.

Annie had lain for some moments apparently insensible,

but she looked up yet once more to William, with her own sweet smile, and murmured,

"*Pray*, once again, my beloved, it will plume my spirit's wing for its upward flight; but place your hand upon my heart, that you may know when I am gone!"

And William Gordon lifted his voice in a prayer, all saint-like submission and child-like love. He solemnly and tenderly committed the passing soul of the wife, the daughter, the sister, and the friend, to her Saviour and her God, and meekly implored for the stricken mourners the ministrations of the blessed Spirit. Suddenly he paused — *her heart had ceased its beatings!* His brow became convulsed, and his voice was low and tremulous, as he added, "She has left us, oh, our Father; she is with Thee now!"

"Gone! our Annie *dead!*" exclaimed poor little Arthur Moore, and springing forward and casting one look on that still face, he stretched his arms upward and cried, "Oh, sister, sister, come back to us, come back!"

We arrayed her in her bridal dress, even to the white rose-bud twined in her golden hair. We laid her to rest by her mother's side, in a lovely rural grave-yard, and a few months after, I took her favorite rose-tree from the garden, and planted it over her breast.

Our Annie had been gone from us a year, and the rose was in its first bloom, when William Gordon came to bid us a long, it might be a last adieu. He was going out as a missionary to India. On the last evening of his stay, I went with him to the grave of our lost one. We remained till the grass was glittering with dew, and the stars were thick in heaven. Many times turned poor William to depart, and returned again. We both had remarked a single rose-bud, ~~very like~~ the one Annie wore on her marriage day, and at that ~~second~~ bridal, when she was wedded to the dust; and when at last William summoned strength to go, he plucked this, and placed it in his bosom, with many tears.

I doubt not that in his distant home, the darkened land,

where he is toiling for Christ's sake, that flower is still a cherished memento of his sadly beautiful past, and a touching reminder of a shore to which he hasteneth; an unfading clime, where ever liveth *the rose of love*, in the bloom of immortality, in the sunlight of God's smile.

I, too, am far from her grave, but I know almost to a day, when that rose-tree is in bloom. Every morning, I say, another bud is unfolding over her rest; how it loads the air with perfume, as it sways to the passing breeze! and at evening, how the starlight trembles around it, and how sweetly sleeps the cool dewdrop in its glowing heart!

## THE IRISH DAUGHTER.

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“ AND so you *won't* go with us, Jamie ? ”

“ Hush, darling ; you know I cannot leave my ould mother, lone widow that she is, even for love and you, Mary ; but if you'll not forget me, in the far country you're going to, when God wills, I'll follow you ! ”

“ Oh, Jamie, Jamie, this parting is quite breaking my heart ; but don't ask me to stay again ; God bless you, and keep you throe.”

James Burke was the only child of a poor widow, living in the northern part of Ireland. Mary Conway was the youngest daughter of an intelligent and respectable family, neighbors of the Burkes. James and Mary had been lovers from childhood, and at the time when they are introduced to our reader, all who knew them were smiling approvingly upon their fitting betrothal.

James was just one's ideal of a warm-hearted, high-spirited, frank, and handsome Irishman. Mary was a fair, blue-eyed girl of eighteen, with much more of delicate fragility of figure than often belongs to her countrywomen.

Some four years previous to the period of the parting scene, with which we commenced this sketch, Mary's only brother, Willie Conway, went out to America, to “ seek his fortune,” where he succeeded so well in business, that he became anxious to be joined by his family. This consisted only of his parents, Mary, and the orphan boy of an elder

sister, a fine little fellow of eight or nine years. The noble young man sent home nearly all his earnings to defray the expenses of the voyage, and promised his friends a snug and happy home, on their arrival in the stranger-land. From their age and many infirmities, his parents were long averse to going, but finally yielded to his earnest solicitations.

Poor Mary! the same sense of filial duty which bade her go with her parents, forbade her urging her lover to accompany her, for old Mrs. Burke could not risk the voyage, having been an invalid for many years; and so they parted, and the emigrants took ship for Quebec.

For the first week of the voyage all was fair above and calm below; but then came on squally and tempestuous weather, and the mad waves tossed about the stout ship like a toy, and the fierce winds drove her wildly on her way. Our poor emigrants had much to endure; Mary, ill herself, was yet unceasing in her attendance on her aged parents, who became so wasted and enfeebled by sea-sickness as at last to be hardly able to rise from their berths. One night, when they had been about four weeks at sea, Mary, after watching till her dear ones slept, laid her aching head on its uneasy pillow, for a brief rest. The tempest which had raged throughout the day had somewhat abated, but a heavy fog lay on the deep, like a white robe on the stormy bosom of a Medea. The ship still rolled, and plunged, and groaned, like some huge monster in the death agony, and for once, in her life of simple piety, sweet Mary knelt not in her orisons. But, to use the expression of one of her countrywomen, she "went on the knees of her *heart*," and from the berth where she lay, fervently arose the prayer of a subdued and trusting spirit. She fell asleep with a tear on her cheek, and her heart with love and old Ireland.

She was awakened by a rush of feet on deck, and the cry of "Let go the anchors!" succeeded by the rattle of chains, a heavy plunge, another, a silence as of death, and then a joyful shout, "She holds! she holds!" then a wild cry of

"She *drifts* !" and then the ship seemed lifted out of the water, with a fearful crash, and a shock like that of an earthquake ! *She had struck* ! Then followed shoutings, and hurrying to and fro, the cries of terror, the clear, quick tones of command, and the sharp crack of breaking timbers.

The vessel had been driven upon a large rock, and was parting in the middle, the stern being highest out of the water. Word was given for all to seek that part of the ship, as the only hope of safety ; but before this object could be accomplished, many poor creatures perished, from missing their way in the darkness, or from that sudden insanity which danger often engenders. But Mary Conway, with matchless coolness and courage, conducted her parents and nephew, bewildered age and terrified childhood, safely up to the crowded stern, and saw them, one by one, let down by ropes to the rock beneath. Morning was just breaking as she herself descended, and she lifted her eyes to heaven, with an involuntary ejaculation of thankfulness. Alas ! she had seen but the beginning of sorrow. It was intensely cold, and she found her feeble parents shivering and trembling in their thin garments. Morning advanced, but the weather grew no milder, and the sea-winds yet blew bitter chill. "I am dying with cold," said the poor old father, as he sat, shrinking and bending under the keen gusts, his long white locks saturated with spray. Mary turned suddenly toward the rocking ship.

"Where are you going ? " said the mother, faintly.

"Back, to get some covering for father and you."

"Young woman," said a seaman, standing by, "it may be death to do that ; the ship may part any minute."

But she gave no heed to remonstrances, though they came fast and clamorous ; she seized on the rope, which still hung from the ship, and by a superhuman effort, climbed to the deck, and went forward to the steerage. In a few moments she reappeared, threw over on to the rock a bundle of



clothing, and again slid swiftly down the rope. She had brought her father's cloak, from the berth where he had left it, and a blanket, which she wrapped around her mother, saying :

" You see I have come safely back, for God was with me, mother dear."

Before half an hour had passed, a loud crash was heard, and a mountain wave swept away the whole of the forward part of the vessel.

As the day wore on, and the fog lifted, the shipwrecked beheld despairingly the hopelessness of their situation. They were cast upon a perfectly barren rock, separated from the land by some rods of foaming surf, in which no boat could live an instant ; at sea, no sail was in sight, and on the shore no signs of human life. They were on the coast of Newfoundland.

But the mother and daughter were absorbed in a fearful affliction, which was coming fast upon them.

On that desolate spot the husband and father was dying. He bade them good-by with a failing voice, he gazed on them with the thrilling tenderness of the last, last look, the breath ceased on his lips, his white face grew rigid, and his spirit dwelt where " there is no more sea, nor hunger, nor cold, nor death.

When the first wild bursts of grief were over, Mary left the lifeless form with her mother, and searched around until she found a wide fissure in the rock, somewhat sheltered by an overhanging ledge. She then gently took the body from her mother's convulsive embraces, and, with the assistance of a kind sailor, bore it and laid it there. She kissed once again her father's lips, chilled more with the tempest than the recent touch of death ; smoothed the thin hair upon his brow, and wrapping his cloak more closely around him, turned and left him for ever. She herself was trembling with cold, but she thought not once of robbing her poor father of his winding-sheet.

Rest thou, old saint, with thy cross upon thy breast !  
Though thou liest not deep in the dear bosom of thy native  
land, but where billows dash around, and the wet sand drifts  
over thee ; though thy loved ones may not come to weep  
above thee ; though no living thing be near thee but the wild  
sea-bird, dipping her white wing in the surf ; God's angel  
has marked the spot, and when earth's graves are opening,  
and the sea gives up its dead, thou shalt arise from thy cold,  
hard couch, on the wave-lashed rock.

Soon after Mary returned to her mother, a shout from their  
companions told them that the despaired-of help was at  
hand. On looking to the shore, she beheld four or five  
men pointing three huge Newfoundland dogs to the rock.  
As soon as the noble creatures caught sight of the sufferers,  
they sprang eagerly into the surf. How sturdily they  
breasted the waves, how gloriously they leaped forward to  
the rescue !

One after another the shipwrecked were lashed to these  
gallant deliverers, and drawn safely to the shore. To the  
kind inquiries of an aged sailor, who, at each return of the  
noble dogs, had said, "Now, daughter ?" Mary simply an-  
swered, "Not yet," and remained holding on her lap the almost  
inanimate form of her mother. At length the mother seemed  
to rouse herself, and opening her faded blue eyes, those eyes  
into which Mary had so often looked for hope and encourage-  
ment, she said, "I will *thry*, darling ; for my child's sake,  
the good God may give me strength to pass through the  
troubled waters."

Mary assisted to lash her carefully to one of those mute  
deliverers, and with arms clasped about and partly supporting  
her, she accompanied her far out into the surf, and committed  
her to the angry deep. And there stood Mary Conway,  
around her the wild sea, her black hair on the wind, her lips  
parted, and her clasped hands outstretched before her, yet  
all unheeding sea and wind, for her heart was with her eye,  
and her eye was with her mother. She saw those aged

limbs float out on the wave, and that gray hair tossing like seaweed in the surf. She saw the cruel wave pass over her, she saw for a moment her white, calm face, as she was borne up on the succeeding billow, turned full upon her; she saw her dimmed eyes open, and, oh God! amid the sea and the storm, a daughter caught the last look of affectionate recognition from a dying mother! But Mary knew it not; still stood she, statue-like, watching with wild intensity the receding form of her last parent; the only change of attitude and expression was the falling of the chest, and the gleaming and fading of the eye, as her mother's form appeared and disappeared in the tumbling waters. Nearer, still nearer the firm earth, the white surf covers her, a rush of stalwart men, they are bearing her up the beach! "She is safe! she is safe!" and with eyes thrown heavenward, Mary falls, fainting. But the old sailor was by her side; she felt not the rushing of the waters as she too was borne to the shore, and when she next awoke to consciousness, she was stretched beneath a sheltering cliff, and beside, oh, joy, her *mother*! — oh, despair, her *dead* mother!

Not a wail, not a tear, not a sigh, betrayed the agony of that broken-hearted girl, as vainly and still hopelessly she strove to recall that departed spirit. They came around her, the kind-hearted strangers, yet she saw them not; and the mute saviors, yet she heeded not their caressings; but with her mother's head against her breast, she sat amid the sands, buried in her deep, deep woe.

At length, when, with tears streaming down their weather-beaten cheeks, those friendly strangers would take her from her lifeless mother, Mary seemed to arouse. They told her that she must go with them many miles, to find a shelter; that night and a fiercer tempest were coming on, and that she must leave her dead *unburied*. She pressed her hands around her throbbing brow, and while her sad blue eyes rested for a moment in gratitude to them, she gently waved them to depart, saying, calmly, "I will follow." And they

left her, a kind fisherman bearing her little nephew in his arms ; and she was alone, alone with her dead.

Impressing one long kiss upon that icy brow, Mary Conway rose up quietly, and going yet further from the sea, dug with her own hands a grave for her mother in the sand. She then bore thither in her arms, as though it were a sleeping infant, the emaciated form, and laid it down to its last slumber ; took the kerchief from her own breast, spread it over the beloved face, and then carefully replaced the sand. She knelt above that shallow grave, and with her crucifix pressed to her lips, murmured a brief prayer for the soul of the departed — there, on the wild desert shore, with ocean's voice for a dirge, and the tempest for a requiem. Then, in the utter desolation of spirit which has no outward manifestation, that great agony, fearful in its tearless stillness, she turned, and meekly followed the foot-prints in the sand, which told where her shipwrecked companions had gone before her.

Oh, pale young mourner, sitting in thy darkened chamber, giving way to thy sorrow with passionate abandonment, listen ! The angels have called hence thy mother, and thou hast indeed known the grief of griefs ; but if still unreconciled to Him who willed thy bereavement, bethink thee of one whose own hands laid to rest her best beloved ones, shroudless and coffinless ; one who literally buried father and mother, and *had no time for weeping*.

The unfortunates met sympathy and kindness in the fisherman's house, which they reached at last, and the next day Mary Conway and her nephew proceeded to the nearest town, where she sought and found employment for them both, intending to seek her brother, as soon as she had earned sufficient to defray her travelling expenses. All her money and papers had been lost at the time of the wreck, and, most unfortunately, the shock of that disaster, and her succeeding afflictions, had driven from her mind all recollection of her brother's place of residence. She but remembered that it was somewhere in the state of New York, and she finally

resolved to go at once to the *city* of New York, where she hoped to hear of the place she wished to find. At last she reached that great metropolis, still accompanied by her young nephew, for her widowed sister, when dying, had given him to her, and she was ever faithful to the holy trust. She soon procured a situation for herself and little charge, in a boarding-house, where she remained about a month, still unable to recall the name of the village to which her brother had directed her. But one day, a stranger arrived, and on his trunk being brought into the hall, upon the card affixed to it, she recognized with a cry of delight, that lost, that blessed word!

The next morning saw her and little Alick on the deck of one of the Hudson steamers, waving adieu to the few friends who had followed them to the wharf. At Albany, Mary took passage on a canal-boat, and travelled many hundred miles westward; and always and every where, though attractive in appearance and so unskilled in the ways of the world, and utterly defenceless, she met but kindness and friendliness. There was about her the sacredness of sorrow, the impress of suffering on her brow, and the tearfulness of her downcast eye, were eloquent though mute appeals to the generous American heart.

She reached S—— at last, and was clasped, half fainting, in her brother's arms. Oh, who could measure his joy! He had heard of the wreck of the vessel, and supposed that *all* he held dear on earth had gone down with her.

Mary found a neat and comfortable home awaiting her, and soon life seemed not so cold around her; a few sunbeams fell upon her path, and the crushed flower, happiness, took root in her heart again.

She wrote to, and heard from her lover in Ireland; his mother was still living, but very feeble, requiring his constant care.

It was on her second summer in America, that sorrow came once again to poor Mary Conway; came at the season

when mourning and sadness seem most unnatural — in gorgeous June, the festal month of all the year — came before the first flush of rose-time was past ! Her pride, her dependence, her noble, devoted brother, came home, one noon, from his work, with a heavy eye, and the fevered blood rushing through his veins like lava, flung himself upon his bed, and never rose again.

One evening, as Mary sat by his side, watching him earnestly, for she knew that "the hour was at hand," he said, faintly, "Pray, my sister ;" and the stricken girl knelt, and lifting up her voice clearly and calmly, in a prayer all faith and fervency and submission, commended the passing spirit to its Creator. When she rose up, she looked upon the face of the dead.

On the day of the burial, little Alick was taken ill, with a milder form of the same disease, and there was none of his kindred, save his broken-hearted sister, to follow Willie Conway to the grave. She saw him laid to his rest, with an intense yearning to lie down beside him, and share his cold pillow ; and she turned toward her desolate home, with a depth of anguish in her soul, which only God could sound.

But the strength which had been hers at the death-bed scene, and at that awful moment when the first earth fell upon the coffin, now that all was over, forsook her utterly. She grew faint, reeled painfully, and would have fallen, but that one, who at that moment entered the grave-yard, sprang forward, and supported her. "Mary, dear Mary !" said a familiar voice, "oh, don't you know me ? and is it so we meet at last !"

She looked up — it was Jamie, her Jamie from over the sea.

\* \* \* \* \*

My dear reader, I have not been playing upon your sympathies by fables. I have not been beguiling you with a

fiction. I myself have heard the simple story which I have related from the lips of Mary Burke. And would to Heaven a life so exalted by the grandeur of woman's love-prompted heroism, and made so serenely beautiful by filial piety and Christian resignation, might have some better chronicler, some more enduring memorial !

## ATALANTA UPON SKATES.

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SOMEWHAT more than twenty years ago, in a fine old mansion on the St. Lawrence, near Montreal, lived General Paul Leroux, formerly of the French army, and a devoted Bonapartist. On the final fall of Napoleon, he had emigrated to Canada with his family and a portion of his once princely fortune.

General Leroux was a widower, with two twin children, Henri and Eugenie, at your service, my reader. These two, having lost their mother in early childhood, had spent some years with relatives in Switzerland. In that wildest country, in the midst of a large household, herself the special pet of her grand-uncle, a veteran soldier, Eugenie Leroux was allowed all the wild and healthful freedom of a peasant girl. At the age of sixteen, when she accompanied her father and brother to the New World, she could boast but few lady-like accomplishments and aristocratic airs; but she was lovely with the promise of extraordinary beauty, bewitchingly naive in manner, and as brave and vigorous as a young Zingara. She was passionate in spirit, impetuous and wayward; fiery and fearless in her resentments, but quick and generous to forgive; ardent and devoted to the death in her loves and friendships. Henri Leroux was possessed of a fine intellect, but was of a delicate physical organization; gentle in spirit, sensitive, studious and religious, the fair beauty of his face



the subdued tone of his voice and his quiet manner, all went to render him a most remarkable contrast to his sister. But I will not dwell farther upon his character, as his future life is to form the subject of a subsequent sketch.

On reaching his Canadian home, General Leroux procured a governess and masters for his daughter. Mademoiselle Eugenie soon acquired a good knowledge of English, and made rapid progress in music, for which she possessed remarkable talent; but she indignantly overturned her embroidery frame, tossed her paint brushes into the river, and sent her Latin grammar after them. Her poor governess soon resigned in despair all hope of making a fine lady out of the wild girl of the Alps, whom an indulgent father, good easy man, permitted to follow in all things, her own untrammelled impulses.

Our heroine's early residence in Switzerland had colored her entire after-life and character; and the daughter of a soldier, she was perhaps not unnaturally soldier-like, and somewhat masculine in her tastes. She neither trembled, fainted, nor shrieked with exquisite sensibility and delicate nervousness at the roar of ordnance, the peal of musketry, or the sharp crack of the rifle. She loved them rather, and at the gleam of arms and the exulting swell of martial music, there ever flashed from her kindling eyes the bold spirit of a Joan d'Arc. As a horsewoman, she was absolutely unrivalled in all the Canadas — at least so said her riding-master. She could row like Grace Darling, swim like a mermaid, and then her skating — "Her skating? Good gracious!" cries my fair reader, in feminine consternation. Wait a bit, honey, and consider. Skating is an amusement which has been too long monopolized by "our natural enemy," as some lady writer — Miss Martineau, Miss Hannah More, or Miss Robinson Crusoe — calls the sterner sex. It is a graceful, a delightful, and a most invigorating exercise. I speak not unadvisedly, for in my early girlhood I too acquired this singular accomplishment, and I now only blush for the false

delicacy which has since prevented me from keeping myself in practice.

But Eugenie, fearless of the censures of the over-refined, and scorning the impertinent observations of the *canaille*, pursued with enthusiasm the favorite pastime of her Swiss winter life, and, no sooner did the ice of the St. Lawrence become of a reliable thickness, than, accompanied by her twin brother, she might be seen performing her graceful evolutions thereon for hours together. Her skill and swiftness became proverbial, and many were the delighted witnesses of her varied and extraordinary feats. But it is time she was introduced personally to my readers.

On the afternoon of a keen but sunny day in January, Eugenie and Henri Leroux laughingly descended the bank of the St. Lawrence, and mingled with a small company of skaters. Mademoiselle Eugenie, then a strikingly beautiful brunette of eighteen, was suitably, though somewhat coquettishly attired in a short skirt and tightly fitting jacket of dark blue cloth, nicely trimmed with black fur. Upon her head she wore a small fur cap, her raven hair was put plainly back; the rich brown of her complexion was brilliant with a glow of pleasure, and her large dark eyes were flashing back the sunshine.

After amusing herself as usual for a while, Eugenie observed a burly English corporal, with whom she had a slight skating acquaintance, progressing leisurely toward her, drawing a miniature sleigh. This, she presently saw, contained the first-born of the corporal's house, a stout boy of about half a year old, well wrapped in furs and flannel, and rosy-cheeked with the healthful wintry air. Eugenie glided along by the little vehicle, chatting pleasantly, and delighting the proud father by her praises of his pretty child, till suddenly a wild thought darting through her brain, she caught the infant from the cushions, laid it on her head, after the Swiss manner, putting up one hand to steady it, and was off like a flash! As for the corporal, "his sensations were more easily

imagined than described," to use a novel expression. He stood stupified and transfixed for a moment, then gave a cry between a groan and a yell, and started in pursuit. He was a tolerable skater, but he knew not with whom he had to compete. Eugenie was now rods ahead of him, looking back and laughing provokingly ; now passing so near that he almost grasped her dress ; now circling about him with fearful rapidity. At last the poor man became furious, swore roundly at the mischievous girl, and called for aid in rescuing his child. Three or four, Henri among the number, laughing heartily, sat out in eager pursuit ; but Eugenie, after eluding them at every point, flew back to the little sleigh, lowered the child from her head, kissed him hastily, laid him smiling and unharmed upon his pillow, and was off again.

Among the interested though inactive spectators of this strange scene, were two British officers, then stationed at Montreal, — Captain Hamilton and Lieutenant Thurston. The former was highly connected and the heir to considerable wealth, had a soldierly appearance, a symmetrical form, and a fine manly face, happy, and withal innocent in its expression.

Thurston was a man of the world, with a peculiarly English physiognomy ; was considered handsomer than his companion, to whom he was an attached and devoted friend.

On leaving the river, after Eugenie and her brother had disappeared, Hamilton maintained a thoughtful silence until he reached his quarters, when he exclaimed, " Thurston, we must make the acquaintance of General Leroux, for, by the powers, I would give my commission to know that girl ! She is a glorious creature — a *glo-ri-ous* creature ! "

" Fudge, Hamilton ; she is a merciless little savage — a very ogress, running away with babies, and frightening worthy fathers out of their wits ! "



Our officers found little difficulty in gaining an *entrée* into the hospitable mansion of the courteous General Leroux, and ere many months were past, they were on a footing of familiar intercourse with his family. Captain Hamilton's admiration for Eugenie finally deepened into love, and many things seemed to augur favorably for the success of his suit. The father and brother of the lady were both won over by the many excellencies of the young soldier's character, his intellectual qualifications, and the charm of his manner; but the heart of Eugenie herself was not so easily conquered. Her lover soon ascertained that many of her feelings, tastes, and early prejudices, were opposed to the interest which he sought to create. First of all, her *amor patriæ* was far stronger than that of most women; she passionately loved *la belle France*, and as passionately hated her enemies. Then she cherished, in the depths of her soul, that wild, enthusiastic, adoring love, for the memory of Napoleon, which none but a true Bonapartist can fully understand.

When a mere child, she had seen the great hero; she had a distinct recollection of his face, of his winning smile, as he addressed a few playful words to her. Henri Leroux even declared to Hamilton that her right cheek, which had received the imperial salute, had been *tabooed* from that time, no less august lips having pressed the sacred spot. To her father and brother, Eugenie never spoke of the glorious days of the empire but with mournful enthusiasm — of the emperor but with tears; yet to Captain Hamilton she talked proudly of the deeds and reign of the great king-maker, and entered into many an animated discussion of his merits as a ruler and a general.

Hamilton, like every English soldier, was a worshipper of Wellington, and could never be brought to admit that the generalship of the conquered surpassed that of the conqueror.

Such discussions sometimes add a piquancy to friendship, but no degree of discord is healthful for *love*, and our

lovers had some serious disagreements. But reconciliations always followed, Eugenie usually concluding, in her calmer moments, that a live friend was better than a dead emperor, and frankly sending to the aggrieved gentleman some pacific message.

During the summer and fall, General Leroux was absent on a tour through the States; and, as Henri was much engrossed by studies, Captain Hamilton was left a fair field for his wooing operations. He rode and walked, sung and read English with mademoiselle, and all would have gone on smoothly had he not also *talked*. But the ghost of Bonaparte was never laid; and that unfortunate last battle, when the "little corporal" was defeated by *fate*, not by Wellington, was fought over again almost daily.

On the return of the general, Captain Hamilton thought best to consult with him, before making a formal proposal to Eugenie. To his great joy, the kind father made no opposition to his suit, leaving the matter wholly in his daughter's hands. But Eugenie was too arch a coquette to decide at once; again and again requested time for consideration, until weeks slipped by, and the merry skating days had come round again.

It was a clear, luminous moonlight night, late in December, when Captain Hamilton and Lieutenant Thurston met at the house of General Leroux. Thurston had but that day returned from Quebec, where he had been spending some months; and was, therefore, not altogether *au fait* of the state of affairs between his brother soldier and Mademoiselle Eugenie. The friends, though they did not come together, found they were bound on the self-same errand — to solicit the honor of attending upon mademoiselle to a military ball which was to be given on New Year's eve. As neither gentleman would resign his claims in favor of the other, a playful altercation ensued, Eugenie declaring herself unable to decide. At this point, Henri laughingly proposed that, as the night was magnificent, the important question should be decided by a

skating match ; or that Eugenie should play "Atalanta upon Skates."

The gentlemen joyfully assented ; Eugenie clapped her hands with childish glee, and retired to don her skating costume. This was somewhat different from the one which she had worn a year before ; the trimming being of white fur, and for the sake of greater conspicuousness on this occasion, she had placed in her cap a long white ostrich plume. The effect of this dress was to render her more bewitchingly beautiful than ever, as she came bounding into the drawing-room for her companions. General Leroux, after gazing on her proudly for a moment, embraced her tenderly, and declared his intention of joining the little party, to see that no harm befel her, and that all went fair in the race.

In their way to the river, Captain Hamilton, whose arm Eugenie had taken, looked with sudden seriousness into the roguish eyes of his companion, and whispered,

"May not a question of more moment than that of escorting you to this ball, be also decided to-night ?"

"In the same manner, monsieur ?"

"Yes ; and may the swiftness of my heels avail, where the eloquence of an adoring heart has failed ?"

"As you will," she replied, laughing merrily ; "overtake me, and I surrender prisoner for life ; but fail, and it is the lost Waterloo of your wooing. *Remember !*"

The moon was at its full, and the ice-bound St. Lawrence lay like a broad sheet of glittering silver.

The race was soon fairly begun. Thurston, at first, seemed likeliest to win, but laying out all his strength in desperate efforts to head Eugenie in her marvellous evolutions, at length sank down, utterly exhausted ; and the provoking girl turned and flew past him like a wild bird on the wing. The field was now left to Hamilton, who had infinitely more at stake ; and he swore a mighty oath (to himself) never to yield until the victory was his.

It was a scene of singular excitement. Hamilton, though

an admirable skater, never seemed to gain upon Eugenie, except by her own permission ; for she would now and then flag, as though about to pause, place her hand on her side, and droop her head, as from weariness. Hamilton would redouble his efforts, and the next moment she would be flying about him in bewildering circles, nearer and nearer, till the ring of her skates and her merry laugh were in his ears ; and then, away shot her lithe form with incredible swiftness, till far adown the river her long white plume was floating in the moonlight.

At length Eugenie called back,

"I am getting tired of this, Captain Hamilton. You can *never* overtake me ; but stop where you are, and I will come to you !"

Hamilton paused, and soon beheld his innamorata swiftly approaching. As she drew nearer, however, she glided along more leisurely and coquettishly. Ah, moment of thrilling rapture to the lover, when he watched that magnificent creature coming slowly but steadily toward him, with her head archly inclined to one side ; her luxuriant hair loosed from her cap, and falling over her shoulders ; her arms crossed upon her bosom ; her lips apart, and her eyes flashing gloriously and not unlovingly upon him ! Nearer, nearer ; he reached forth his arms with a cry of joyful welcome ! Nearer, nearer ; he could see her breath, silvered into small clouds by the frost of the still night ! — when she bowed her head, and shot beneath his extended arm, like a winged arrow !

The baffled officer turned quickly, *too* quickly, alas ! for his feet slid from under him, and he measured his length on the ice ! He suddenly recovered himself, to behold Eugenie pausing at a little distance, and resigning herself to extravagant merriment ; her wild laugh ringing out like a peal of bells, on the clear, frosty air. Vexation and mortification gave our hero new strength, and he again set out with all the energy of desperation. This time he gained upon his

treacherous lady-love. Eugenie became really alarmed, when looking backward, she saw him dashing on like an eagle in pursuit of a devoted wood-pigeon. She strove eagerly to reach the bank, but in vain. Hamilton saw with exultation that the prize, would soon be his; he already stretched out his arms, when — she was gone, *gone!* and at his feet yawned a chasm in the ice! Fearless of death and the rheumatism, the gallant Captain leaped to the rescue; and, as Heaven would have it, Eugenie rose in the same place where she sank, and was safely lifted from the water, and borne to the bank by her alarmed lover. She had chanced upon a spot but thinly frozen over; the thick ice having been cut and removed on that very day.

The poor girl was chilled into partial unconsciousness, and Hamilton knelt by her side and tenderly strove to revive her. Her father, Henri, and the lieutenant had reached the spot, but no one interfered with the office of her rescuer. He seemed not to notice the presence of others, as he bent over the fainting girl and chafed her hands and temples. At last he pressed his lips to hers, and called upon her name in an agony of love and fear. As though she had received a powerful galvanic shock, Eugenie instantly sprang to her feet, rejecting with indignation and hauteur the farther assistance of her presuming lover. Supported by her father and brother, she proudly and silently walked homeward, hurt and mortified by the tragi-comic termination of the evening's amusement.

The adventurers reached the house with icicles depending from every point and edge of their attire, and found themselves pretty thoroughly chilled; but a change of clothing and a trifle of *eau de vie* soon set all right again.

Eugenie maintained her proud and silent reserve, until, as Captain Hamilton was about leaving, General Leroux, grasping his hand, said in a tremulous voice,

“My dear young friend, you have saved the life of my child; receive a father's blessing!”



Eugenie's heart was touched ; she sprang forward impetuously, seized Hamilton's other hand, and looking up with tearful eyes, said in a tone to be heard by all present,

" Let me also thank you, my preserver ; I have been ungrateful, unwomanly ; forgive me ! "

\* \* \* \* \*

A short time subsequent to the little adventure which we have narrated, Captain Hamilton was ordered to another station, where he remained during the winter ; his *affaire du cœur* continuing in the mean time pretty much *in statu quo*. In the spring time he returned, but only to bid his friends adieu, as his company had been recalled to England.

On his announcing this to Eugenie, she threw aside her reserve at once, exclaiming,

" Holy Mother, *going* ! and I — how am I to endure the parting ? "

" Great Heaven, Eugenie ! is it possible that you love me at last ? "

" I do, truly, tenderly ; I can never love another ! will never wed another ! I tell you this, my friend, because I cannot wed with *you*."

" Say not so, dearest, be my wife ! go with me to England ! I will make any sacrifice for your love. Say the word, and I will leave the army, that I may never be the active enemy of your native country. Tell me, my love, will you not be persuaded ? "

" Oh, do not urge me, I entreat you ! I cannot listen to you ; *I must not leave my father* ! A stranger, in a strange land, his country, his Emperor, his daughter — all lost to him ! Would he not die of a broken heart ? No, no ; I will never forsake him ! " and the poor child burst into tears.

Captain Hamilton strode up and down the apartment, pale and heart-wrung with contending emotions ; but he was too honorable, too truly noble, long to hesitate, and respectfully taking Eugenie's hand in his, he said,

" I honor you for your decision ; I love you the more

tenderly for this beautiful exhibition of filial piety. May God give us strength to endure our common trial, and permit me to return at no distant day to claim this hand."

Then, after folding her for the first time to his breast, and kissing away the tears which hung on her long, dark eyelashes, he turned hastily, and was gone. But he returned in a moment; he had left a glove, and returned to find Mademoiselle Eugenie pressing that same glove to her lips and heart, in her passionate sorrow. She was overcome with confusion, and could scarcely raise her eyes to her lover's, as he hurriedly requested her to inform her father that he would wait upon him in the morning to make his adieux.

Early the next morning, Eugenie sought her father in the library, and, with as much calmness as she could command, related the occurrence of the preceding evening.

The General, surprised and agitated, exclaimed,

"Is it possible that you love this man whom you rejected?"

"As sincerely as my departed mother must have loved you in your youth; but I could not make lonely the hearth of our home; I could not forsake you, my father."

"You are an angel, Eugenie! the best daughter that ever blessed a father's heart. Yet I cannot accept this sacrifice; I cannot separate you from the man you love, and who is worthy of you; it would be selfish, sinful to do this. Go with Hamilton to England, his happy wife! Go, and take with you a father's blessing! God forbid I should cloud your young life with sorrow!"

"Father, dear father, do not call this a *sacrifice*! The spirit of my mother will aid me in my dutiful devotion to you. Heaven will smile upon me, and I shall be happy."

General Leroux sat in thoughtful silence for a moment; then, blushing like a very boy, he said,

"Look here, my daughter!" as he took from his bosom a miniature, set in brilliants—the portrait of a young and

handsome woman — not the long dead mother of Henri and Eugenie.

“What does this mean, father?” said our heroine, turning deathly pale.

“It means,” he replied, “that foreseeing that I could not always retain you to preside over my household, I have provided a substitute.”

“Who and what is she?”

“Have patience, my love, and I will tell you all. While on my tour through the States, last autumn, I met with an old friend and fellow-soldier, an emigrant like myself, and his only child, a good and beautiful girl, is she who has promised to fill that void in my heart left by your mother, the place by my hearth soon to be left by you. I thought to have told you this long ago, but it was an awkward subject to broach; and the marriage has been once postponed on account of the death of a relative of Marie’s.”

“And so, my grand sacrifice was uncalled for?” said Eugenie, making an effort to smile.

“Yes, my love, I shall grieve deeply to part with you; but I shall not be comfortless. Now, I am going out; when Captain Hamilton calls, you must receive him here, and may explain to him the change in your circumstances as regards me. Don’t weep, my child, don’t, I pray! I will visit you in England with Henri and — and my wife, in the course of the summer; and you will return to Canada, some time. God bless you, my darling!” and the exemplary father took himself off.

Eugenie had hardly time to dry her tears, compose her face, and smooth her ringlets, before Captain Hamilton walked into the library.

He was somewhat surprised at meeting Eugenie again, and expressed much regret at not being able to see her father. The poor girl was sadly embarrassed, and could utter little more than brief replies to the questions of her lover. After a few moments of painfully constrained con-

versation, the Captain rose, kissed hastily the hand of his lady-love, and not trusting himself to look upon her face, left her once again to her tears. She stood like a statue of grief, and listened to his every step as he descended to the hall below. Then, scarce conscious of the act, she flew rather than ran down the stairs. Her lover heard her light step, and turned toward her. She grasped his arm, leaned her head on his shoulder, and murmured,

“If you *must* go, George, take me with you! I am not needed here; I shall die if you leave me!”

This was the first time Eugenie had ever called her lover “George.” My gentleman reader will please recall the feeling with which he first heard his own name, from the lips of the woman he loved.

Under such extraordinary circumstances, Captain Hamilton soon obtained leave to delay for a short time his departure for England; and in the course of a week his marriage to Eugenie took place, with all the rites of the English and Roman churches.

Of course, the bridegroom was pronounced superb in white gloves and waistcoat; and the bride adorable in satin and orange blossoms. The usual number of jokes and champagne bottles were cracked at the expense of the former; of gloves and sashes soiled at the expense of the latter.

Then followed forced smiles, blessings, tears, the *parting*.

\* \* \* \* \*

That night, hour after hour, in the lonely room which had once been Eugenie’s, over a harp, whose strings the delicate fingers of the most loved might wake no more, leaned a pale and dark-haired youth, weeping wildly and bitterly, with the feeling that his twinned heart had been torn asunder.

That night, in his own room, sat a tall and handsome man, yet in the golden meridian of life, gazing mournfully on the portrait of a beautiful girl in a skating costume, which hung against the opposite wall. There was a strange quivering on

the lip of the soldier, a stranger glistening in his eye. Then he drew from his breast another picture, and gazed on *that* till the smile of the lover shone through the tears of the father.

\* \* \* \* \*

It is evening, the first evening at sea, and Captain Hamilton and his bride are on deck, watching the last point of American land, as it fades into the blue of the horizon.

“ The wind blows fair ; the vessel feels  
The pressure of the rising breeze ;  
And, swiftest of a thousand keels,  
She leaps to the careering seas ! ”

Eugenie's sweet eyes are filled with tears, as, stretching her arms toward the dim shore, she murmurs,

“ Adieu dear adopted land ! father, brother, adieu, adieu ! ”

Her husband folds her to his bosom, and whispers, “ You have indeed resigned much to follow me.”

“ Yes, *all* — home, friends, and, it may be, my religion. And now, dear George,” she adds, smiling through her tears, “ will you not admit that Napoleon was the greatest hero the world has ever known ? ”

“ Yes, yes, I yield at last ; but, in return for this concession, I take the liberty, my little Bonapartist wife, *of kissing you on the Emperor's cheek !* ”

## THE ROSE-WREATHED CROSS.

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"Have thine own faith, but hope and pray for all."—HOLMES.

HENRI LEROUX was the only son of General Paul Leroux, once of the army of Napoleon, but who, on the fall of the emperor, emigrated to Canada, and established himself in a fine old residence near Montreal. The General was for many years a widower; but, on the marriage of his only daughter, Eugenie, to Captain Hamilton, a British officer, whom she had accompanied to England, he had taken to his heart and house a young wife, Marie D'Este, a handsome, gay, and fascinating woman, one of the born queens of elegant society.

This union, though a happy one in all other respects, brought General Leroux no children, and his heart was more than ever bound up in his noble son. And Henri was one for whom to cherish pride and affection, though mingled with much solicitude. He was gifted with a remarkable intellect and a most amiable disposition, but had been from childhood in frail and precarious health. At the period when he is introduced to my reader, he was about twenty-one, but looked somewhat younger. He was tall and gracefully formed, but remarkably slender. His face, of almost womanly delicacy of feature, its paleness in strong contrast with the luxuriant raven curls of his hair, was beautiful rather than handsome, and yet, notwithstanding the serene thoughtfulness of the

deep, hazel eye, rendered so dreamy by the long, thick fringe of black lashes, and the rare sweetness playing about the mouth, that face was in no degree effeminate, but expressed the spirit of perfect manliness. In truth, his character was not wanting in bravery and energy, which made themselves manifest as far as his physical organization would permit. He was deeply studious, serious, and reflective; a man of purest thought and life, and of most unselfish and unworldly aims and aspirations.

Under the charge and influence of a beloved tutor, a priest of the Roman Church, and a man of ardent piety and rare attainments, Henri's mind was early turned to the contemplation of religious subjects, until he naturally became strongly inclined to enter the church. This desire was, however, strenuously opposed by his father, who had no other inheritor of his honorable name, and also by father Jerome, the tutor, who considered Henri's physical strength quite unequal to the arduous labors of the priesthood. The decision of his friends was acquiesced in with great reluctance by Henri, and in secret he brooded over his disappointment until his health began to suffer. At length, a short, hollow cough alarmed his father, who persuaded him to make the tour of Europe, with his tutor. At Rome, Henri finally left his companion, and returned home, after an absence of nearly two years. The health of the young man had been somewhat benefited by travel, but he was still far from vigorous. After remaining at home a few months, he resolved to journey through the States, which he had never visited. His plan was to travel first through New England, and, as the autumn came on, proceed south, and spend the winter in Florida. He would travel quite alone, for he was not enough of a fine gentleman to encumber himself with a valet.

To a small village in Massachusetts, not very far from Boston, we will now turn. It was a moonless and starless evening in July. A thunder-storm had come up on a sultry

afternoon, and it was now raining in torrents ; the wind blowing as only the east wind can blow on the sea-shore. But while all without was darkness and chilliness, within the neat, little brown cottage down in the grove of old elms, all was light and warmth, and serenity. In a nice little sitting-room, with pleasant French windows opening on to a piazza, and looking into the garden, sat an old man and a young girl, the village pastor and his grand-daughter.

The venerable Mr. Revere had been for forty years the Congregational minister of M——. He was the descendant of a Huguenot refugee, and was a man of intellect and learning. He had been a singularly handsome man in his youth, and was now the picture of a beautiful old age. His fine figure was still erect, his large eye bright, his cheek ruddy, and his hair unthinned, though silvery white. The smile was not banished from his lips, his clear brow wore no clerical sternness, the starch of his white neckcloth had not entered into his manner ; he was warm-hearted and free-hearted ; gentle, cheerful, and approachable, the ideal of a faithful and lovable servant of heaven. For one of his class, he was peculiarly charitable and tolerant towards those of other sects and beliefs ; but still most firmly fixed in his own faith, and was surely best pleased when those with whom he was brought in contact, thought and believed with him.

Mr. Revere had known much affliction. Consumption, that terrible scourge of New England, had taken from him his excellent wife, his two lovely daughters, and his only son. The orphan daughter of this son was now all that was left to comfort or care for him in his old age.

But Adelaide Revere was in herself a wealth of affection and happiness. Lovely and intellectual, cheerful as a child, yet devotional as a saint, she was indeed the joy and stay and consolation of the old man. An energetic and economical housekeeper, an admirable nurse, a most pleasant companion, she left him nothing to desire. Hers was, indeed, one of those most beautiful and perfectly rounded



characters rarely met with, but which, believe me, are no impossible ideals.

I shall give you, my reader, rather a minute description of Adelaide Revere, as her beauty, it strikes me, was of a style somewhat peculiar. She was at nineteen remarkably *petite*, though of a round and healthy figure, exceedingly fair, with an oval face, glowing cheeks, unsurpassable teeth, a low, broad forehead, a nose of extreme delicacy, dark blue eyes, with black lashes and brows, and raven hair of unusual luxuriance. Were I painting from imagination, I should perhaps say that this hair hung in ringlets over her shoulders; but, in truth, it was not in the least inclined to curl. But it was Adelaide's *hand*, after all, which was the wonder of beauty, small, delicate, and of perfect symmetry. I have never seen any thing finer in statuary. Every finger was a study, every dimple a sight of pleasure. Yet that hand had ever been accustomed to many kinds of labor. It seemed to possess some charm against those hardening and deforming influences; it was always so miraculously white and soft, so unexceptionably *clean*.

Adelaide's taste for dress, in her present position, could hardly be said to be manifested. She had been in mourning from her childhood, and thus was always attired with great plainness. Her dress fitted her pretty figure elegantly, but it could scarcely have been otherwise. She usually wore white in the summer, with a narrow riband of black velvet around her neck, and with no other ornament, save perhaps a rose-bud and a sprig of geranium in her hair.

But it is time we returned to the summer evening at the parsonage.

It was yet early on Saturday night, though so intensely dark without. Adelaide Revere was sitting beside her grandfather, reading aloud to him, from a history of the Reformation. It happened that the subject this night was the Massacre of St. Bartholomew; and, as she read the horrible story of the fierce persecutions, the sufferings and martyr-

dom endured by his forefathers, Mr. Revere rose, and, walking the room with agitation, exclaimed,

"Oh, Church of Rome, thou abomination of iniquity! how long shall the flaming sword of vengeance hang over thee in the heavens!" After a brief pause, "How is it," he added, "that the day of her awful visitation having gone by, she is again lifting up her proud head, and mocking the long suffering of God!"

"Oh, my dear grandfather," said Adelaide, in a tone somewhat sad, "this is very unlike you; all these things are past; the spirit of persecution has gone out of all Christian sects, and I cannot believe that the spirit of Christ has forsaken utterly and forever, even the Church of Rome. Must we not remember, while we condemn the merciless deeds of Romanism, that neither is Protestantism guiltless of cruelty and bloodshed?"

"My daughter, I have been rightly reproved," replied Mr. Revere, with emotion; "God forgive my want of charity! The Church of Rome, I cannot doubt, yet holds some true followers of the Lamb, some for whom the pure light of Heaven's love penetrates that wilderness of delusions."

At that moment there came a hurried knock at the outer door, which was opened immediately, and a neighbor, the host of the village inn, entered, bearing a lantern and a dripping umbrella.

"Why, neighbor Stevens!" said Mr. Revere, "what has brought you out this inclement night?"

"Why, it's not very clement, to be sure," replied Mr. Stevens, planting his muddy feet on the snowy hearth-stone, "but, you see, there's a sad accident just happened."

"Ah, indeed! what?"

"Why, you see, as the stage was coming down hill, by the *meeting-us*, it upset, on account of the storm making a slide; there was six passengers in all, and one poor fellow, I'm *afraid*, is done for. He's but a lad; and a man weigh-

ing, I should say, nigh two hundred and fifty, fell on him. His right arm is broken, and his head cut cruel bad. The doctor says he will have to *japan* him before he'll know any thing ; and I thought that, when he came to, he'd maybe like to see a minister."

" Oh, yes ! the poor fellow, I'll go at once ; but were there no others injured ? "

" Oh, a few sprains, and bruises, of not much account. They was all more scared than hurt. A proper cold night this, for the season."

For three long hours, Adelaide waited for the return of her grandfather, and, when at last he came, she met him at the door, with the eager inquiry,

" Is he living ? "

" Yes, dear ; but Heaven only knows how long he will continue. The doctor has trepanned him, and set his arm, and, just before I left, he seemed restored to consciousness, though he did not speak. I observed him take from his breast a small gold cross, and press it to his lips."

" So, then, he is a Catholic ? "

" Yes, poor boy ! "

" How does he look, grandfather ? "

" Dreadfully pale and ill ; but he has a fine face, I should say, and his dress is that of a gentleman."

" Do you know his name ? "

" The landlord pointed out his trunks in the hall, and they are marked, ' Henri Leroux, Montreal ' — a Frenchman, it would seem. And now, my child," he added, " bring me the Bible."

Adelaide brought the sacred volume, and then placed herself on a low seat at the foot of her grandfather. The pastor read a portion of John's Gospel, in a deep but musical voice ; then Adelaide sang a hymn, with great sweetness and feeling, and then they knelt together in prayer. After giving thanks for the mercies of the day, and making humble confession for its sins of thought, word, or deed, and entreating

the protection of Heaven for the night, the good pastor prayed earnestly for the young stranger, who might be near his last hour ; and Adelaide, weeping, breathed her "Amen !"

The next morning, before service, Mr. Revere visited the sick man at the hotel — if so imposing a name could be given to the little inn. On his return, he reported the invalid somewhat better, but said that his recovery was still quite doubtful. On their way to church, he said to Adelaide,

"It really is to be regretted that this young stranger is in such poor quarters. He lies in a small chamber just over the bar-room, the noise of which must distress him ; and neither the room nor the bed is at all neat and comfortable."

"Dear grandfather," exclaimed Adelaide, "can we not have him removed to our house ?"

"That is just what I thought of," he rejoined, "but I feared that you, with only one servant, would feel yourself unable to bear the additional care and labor."

"Oh, do not think of that ; I am perfectly equal to the exertion ; you know I am very strong, and this were such an act of mercy."

"Well, it shall be as you say. Prepare the north room for him, and, if he lives, we will have him removed as soon as he is able to bear it. There is something remarkably interesting in the young man's countenance. I can but regret that he is a Catholic ; but the Lord knoweth his own."

It was a number of days before Henri Leroux was able to be removed to the house of the kind pastor, though it was but a short distance from the inn. Yet his fever had abated, and he surely was gaining some little strength, though he could only speak brokenly and in whispers. At his request, Mr. Revere wrote a line to General Leroux, apprizing him of the condition of his son.

Still, at morning and evening, in that pleasant cottage home, was the suffering stranger remembered in prayer by

that saintly pastor, and still did the angel girl, weeping, breathe her "Amen!"

At length was the poor invalid removed, with much care and tenderness, to the parsonage, and laid in an airy parlor, in a wing of the building, thus entirely detached from the little noise of the household. Here every comfort surrounded him, and unwearied attention was bestowed upon him, till his improved condition testified that the change had been indeed most beneficial. Adelaide was his principal nurse, and her low, soft voice, light step, cheerful, encouraging smile, all the gentle womanliness of her presence, were inexpressibly soothing to him. As the days passed on, and the life which had been ebbing from him came slowly flowing back, the invalid would watch every movement of that fair, young creature, as she silently glided about his room, in her merciful ministrations, with such an earnest, depending expression in his dreamy, dark eyes; or in her brief absences he would wait and listen for her coming, with emotions indescribably sweet and childlike. Sometimes, when he was in great distress, and his mind wandered, he would seem to think her the spirit of his mother, and stretching out his arms, he would cry, with heart-piercing tones, in his own language,

"Oh, come to me, mother! angel of God! comfort me! help me! I suffer! I die!"

Then Adelaide would soothe him with gentle words, and bathe his burning temples, and charm away his wild fancies, till he would fall asleep like a tired child.

One day, when Adelaide had been arranging his pillow, he turned his head and pressed his lips upon her hand. She started timidly, and caught it hastily away. Then Henri looked up with a half-reproving smile, and whispered, "That hand has led me away from death, and I am grateful." And it was, *as yet*, only gratitude which filled the invalid's heart, and pure sympathy with suffering which called forth the devotion of that young girl.

When Henri had been at the parsonage about two weeks,

General Leroux arrived. The meeting between father and son was affectionate in the extreme ; the overflow of womanly tenderness, the weeping and embracing, were something quite novel to Mr. Revere and Adelaide.

The General remained at M—— nearly three weeks, when pressing business called him home. Henri by that time was pronounced out of danger, and was able to walk about his room. So tenderly consigning him to the care of the good pastor and Adelaide, with whom he had been greatly charmed, the courtly yet warm-hearted soldier took leave 'of all, with much apparent emotion. A few days after his departure, there arrived from Boston a beautiful writing-table for Mr. Revere, and a piano for Adelaide, with the "affectionate remembrances of Paul Leroux."

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What colors may paint, what words describe, the dawn of love in the heaven of a young spirit ! Brighter and rosier grows existence as it advances ; the still air is cleft with song ; the breath of perfume is abroad ; the very clouds of life are tinged with purple and gold, and its dark, chill places drink in light and warmth. It is like those mornings in Eden, when heaven's approval had hallowed its perfect bloom, and blessed its human love ; when the flowers slept in the watch of the angels, and angel-song and the gleam of angel-wings were on the air.

Gradually and most tranquilly stole life's sweetest and mightiest enchantment over the soul of Henri Leroux, until the eye which looked pityingly on his sufferings, the lips which had spoken hope and holy comfort, the hand which had ministered to his helplessness and pain, the form of grace and beauty, the heart of patience and goodness, the soul of purity and truth, all that was of Adelaide, Adelaide herself, became, beyond expression, dear to his heart. He loved with an intensity and devotion of which he had never before dreamed.

And Adelaide ! Ah ! she was a young, artless, confiding being, with a large, warm heart, and only one to love in the wide world, when that youthful stranger was thrown upon her care. She had gazed with him down into "the valley of the shadow of death." She had thought to close his eyes for the last sleep ; and then she had seen the life-light returning day by day to those eyes, the soft flush of renewed health kindling the wasted cheek, all the subdued powers of vitality struggling back into their abandoned citadel ; and her heart exulted, and the blood flowed more richly through her own veins, as the solemn shade of death passed from that still chamber, and the angel of life entered and took its place, a beautiful presence of joy.

And alike in the days of foreboding and the days of thanksgiving, morning and evening, had the good pastor prayed fervently for that young stranger, and the gentle girl, weeping, breathed her "Amen."

Ah ! what wonder that our dear Adelaide, almost ere she was aware, folded in upon her bosom, like a rich morning flower, or a bright-winged bird, that sweet and holy sentiment, which in its best bloom, its most ineffable glory, can come but once to beautify and gladden a human life. What wonder that she loved through all her soul, tenderly and religiously, with a glow on her lip and a psalm in her heart.

Ah ! truly it were impossible that these young beings, both so good and so gifted, should be thus thrown together, daily and almost hourly, in such relations, and not love one another. As well might the morning sunshine draw back from a summer lake of pure and serene depths, as well might the evening dew shrink from descending into the bosom of an opening rose, as the heavenly influences of love have failed to fall upon spirits so meetly and perfectly prepared to receive them.

Of these two, neither *knew* of the love of the other, yet each *believed* in its existence. What tell-tales are casual glances, smiles, and mere tones, and how eloquent is utter

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silence, with those who love. Oh, the instinctive wisdom, the quick faith, the unerring interpretation of the heart!

And thus, in the dreamy enjoyment of an affection undeclared and unacknowledged, but still a truth and a joy, weeks went by, and Henri yet lingered at the parsonage. He was still considered too weak to undertake his long journey to Florida, and M—— was such a charming summer retreat!

Henri was a dutiful and conscientious son; and while he was pining at heart to speak his love freely to Adelaide, he yet put a seal on his lips until he could obtain his father's approbation of his suit. He wrote, frankly though deferentially, revealing the state of his affections, and urging his wishes; and then, with ill concealed impatience, awaited a reply.

At length, one blessed morning, it came, a full and cordial consent to the proposed alliance. Madame Leroux also wrote a playful, affectionate letter, offering her warmest congratulations. As Henri laid these letters in his desk, he took thence a miniature of his lost mother, and gazed upon it tenderly; remembering the dark hour, far back in his early childhood, when that dear one had kissed him and blessed him, and given him her cross, and died. Now he pressed that sweet face to his lips and heart, with an inaudible prayer for her blessing on the love of his youth.

A deep sigh startled him. He looked up, and Adelaide stood over him, pale as the white muslin sun-bonnet which shaded her fair face. She had come in, as usual, at the hour of their morning walk, with her light step had passed through the open door, across the room, and to his side, "with the glide of a spirit." As Henri started up and gazed at her in some alarm, Adelaide turned, and hastily retreated; but he sprang forward and intercepted her.

"Do let me pass!" she exclaimed.

"Not till you tell me what has happened," replied Henri.

"Oh, no, I cannot; indeed, I cannot!" said the poor girl, bursting into tears.



Henri, much distressed at this, took her hand, saying, "I entreat you, dear friend, tell me what troubles you."

Adelaide was a simple child, unused to disguises, so she replied, pointing to the desk, "That miniature, Henri, tell me whose it is."

"Oh, is that all?" joyfully exclaimed Henri, kissing the hand he held, "why, that is my mother's picture! Come here, see, was she not an angel? And now," he added, "whence those tears? May I interpret them as my heart prompts? May I hope that you — that you — love me, Adelaide, as I have long loved you."

Adelaide was silent. She stood winding the string of her sun-bonnet around her finger, her lips quivering, and her heart paining her breast with its quick beating, and with a strange, unaccountable flutter in every pulse. She stood silent; her cheek deeply flushed, and the dark eyes, on whose lashes the tears yet trembled, were cast down. Henri bent forward, and looked up into them with a smile. \* \* \*

A half hour after this, Henri and Adelaide sat together on the chintz-covered sofa, in the little parlor of the parsonage, reading illuminated volumes of love in each other's eyes, talking of the past, their little past, and laying such plans for the future! Yes, Adelaide could talk now, though she still preferred to listen.

Suddenly the door was thrown open, and Mr. Revere appeared on the threshold. Just at that moment the lovers were not sitting as far apart as they might have sat, and giving one look of blank amazement, the good pastor, with instinctive delicacy, turned to leave the room. But Henri Leroux, starting up, and taking Adelaide's hand in his, advanced towards him, saying,

"Do not leave us, dear sir; this is something about which I meant to have consulted you before; but, somehow, it has happened otherwise. Yet, will you not give us your blessing, for we love, dear father?"

Mr. Revere turned deathly pale, and, with a groan which

seemed to come from the depths of his spirit, sank into his chair. Then he murmured, "Oh, I have sinned! I should have foreseen this. Heaven forgive my careless watch!"

After a silence of a few moments, he resumed, in a calm and solemn tone, taking Henri's hand in his, "My dear young friend, I honor your character; I have even much affection for you; but, as I value her salvation, I cannot bestow my beloved child upon a *Roman Catholic*."

It was now Henri's turn to grow pale and tremble. This was a most unexpected disappointment. As he had been satisfied with Adelaide's religion, as shown in her pure life, he had not thought of his own being an obstacle to their union. Yet he saw that there was no appeal from this decision of her grandfather; and bowing to him, and casting a look of mournful tenderness upon her, he turned and sought his room. When he had gone, Adelaide stole up to her grandfather, where he sat, and wound her arms about his neck, and they wept together.

"And so my Adelaide loves this young stranger!"

"Yes, dear grandfather, more than my own life!"

"But not more than your own *soul*, I trust, my child!"

They saw Henri no more that day; and Adelaide, whose chamber was over his room, heard him walking back and forth, till it was very late; and sometimes she heard the low murmurings of his voice in prayer. And she, too, prayed with great struggling and deep prostration of spirit, till far in the night; and when at last she flung herself on her bed and slept, the tears were on her cheek, a piteous sight for the angels who watched her rest.

On the next morning, Henri accompanied Mr. Revere to his study, and when there, said to the pastor, "I desire, my dear sir, to know the truth; and I have come to the determination to look more deeply into the principles of the Protestant religion; if you will converse with me on this subject, and allow me to read with you, I shall be very grateful."

To this proposition Mr. Revere gave a glad consent; and

that very day they commenced their religious investigations. These continued for a number of weeks uninterruptedly, and then they came to an end. But, in the mean time, Henri had seen much to love and reverence in the grave and simple faith of Revere, and the good pastor much in the character of the young Catholic, which he could but recognize as "the pure and peaceful fruits of righteousness."

Henri did not, like too many of his church, cherish the spirit of proscription, but believed that purity of life, good will to man, and faith in God, were the only true essentials of salvation.

During all this time, the lovers had conscientiously silenced the voice of their hearts, and by one consent avoided all meetings, save in the presence of Mr. Revere, who was deeply impressed by this noble conduct.

One morning, early in October, Henri walked out into the village, and soon after returned in a carriage. He entered the parlor where Mr. Revere and Adelaide were sitting, and going up to the former, said, in an agitated voice, "I must bid you farewell; I am about to leave for New York."

"Why, my friend, how is this?" exclaimed Mr. Revere.

"I have now," replied Henri, "studied faithfully the peculiar tenets of your religion. I have prayed fervently for light and guidance, and I *cannot become a Protestant!* I am still a Catholic, in heart and soul a Catholic, God knows me for one; and should I now forsake the Holy Mother Church, it would not be from honest conviction, but, I feel it, for the sake of Adelaide's love; and I leave while I have yet strength. Farewell, and may we meet where these differences shall be known no more forever!"

He extended his hand, but the good pastor folded him to his bosom, and blessed him, and then left him alone with her he loved.

"And now, Adelaide!" cried Henri, stretching out his arms. Then, with a burst of grief which was her heart crying out, the young girl sprang to his embrace, met his

kiss of love and sorrow, and, leaning her head against his shoulder, wept, bitterly.

“Holy Mother, guard her!”

“Guide him, bless him, Father God!”

And thus they parted.

At New York, Henri Leroux wrote to his friends of M——, informing them how he had borne his journey so far, which was alas, but ill. The return mail brought him a letter from Adelaide, which wrung his heart. After expressing her sorrow for all he had endured in his journey, she wrote —

“Oh, Henri, I cannot tell you how cold and dark my life has grown, now you are gone! It seems that an arctic winter has spread over the world; the light of hope and the warmth of love all departed. I try to pray, but I cannot. Heaven seems so far off; it is such a weary way to God’s throne, that my spirit tires, and sinks and wanders away to be with you! Oh, Henri, I have so idolatrously loved you! And this parting is my punishment; one truly greater than I can bear. My heart was cruelly torn in the separation from yours, and now it is bleeding itself away. \* \* \*

“Oh, my Henri, why will you yet cling to that old mistaken religion of yours? Why bind your soul to that church of pompous rites, and cold forms, and ‘vain traditions?’ Why will you not embrace our pure and simple faith? Do we not worship one God? Has not one Saviour redeemed us? I entreat you to hear me, my beloved!”

As Henri read this appeal, a mighty temptation wrestled with his soul; the temptation to abandon his faith at the wild cry of passion, not the “still, small voice” of conviction. He bowed his head on the table by which he sat, and moved his lips in prayer; but his heart prayed not. While he thus bent forward, a cross of gold, suspended about his neck by a silken cord, slid from his breast, and fell on the table before him. Henri sprang up, caught that cross, doubly sacred as the gift of his dying mother, and pressed it to his lips, looking heavenward.

After this, need I tell the nature of Henri's reply to that first letter from Adelaide ?

In a short time he sailed from New York to Florida, where he was to spend the winter.

The succeeding letters which passed between Henri and Adelaide were not many, and though familiar, and even affectionate, would never have been supposed to have been written by lovers. In truth, they no longer stood in that relation to one another ; at least not avowedly.

And how did Adelaide bear her sorrow ? Oh ! my reader, "The heart knoweth its own bitterness." Who can describe the martyrdom of the spirit ? It was long ere the thick darkness of which she spoke was lifted from her life. But she was not utterly prostrated. She bore up, for the sake of that one friend, so dependent upon her. The old serenity was soon restored, but the old joyousness came not back. Her grandfather would watch her saddened face and her uncomplaining suffering, with deep sorrow and self-reproach. Mistaken old man ! As though any human foresight could have prevented that love which sprang up so spontaneously and irresistibly in the providence of Heaven.

Thus passed the winter ; but with the spring, yet another sorrow came upon poor Adelaide. One stormy March night, Mr. Revere, while on a visit of consolation to a dying parishioner, took a severe cold, which soon brought him to his bed, and at last terminated in a slow decline. April, May, June, went by, and the saintly old man yet lingered.

One morning in July, after lying for a long time in deep thought, he called Adelaide to him, and asked if she had lately heard from Henri Leroux. "Yes, dear grandfather," she replied, "a few days since. He is now in Montreal ; he came north by the Mississippi and the Lakes, and he writes that his health is better than it has been for years."

"Ah ! that is well. But, my love, I wish you to write to Henri, begging him to come to us. I would see him before I go hence."

Adelaide wrote to Henri that night.

It was a year, almost to a day, from the time Henri Le-roux first visited M——, when he came once again to that quiet little village. This time he went directly to the parsonage.

He found Mr. Revere sitting, propped up by pillows, by the open window, for the day was sultry, and the invalid much troubled for breath. A smile of joy lit up his face as Henri entered. As for the young man, he could not speak for emotion, but he pressed Adelaide's hand; and, bending down, kissed that of his venerable friend.

There was little conversation between the friends that afternoon, as Mr. Revere seemed more weak than usual; but the next morning he said that he felt stronger, and called Henri to his bedside.

"My son," said the old pastor, "you must see that I have nearly finished my course. For many days, the shades of death have been around me; yet, though earth is passing from beneath me, Heaven is above me still, and God's love is flowing about me like the river of life. In this time the Lord has been dealing with my heart, and has taught me to view many things in a new and marvellous light. I can now see that I have madly presumed in setting bounds to the limitless salvation of Christ, to that love which would fold all humanity in its parental embrace. I have said, such and such are the chosen people of God, and for all others await 'judgments and fiery indignation.' I have been too often angered against those I called the enemies of God, and would have rode upon the storm, and directed the lightning. But now all is changed, and those terrible attributes I once ascribed to the Father of Life seem all absorbed, lost forever, in *love*, boundless and ineffable love!"

After this, the good man remained silent for some moments, his eyes closed and his hands clasped, while a smile of unearthly sweetness rested on his face; then he continued, "Henri, my son, I once refused to give you my Adelaide

for your wife, because you were a member of the church of Rome. I did what I then thought duty ; but I no longer fear that those religious influences which have formed your truthful and honorable character, given you a heart at peace with God and man, can peril the salvation of my child. Take her, and with her, the blessing of a dying old man. But oh ! promise me that her faith shall be sacred in your eyes ! ”

“ I promise before Heaven ! ” said Henri ; and, subdued by joy and sorrow, he wept like a very child.

After a short time, Mr. Revere, looking from Henri to Adelaide, said, “ My children, I desire much to join your hands in marriage before I depart ; ” and Henri and Adelaide bowed their heads in grateful assent.

In a brief time, Adelaide, having changed her black dress for one of pure white muslin, stood in her tearful beauty by the side of Henri, before the couch of the dying pastor. A near friend of the family had been called in, as the only witness of the ceremony. Mr. Revere was raised up in bed, and the bright morning sunlight, pouring through the open window, fell upon his venerable head like the faint reflection of the crown of immortal glory which awaited him.

After the simple ceremony of that most solemn marriage was over, the pastor prayed for his children in a broken but fervent voice, taking hold for them with the strong grasp of faith, on the eternal promises of God.

When this last prayer was finished, Adelaide flung her arms about her grandfather's neck, and kissed him many times, with tears and sobs which could not be restrained. But the invalid seemed much exhausted, and said he thought he could sleep. The devoted girl watched beside him till he slumbered, then left him, and went quietly out, to see that the house was kept very still till he should awake.

Hours passed on, and it was night, yet still the beloved old man slumbered. At length, Adelaide stole softly to his bedside. He was indeed sleeping, but sleeping in Jesus. The faithful servant, the good pastor, had gone home to his reward.

A few days after Mr. Revere had been laid to his rest in the beautiful village church-yard, Henri Leroux, being in Boston, met, quite unexpectedly, his former tutor, Father Jerome, who had just returned from Europe, and whom he now took with him to M——, where his union with Adelaide Revere was solemnized with the rites of the Church of Rome. Soon after this, Henri took his young wife to his home, where an affectionate welcome awaited them.

The next winter was spent in the south, and the succeeding summer in England, with the Hamiltons. They now reside principally at the old mansion in Montreal. Henri's health is far better than formerly, and Adelaide retains her girlish, blooming beauty, with scarcely a perceptible change. Their union has been blessed with some of the loveliest children I have ever seen.

As far as a third person may judge, these two are eminently happy. The only strife ever observed between their religions, (if such a division may be made,) is the strife of good deeds, the beautiful struggle as to which shall confer the most happiness upon others, and alleviate the most human suffering. Thus years have passed over them, and Henri is still a Catholic, and Adelaide continues true to the faith of her fathers.

For them the Cross, which is the symbol of their common faith, stands not "afar off," on the Calvary of a stern theology, bare and solemn and threatening; but consecrates their home, there wreathed about with the flowers of hope, the roses of pure affections, human in their morning sweetness, yet immortal in their bloom.



## THE ALLIANCE.

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IN an elegantly furnished apartment of a hotel in one of our eastern cities, between eleven and twelve of a summer night, sat two young men, who had been from earliest boyhood, intimate and devoted friends.

The elder was a wealthy bachelor, of perhaps twenty-eight; tall, finely proportioned, and eminently handsome, with an air *distingué*, but worldly and self-satisfied; yet with an expression of natural goodness, and a smile like sudden sunlight. Charles Grantley was a kind of amateur lawyer, more devoted to society than to courts, to the reading of billets more than of Blackstone; one who had more tailors' bills than retaining fees, more conquests than clients, more ball-tickets than briefs.

His companion at this time presented a marked contrast to himself. Edward Lane, a physician, without property, and just entering upon the practice of his profession, was rather short in stature, and slight almost to fragility. His head was strikingly intellectual in its mould and expression, his face oval in contour, his brow high and broad, his hair dark, his eye full and soft, yet black as night. His cheek was perfectly colorless, and his mouth inexpressibly tender and beautiful.

He was sitting by a table on that night, in an attitude of the profoundest grief and dejection, bending over an open letter, which was actually sprinkled with tears. He was

agonized and subdued by an unexpected, and to him immeasurable sorrow, a sorrow whose nature may be known by a perusal of the letter referred to.

“MR. EDWARD LANE — A fortunate circumstance having revealed to me your *true* character, in the story of a certain passage of your life, I desire that the engagement, which for a short time has existed between us, be considered at an end. I trust that you will not desire an interview ; my resolution is unalterable. An *explanation* you will allow is unnecessary, or rather impossible. Let the past be forgotten.

“MARGARET GREY.”

When this letter arrived, Edward Lane, who adored the writer, with all the rich fullness of a great nature, with all the strength of a heart whose every pulse throbbed with truth and honor, was overwhelmed with grief and amazement, and thus sought his friend Grantley for consolation and counsel.

“And you say,” said Grantley, walking the room with a quick, impatient tread, “that this nice letter is Greek and Choctaw to you, that you never gave the lady cause for jealousy, or change ?”

“Never, upon my honor.”

“Never had any love-passages in your life before knowing her ?”

“No, unless,” added Lane, blushing painfully, “that incident may be called one, when the daughter of my hostess at R——, the young widow Moore —”

“Offered herself to you, and got a cool ‘no, I thank you,’ for her pains ? I remember. Then, my dear fellow, this is mere wanton cruelty and coquetry on the part of Miss Margaret ; the deuce take her, I say. As for you, Ned, rouse up, and be a man ! For Heaven’s sake, don’t sit there moping and piping your eye ; I’m ashamed of you ! Pack down your heart in ice, absolute ice, if you can’t

preserve it in wine. Be true to your own manly dignity, live out your own proud scorn of such heartless treachery. Do this, and mark my words, you will yet see this same arrogant Margaret Grey humbled in the dust before you ! ”

“ Humbled before me — *she*, in all her surpassing beauty, her divine pride, God forbid ! Oh, Grantley, you can never know how I have *worshipped* that woman ! ”

“ And as likely fellows as you, in Hindoostan, interesting young gentlemen in New Zealand, have ‘ bowed down to wood and stone ; ’ but is she so marvellously beautiful ? What’s her style ? ”

“ Heavens, Grantley, don’t talk to me of her *style* ! I’d sooner tear to pieces a rose which had hung on her bosom, in order to analyze it, than give you a minute description of her glorious face ! I tell you she is as fair as a star, and as unapproachable. She seemed to me to possess all the tenderness of earth, with the holiness of Heaven, before I lost her.”

“ And now ? ”

“ And now,” said Lane, rising proudly, and dashing away the last tear, “ that she has embittered my life, wrecked my heart with its freight of priceless affections, I *renounce her* with an eternal farewell.”

“ Bravo ! Ned, that’s the spirit. And you’ll not ask an interview, nor leave to justify ? ”

“ No, I shall return her letters by the morning mail, and simply request my own. Then all will be over, the romance and poetry of life will be past, and the ‘ atheism of the heart ’ succeed to a strong religious faith in woman and love.”

“ Ah, my friend,” replied Grantley, “ you will find that such is life ; and now, will you pardon me when I say that I am not, on the whole, surprised by this termination of your heart affair. You are a genius, a scholar, and an honorable gentleman, but you want the one thing needful, — intimate knowledge of woman’s nature. They may talk of the delicate intuitions of the poet, but I say that the experiences

of the man of the world are a thousand times more effective. You give woman deferential homage, when an assured, even an *arrogant* manner, would serve you better. Then you are earnest, sincere, child-like in your transparent simplicity, and there again you are out. Women like in us some degree of artificiality; they look for something unrevealed; some incomprehensible quality of heart, some deep-hid and meaning mystery of character. If all is clear and open, though fair as the day, they soon become satisfied, wearied, disgusted.

"You, my dear fellow, in all your mental and spiritual culture, have sadly neglected the one great study of a gentleman in society, *womanhood as it is*, not as it is painted by poets. You have failed to acquire that air of quiet superiority which first piques, then interests, and finally subdues a woman. Then again you have been as tender and chary of your good name as a lady abbess, when nothing is more true than that a reputation for gallantry, which, thanks to a charitable world, can easily be acquired without actual transgression, is the surest pilot into the snug haven of feminine regard. The dear creatures have a mania for 'snatching brands from the burning,' in the shape of fine stylish young men, who swear to them eternal love and constancy.

"Miss Grey, you tell me, is a beauty, an heiress, a belle, and twenty-two; she had immeasurable advantages over you, in heart experiences and knowledge of inner life and character. You doubtless impressed her vividly, but not lastingly. Enthusiasm captivates, but never retains. You may have been loved intensely while present, but scarcely thought on when absent. You have not that deep, subtle power of an unquestionable lordliness of nature, of a strong will, nor the indefinable charm of mystery, giving the impression of something held back greater and stronger than aught that is revealed. She read your character like a clear, illuminated manuscript, without one incomprehensible passage, one

enigmatical phrase from the beginning to the end ; while you should have made it appear to her a black-letter scroll, a column of Egyptian hieroglyphics, a very transcendental essay. Pardon me, my dear fellow, but from my soul I believe that she wearied of the eternal sameness of your goodness and devotion. A love without doubt or danger, is to a woman but a pillow of poppies, on which she may lie down to sleep ; and she would a thousand times prefer it to be a proud coronal of roses, though glistening with the dew of tears, and bristling with the thorns of jealousy."

"By Heaven, I believe you are right !" exclaimed Lane, leaping up with a wild, almost a furious expression of countenance. "I believe you are right ; Margaret Grey grew tired of me, and, to cover her defection, hints at something unworthy on my part, thus adding falsehood to treachery ; the heartless woman ! did I not so utterly despise her, I should *hate* her at this moment."

"You have been wronged, my friend," exclaimed Grantley, "deeply wronged, but you shall be *avenged* — I'll tell you how ; I have never seen Miss Grey, but I have a good old widowed aunt living at R — who has often urged me to pay her a visit. I will go down for a few weeks, or months, as may be required, will become acquainted with your quondam lady-love, make myself agreeable, and you who know me, and have seen my success in society, will not, I flatter myself, doubt of the result."

"I do not understand, perhaps, just what you intend," said Lane.

"Oh, thou dullard ! I intend, in the first place, to get up a little flirtation with Miss Margaret ; in the next place, to pretend indifference, thus deepening the spell, and in the last place to *jilt her*, as she has jilted you, my best friend. Now, let us join hands on this novel compact, this friendly alliance."

Excited and bewildered, Edward Lane did not withdraw his hand from that of Grantley, whose strong will and supe-

rior worldly knowledge had long exerted a powerful influence over his mind, sometimes in opposition to the best feelings of an amiable and honorable nature. He now, though taken by surprise, offered some objections to the singular proposition of his friend, but these were overruled; and he finally, though reluctantly, consented to the plan of retaliation, and promised to lay nothing in the way of its execution. Grantley was to proceed immediately to the village of R——, where Lane, during a spring-rustication, had met with the beautiful Margaret Grey; while there, he should keep, in the form of a journal, a careful and truthful account of the different stages and events of the great heart-siege, till victory should crown his efforts, and the affront offered his sensitive sex be avenged.

From the diary kept for his friend, by this brave knight errant of wronged masculinity, I fortunately have it in my power to make a few extracts.

“July 25th, 18—. Reached R—— on the 21st, and received a cordial welcome from my good Aunt Fanny. Found the hunting tolerable, and the trouting prime.

“Yesterday morning, after making a toilet studiously careless, I repaired with my respectable relative to Colonel Grey’s to call on the fair lady of my pilgrimage. The Colonel’s house and grounds are of an unobtrusive elegance, befitting a country life, and evidence every where wealth and a cultivated taste. Miss Grey has evidently breathed an aristocratic atmosphere from her cradle.

“No one was in the drawing-room when we entered, but presently a young lady, wearing a white morning dress of most *recherche* fit, came in, through a conservatory, bearing a small vase, just filled with fresh flowers. These she quietly placed on the mantle, before turning to greet my aunt, or to be presented to me. I needed not to be told that this was the matchless Margaret Grey; she more than realizes, she transcends my highest ideal of womanly beauty. She is

about the medium size, but her air of regal pride gives the effect of height. She has blue eyes, blond hair, a face of Grecian contour and exquisite fairness, a full bust, a round arm, and a hand and foot absolutely unsurpassable. Her style of dress, manner, and conversation, are severely simple; her repose and self-sustainment, a miracle of courtly art, in a woman who has never been abroad. Her superb poise of the head would attract titled attention to the box in which she sat at a Parisian opera; the curl of her lip is divine, the arch of her eyebrow adorable, and the fall of her long eyelashes on the delicate cheek is like gold fringe over white velvet.

"On the whole, she *impressed* me far more than I expected. Mem.: not to allow this to be apparent at our next meeting.

"July 26th. — Just dropped in on Miss Grey, to leave her 'Consuelo,' about which she inquired of my aunt, yesterday. Found her in the parlor, at her piano. She did not rise as I entered, but greeted me with a smile. I entreated her to go on with her playing, which she did readily. She sings deliciously, and with considerable science. I requested an old song, a very old one, but a favorite with me — 'The last link is broken.' She hesitated a moment, and blushed slightly, but sung the song with no failing of the voice. Didn't make known to her that I was a singer; save that charge of ammunition for another time.

"27th — Midnight. Just home from a solitary serenade. Took my guitar, and sung two Italian love-songs. A japonica and some rosebuds thrown out to me; will keep them, to show to Ned.

"28th. — Spent the morning with Miss Grey. Carried her the music of 'Love Not.' While she was singing, I was sure that I saw tears in her eyes; a touching song, that. She invited me to take her place at the piano, and expressed herself highly pleased with my voice, style, and execution. I repeated one of the songs of last night, and was confident

that she colored at the recollection of the bouquet bestowed in her enthusiasm.

"29th. — Have just heard accidentally that Miss Grey was not at home on the night of the serenade. Who the deuce could have flung me the flowers ?

"August 1st. — Eureka ! Eureka ! I have found the true open-sesame to the well-guarded heart of this finished coquette ! Miss Grey is a passionate lover of poetry, Byron's in especial. I have always made reading a study ; it is one of my most elegant acquirements, and now it shall serve me.

"August 10th. — Something of a break in my journal. Not much has happened that I could note down, but, nevertheless, a thousand things have transpired to bring about, gradually but surely, that 'consummation devoutly to be wished.' Looks and tones there have been, that have *told*. Duchess Margery is beginning to bend. That proud head of hers is destined, I fear, to bow lower and lower, weighed down by her woman's destiny, till it seeks repose on a breast which must reject the sweet burden — till Edward Lane is abundantly avenged.

"August 14th. — Still reading Byron with Miss Grey ; have just finished selections from Childe Harold, and begun the Corsair. This morning, as I sat by her side in an arbor in the garden, reading the thunder-storm-in-the-Alps passage (which by the way was *marked*), I ventured to lay my hand gently upon hers, as if accidentally, or as the instinctive asking for poetical sympathy. She did not remove her hand ; she even half-retained the soft pressure of mine ! — and that slight closing of those delicate fingers thrilled up my arm, and shot through my heart, like the first glorious nibble after a long morning's trouting ! But, suddenly, she caught away her hand, with a glance of ineffable hauteur, and the blood flushing to the temples. Such pride, in woman, is very unhealthy. I am confident that she no longer loves Ned. I found, to-day, a song on the piano, of which she had written



both the music and words. This I requested her to sing, and she complied with perfect calmness, a most charming and patrician nonchalance. She has not the remotest idea that Ned and I are so intimate.

"August 16th. — Just joined Miss Grey in a morning walk. She was returning from a visit to a sick friend, to whose bed-side she had been called in the night. This lady is not expected to live through the day. She is the young widow who was once so desperately in love with Edward Lane — the daughter of his hostess at R——. Miss Grey appeared much agitated; was pale and tearful. How inexpressibly a proud woman's beauty suffers by her giving way to any excess of feeling. The ideal woman loses her divinity when she laughs or weeps.

"Evening. — Called on Miss Grey to invite her to a quiet walk on the river-bank. She seemed tranquil, even happy, and sometimes gay. Her friend is far better than in the morning, and she felt free to enjoy to the utmost the delicious evening air, and the delicate attentions and complimentary converse of a devoted chevalier, travelled, well-read in the book of polite life, with some pretensions to style and fashion, and not decidedly ill-looking. Soon after reaching the river, Miss Grey remarked a water-lily, just opening on the breast of the tide (women are always spying flowers in inaccessible places), and, of course, I risked ruining my gaiter-tips in order to obtain the prize. But I was richly rewarded by her permission to twine it in her hair, where it seemed a fit type of her own purity of soul, freshness of youth, and sweetness of heart. But I am sentimentalizing.

"I talked more than usual of my late tour; of palaces and courts; and retailed nice bits of gossip concerning European lords, ladies, and lions. These are the topics which *tell* most effectually with American fair ones, the dear Republicans! I described my voyage out, and my ship-board acquaintance with the Keans; then my presentation to Victoria; and my supper at Sam Rogers's, with Dickens,

Jerrold, Charlotte Cushman, and the Hon. Mrs. Norton. Then came the trip across the channel, with an improvised incident — the Duchess of Devonshire's sea-sickness. Then followed a rattling account of a ball at the Tuileries, when my partner was the Marchioness de Villiers, and our *sic-a-vis* couple were Henry Bulwer and the Countess Guiccioli. I gave a glowing description of the hosts of beautiful women whom I met at the court of Vienna; (the only two of my mother's sex with whom I spoke in the imperial city, were my landlady and laundress.) I talked of Lake Lemana; the Laocoon, Lapis Lazuli, the Lagunes and Lazaroni; of Pompeii, Pisa, Pictures, Pillars, Powers, and the Pope; of Venice, Vesuvius, Velino, the Venus and the Vatican.

"At length I totally changed the style of my discourse. I modulated my voice to a soft, appealing tone, and talked more of my inner life; quoted Shelley and Keats, with a slight touch of Mrs. Hemans, and delicately hinted at a deep, hidden sorrow. Miss Grey gave me a glance of true female sympathy, and moved the hand, which had before lain lightly on my arm, forward to my wrist. I felt this simple action in every nerve; I could scarcely conceal my pleasure. Looks and words may be mistaken, but this one action *never*. It is a certain indication, on the part of a woman, of preference, confidence, and a tender interest; it is Cupid's own *manual sign*.

"At parting, I ventured to say, 'good night, *Margaret*,' and then, as though I had suddenly recollected myself, begged pardon for the freedom. The 'proude ladye' was graciously pleased to say that she preferred thus to be named; by her '*friends*' — Aha!

"August 17th. — Stayed in all day to concoct a birth-day tribute to Miss Grey, who will be twenty-three on the 20th. It is strange, I never found any difficulty before in throwing off these little things, but to-day, I have been in despair. I can produce nothing worthy my incomparable, my adorable subject. I am more than half in love with my intended

victim ; I more than half repent my rash undertaking ; it strikes me as deucedly heartless. Oh, spirits of David and Jonathan, of Orestes and Pylades, aid me in my duty to my friend !

“ August 19th. — Spent this evening at Colonel Grey’s. Was challenged by Margaret to a game of chess ; rather reluctant, as she is the finest player I have ever known, and has invariably beaten me, *until to-night*. She now seemed absorbed, *distracted*, made false moves, begged pardon, blundered again, and finally lost the game. This gave me peculiar gratification ; convinced me that she was already check-mated in a deeper and graver game. It is truth significant enough for an axiom, that a woman’s skill in play is only lost with her heart.

“ I meant, under these circumstances, to have put an unusual degree of *empressement* into my farewell, but the servant having brought to Miss Grey a letter, she hastily retired to read it, and did not return to the parlor. Must now put the last touches to my birth-day poem, which is neither more nor less than a declaration of love, in the most impassioned language which I have at command. It will be a perfect rocket, thrown into the besieged heart, kindling a blaze as it falls !

“ August 20th. — Miss Grey at home to a few friends to-night. I found her perfectly transformed, brilliant, joyous, free as a child, and more bewilderingly beautiful than ever. My fate is sealed. I love that woman, wildly, *madly* ! She waltzed with me, for the first time ; I had a ten minutes’ ecstatic whirl in paradise, with an houri in my arms ! As I led her to her seat, happening to look down, I marked, peering above the lace berthe which festooned her magnificent neck, my own tribute of admiration and love, *the birth-day poem* ; I knew it by the pale-blue paper. She *felt* my gaze as I looked up, with rapture in my eye, glanced downward, saw the tell-tale billet, and blushing as a rose never blushed, turned and left the room. In a few moments she returned ;

again serenely calm, again the queen, the goddess of my worship.

"I can no longer endure this struggle. Friendship is a pure and exalting sentiment; but love is a divine passion. It is the fate of all human hearts to bow to its imperious sway. I would be true to my friend; but I am mortal, and my strength fails me. With *this* woman's affections I cannot trifle; as she graciously bends toward me, from the heaven of her high nature, as well might Endymion talk of jilting Dian! To-morrow, to-morrow, this suspense, so painful to us both, shall be ended. Now, 'to sleep, perchance to dream.'

"August 21st. — *Rejected!* by all the gods."

\* \* \* \* \*

About a week after the day which saw the abrupt close of the diary of our knight errant, his friend Lane received from him the following note, written from his city room:—

"DEAR NED—I am just off for my long contemplated western tour. I found, as you will readily suppose, that Miss Grey was not the woman toward whom to carry out my foolish plan of retaliation. Your wrongs are yet unavenged. Good bye. In the greatest haste, Yours, CHARLEY."

On receiving this, young Lane immediately sought his friend, whom he found in all the hurry and confusion of trunk-packing for a long journey.

"Why, Charles," said Lane, "you really must not go now, of all times."

"And why not now?"

"Because I have need of you. You are pledged to stand by me in one somewhat trying situation, in short to be my *groomsman!*"

"Good heavens! Lane, what do you mean? *You* to be married? And to whom?"

"*Margaret Grey.*"

The explanation which followed this announcement, I will give my reader in a manner somewhat different from that in which it was then given, by extracts from the letters of Margaret Grey.

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“ TO HIM WHO ONCE LOVED ME.

“ The manly pride, the severe justice of Edward Lane may prompt him to fling this letter on the ground at his feet, when first his eye remarks the familiar hand ; but if he listens to the divine charity of his nature, he will read it to the end ! ”

\* \* \* \* \*

“ I gave you a love, such as few women in this age of cold intellectuality, and diffusive sensibility, have to bestow. My life had ever been one of absorption, not of radiation. My calmness, my apparent coldness, were but (I will say it to *you*) depth and concentration. I was serious in my nature, and is not all *truth* serious ? I was reserved, retiring, until you came ; my love was not like the daisy by the way-side, which gathers dust, while it basks in the sunlight, but like a wild flower in some forest dell, which all day long keeps the dew-drop in its cup.

“ I parted from you, after having known you for a *month*, and plighted my faith for eternity, with a feeling that my entire nature had been merged in yours, that even my individuality and my soul's freedom were gone from me. I was almost terrified, on reflection, at the sudden growth of our love ; at the rash, passionate impulsiveness with which I had let the deep waters of my nature pour from their hidden springs, and mingle with the tide of a stranger life.

“ Then came to me a woman, low in station and lower in nature, but possessed of surpassing beauty to the outward sense, and she, in all the wildness of ungovernable love and bitterest sorrow, told me you had wooed her, won her faith, and only forsaken her for — ‘ *the heiress.* ’ I laughed at

her words ; I spurned her with intensest scorn, till she showed me a letter, in your own hand, and signed by your own name, filled with the impassioned protestations of love !

“ Then my brain grew wild, and in the agony of my crushed heart and the frenzy of my outraged pride, I wrote you that cold, insulting letter.

“ Then came swift desolation over my life. I know that only a few weeks have passed since that hour of darkness, weeks made up of summer days ; but each succeeding day has been an arctic winter to the heart. For the first time, my love had gone forth to *meet* another’s, and it was like the going forth of the Jewish maiden, with song and gladness, to sudden fear, anguish, and death !

“ But last night, I was called to the sick bed of that woman. She told me all. *That* letter was one you had written to *me*. You had been called away before folding or directing it, and she, coming into your room, was tempted, took and concealed it. You will doubtless remember the loss. You will also remember that this woman *loves you*, in her own rude, mistaken way, and for her love pardon her crime.

“ For myself, who have wronged you by my doubt, and coldly turned from you, what shall I say ? how knock again at the heart from whence I went forth in anger ? This must I say, ‘ I can do no otherwise ; Heaven help me.’ I now offer you a love, mightier in its devotion than the first I gave, higher, profounder, and more immeasurably abundant. God incline your heart to love, or to *forgiveness*.

“ Once more, while I may, let me call you *dear Edward*, and name myself *your* MARGARET.”

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SECOND LETTER — EXTRACTS.

“ A morning out of love’s golden heaven breaks at last on the night of separation, amid whose cold darkness our souls groped painfully for each other ! The silence of our life’s

sudden desolation is broken, and the harmonies of hope and peace are breathing around us.

“ ‘Time is not of years ;’ it is now August — last May-day we met ; since then we have both hoped, joyed, suffered and despaired ; you have been wronged, and I *forgiven*. Our love is like some gorgeous southern tree ; it bears, *at one time*, the timid buds of hope, the full flower of joy, and the ripened fruit of perfect trust.

“ It was evening when your letter reached me. I baptized it with my tears ; I laid it on my heart, where it slept all night,

‘ Rising and falling with the soft tide of my dreams,  
Like a light barque, safe moored.’

“ In the morning, the strange and mingled emotions of my breast found faint expression in the words of song — a simple lay, which may steal like a bird-note through love’s festal bowers, or may float like a rose-leaf on the wine-cup of the fullness of joy : —

“ O’er a wild waste of waters,  
A wearied dove,  
The ark of thy tenderness  
Seeketh my love !

“ Pathless her wandering,  
Lonely as night ;  
Not e’en an olive leaf  
Gladdened her sight.

“ See now how trustingly  
Homeward she flies !  
Take her in tenderly,  
Thou, or she dies !

“ When, sun of my spirit-life,  
Mists hid thy smile,  
Affection’s unfolding bud  
Paled for a while !

" Now again radiantly,  
Warmly it glows,  
And into full loveliness  
Blushes the rose !

" Again my heart's sweetest tides  
Gush out to thee,  
Embittered return them not,  
Love one, to me !

" Now bound to thee, circling thee,  
As a young vine,  
Clinging thy life about,  
*Am I not thine ?* "

\* \* \* \* \*

" You say that I have not seemed to suffer, *to the world*.  
Ah, chide not the stricken bird, that she sought to hide the  
wound in her breast with the wing of her pride ; for, alas !  
it did not soothe the anguish, it did not stay the bleeding.

" You ask if my trust in you is now perfect. Ah, forbear  
such questioning ! My faith is now illimitable, indestructible.  
Your word of love, which once seemed but a frail gossamer  
thread, swayed by a breath, and broken by a breeze, hence-  
forth shall have to me all the strength of a cable ; I could  
seize hold of it, and swing out over an unfathomable abyss ! "

\* \* \* \* \*

" The voice of your spirit comes to me from afar ! I  
hear it rising clear and calm over all the discordant sounds  
of actual life ; above the shock of its jarring elements, like a  
vesper hymn over a stormy sea.

" My spirit joys to bathe its wing in the atmosphere of  
your genius. Ah ! how, my Edward, shall I watch your  
career of fame, careless and unambitious for myself, as a  
hidden violet, in the dew and shadow of her humility, might  
watch a star in his pathway up the sky ! I glory in your  
gifts, with a heart panting with emotions 'at once grand and  
tender — my poet, my hero, and my *own* ! "



One sunny morning in October, there was a gay wedding at R——, Edward Lane to Margaret Grey. Charles Grantley did not officiate as groomsman on this occasion, but he was made to know that the high-souled Margaret never revealed to her lover, or husband, the presuming and ill-fated love of his friend. This experience did more than aught else could have done, to clear the rust of worldliness from the bright blade of his spirit. On the marriage day of her whom he had at least *begun* to love, he blest her in his heart, and went forth humbler, more thoughtful, more truthful, and with a purer and juster appreciation of woman.

## A SPRING FLOWER FADED.

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A SPRING flower, indeed, was our Little C——, dewy, and glowing with innocence and beauty ; a sweet bud, plucked, ere it opened to the day, leaving to us but her gentle memory, floating in upon our souls like a pleasant fragrance.

The death of a little child — with what complete and weary desolation it fills a home ! How all seems dark without the gleam of one bright face ; how all seems silent without the sound of one glad voice ; how all seems cold without the glow of one lost love !

But the *mother*, poor stricken heart, who shall count her tears, who shall sound the depths of her affliction ! How must *she* miss that face, that voice, that buried love ; the fond twining of little arms about her neck, and the pressure of soft, warm lips against her own ! And how often will she listen unconsciously for the light footstep which shall come no more ; and how, at the mention of one name, will her heart bleed within her, will she grow faint through all her soul ! How often, in the deep night, will she wake to miss one dear head from her bosom, and stretch forth her arms and call upon her dead in the agony of a vain yearning, — “Gone, gone forever, best treasure of my heart, young life of my life, my child, my precious babe ! Why hast thou left me desolate, oh, my God ! ”

This is the language of a mother's intense sorrow in the despairing blindness of a first terrible bereavement. But with the Christian mother, there succeeds to this storm of the soul, a sweet and holy calm, when balmy breathings from the celestial shore steal over the troubled waters, and the voice of divine love says, "Peace, be still!" — the thick clouds part above her, grow silvery with brightness, and reveal a heaven starry with the glorious promises of God.

Oh, how near to the bereaved mother is the divine Master, the meek Redeemer; for was He not "a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief?" In the hour of her utter desolation, when the crushing weight of her anguish hath borne her to the earth, He offers not to her faint lip, with a terrible mockery, "a goblet of gall and vinegar," but a cup filled with holiest consolations, a draught of joy eternal, which is the *hope of immortality*.

She knows — that mother — that the child lost to her, has been found and cared for by the angels; and its spirit hath but passed, like a bird of passage, from the storms and chill airs of a wintry land, to a clime of unending summer, whose sunshine is the smile of love, whose atmosphere is the breath of peace. She knows that the fragile flower, which faded on her bosom, hath sprung into lovelier life and sweeter bloom, in "the garden of the Lord."

There is one incident in history which strikingly shows the believing mother's indebtedness to the Gospel of Christ, "the Consoler," and reveals how greatly she is blessed above her heathen sister. It is this: Cleomenes, king of Sparta, was imprisoned by one of the Ptolemies. He escaped by a bold stratagem, but failing to raise a rebellion, fell upon his own sword, and died. Ptolemy, greatly exasperated, ordered that the family of the Spartan should be put to death. Cratesclea, one of the most heroic of Sparta's heroic women, entreated to die before her children! but this was not permitted her. She beheld them perish, and as the dagger

pierced her own bosom she cried, "Oh, my children, *whither are ye gone?*"

Can words convey to the mind more of the agony of the soul than these? Amid the sharp anguish of her terrible death, her *spirit* in a mightier anguish, sent forth that cry, "Oh, my children, *whither* are ye gone?" — a question of fearful import, which there was none to answer. The life of earth was fast fading behind, and before her lay a realm, shadowy and strange and dim, "a voiceless shore." She hung with unspeakable fear over a dark and unfathomable abyss, into which she had seen hurled the children of her love, and strove to discern them ere she plunged herself into that vast gulf, which sent up no murmur from its black and awful depths. In vain, in vain, that last, wild, downward gaze! In vain that listening pause! She beheld not even the gleam of a floating robe on that midnight deep; she heard not the faintest cry of a loved voice, saying, "Here are we, come thou to us!" and in blindness and despairing frenzy, descended her spirit to the dread abyss of death. For then, the faith in Him "who tasted death for our sakes," had not come, like a sustaining angel, to receive the falling soul, and bear it upward; the "Star of Bethlehem" had not risen on the night of the grave. Then, oh, well might the mother mourn and "refuse to be comforted," for Jesus had not said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Oh, young mother, if when from your fond arms you lay your dead babe, yet warm with your last embrace, upon the cold bosom of the earth, your heart is buried with it, and you pine and pray for the grave-rest beside your darling, think how far more terrible the anguish born of the conviction that the gentle and loving *spirit* had passed into nothingness, as those fair limbs and that sweet face, those shining curls, those soft lips and those dear eyes, fall into dust, shapeless, colorless and lifeless.

The child departed has been spoken of as a *faded flower*.

This it is not ; but a flower *transplanted*, in the morn of its beautiful existence. Had it lingered here, the dust of low desires and the soil of sin might have weighed it to the earth, and dimmed forever its early loveliness ; unholy pleasures might have stolen away the sweet breath of its purity, and fiery passions drank up the dew of its innocence and truth. But now, there glows within its heart the bloom of immortality ; it ever sendeth up the sweet incense of praise, and there ever falleth upon it baptismal dews, which are morning exhalations from " the river of life."

The exquisite and mournful tenderness which succeeds to a mother's bereavement, is one of the holiest and most beautiful things out of heaven. The maternal heart, though broken and desolate, is not closed against the sorrow and sufferings of others. Then it is that woman becomes a blessing and a support to the unfortunate ; then pressing against her lacerated breast, like a holy cross, the divine love of Christ, her sympathy goes forth boundlessly to all the afflicted ; then *all* childhood becomes to her as sacred as in the hour when, upon young Jewish brows, upturned in childish wonder, the beautiful benediction of the Saviour fell like an invisible baptism.

The writer of this once witnessed a touching incident, which will not soon pass from her remembrance. She was visiting Laurel Hill Cemetery, one dark and chilly day, early in the winter. While she stood beside the beautiful monument, on which reclines the exquisite statue of a child — Alfred Theodore Miller — a young and lovely woman, in deep mourning came up, and pausing, looked long upon that fair, sleeping figure, and wept, as perhaps she had but lately wept for her own dear babe. It was a bitter cold day for the season ; no birds sang in the bare branches, through which sighed the wild winds of December ; not one floral watcher over the dead had survived the autumnal frosts ; a light snow was beginning to fall, and there was ice on the petals of the sculptured lily, which lay broken by the side of

the slumbering infant. Suddenly there came a sharp blast, sweeping before it a cloud of snow-flakes and withered leaves. With a convulsive shudder and low cry of pitying anguish, the weeping stranger caught the warm shawl from her own shoulders, and flung it over the railing and on to the sculptured child !

Oh, how blessed must have been to her the thought which succeeded, shedding a genial glow through her chilled heart and trembling frame, that the infant *spirit* dwelt where no pain and cold might come ; folded like a lamb in the arms, carried tenderly in the bosom of the " Good Shepherd."

Oh, mother, when the soul-light fades from the eye, when the death-dew settles on the brow of thy babe, listen to the divine voice which comes to thy spirit, whispering, " It is well with the child." In the harsh cup of thy sorrows, thou drinkest the pearl of a priceless joy. Strew with *violet* thine infant's coffin-pillow ; place rose-buds in its little hands ; plant many flowers upon its grave, for they are *fair* types of those unfading flowers which shall spring along its paths, and crown its brow with immortal beauty, in the Paradise of God. And go thou often to that grave, at eventide, and sing above it, low, sweet hymns of praise ; and it may be, that when thy song floats upward, thy child may hear the loved voice in the pauses of celestial music, and may descend to thee — its angel presence be around thee, silent and pure as the starlight ! It may then return, though invisibly to thy fond arms, and hide its cherub face in thy bosom. Then shall the breath of its love penetrate to thy heart, filling it with tenderness and joy, and " the peace of God, which passeth all understanding."

## LOVE AND LOYALTY.

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THE town of G——, on the Ohio river, was originally settled by French emigrants, principally royalists, many of whom preserve to this day their national character, customs and prejudices. Among these was one family of rank, distinguished for refinement and intelligence, who, having emigrated on the first lowering of the storm which convulsed all Europe, were enabled to bring with them a considerable portion of their once princely fortune. This family consisted of Jean Dulaire, formerly an officer at the court of the unfortunate Louis, and still a faithful and fiery-hearted royalist; his daughter, an only child, gay, charming, pretty and petite, with Julie for her name; his nephew, Jaques Le Brun, a scholar and a gentleman, tall enough for a grenadier, but with an amount of modesty that would overstock a school-girl.

Now it happened, very naturally, in the course of human events, that Jaques loved his bewitching little cousin; but, "faint heart never won" a lively and coquettish French girl; and so, one fine summer morning, with a cold smile on his lip, and agony at his heart, poor Jaques saw his soul's dearest treasure bestowed by her father, fate, and the priest, on a gay, handsome and adventurous young Frenchman, once attached, in an honorable capacity, to the house of Orleans.

I suppose I may as well inform my readers that it is full fifty years since this marriage, which took place when Julie was about seventeen, and this makes her rather an "old girl" in eighteen hundred and forty-eight, for she is living yet.

The young husband, Pierre Loraine, who had been about two years in America, was poor, but enterprising, and had already entered upon an extensive trading business, on the Ohio and Mississippi rivers. After his marriage, he remained with his wife at the house of her father, until the autumn, when his business called him to Louisville. He parted from his friends with a cheerful smile on his fine, manly face, tenderly unwinding the small white arms of poor Julie, who clung weeping about his neck to the last, agonized with those dark presentiments which ever haunt the heart of a loving woman.

Months had passed by, bringing most affectionate, though from the want of direct communication, very unfrequent letters from the absent Loraine. It was now the dead of winter, and his return was looked for daily and anxiously.

One bright, frosty morning, Julie was standing at the window of the common parlor, looking toward the river, with fixed and dreamy eyes, the heart within her hourly becoming heavy, and "sick with hope deferred." Against the wainscot at her side, leaned the pale and devoted Jaques, cherishing still for his fair cousin a holy and unalterable affection; a love as pure and as unseen as a crystal hid in the bosom of a rock.

Suddenly the eyes of both were attracted to a party of men, coming up from the bank of the river, led by old Jean Dulaire. As they drew near the house, Julie was struck by the manner of her father, and the expression of his face. He walked deferentially, yet proudly; he seemed both happy and sorrowful, and in his eye shone the light of a sentiment, with him, a gentleman of the old *regime*, true as religion and ardent as love — *loyalty*.

The strangers were dressed as travellers, at that inclement



season of the year, should be dressed, with comfortable plainness, even roughness. Two of them were evidently but common boatmen, but the three in advance, who were young and handsome, though strong and hardy looking, had about them that nameless grace, that air of superiority, of refinement, of *je ne sais quoi*, which always, and in all situations, distinguishes *gentlemen*, the truly noble, wherever they are found.

Julie and Jaques were hardly surprised when they were presented to three of the princely members of the royal family of France — the Duc d'Orleans, Duc de Montpensier, and the Count de Beaujolais.

After breakfasting with their friends, these brave and adventurous young princes related enough of their recent history to account for their present situation and undertaking. After many months' travelling through various parts of the United States, they had heard, while resting for a time in New York, of the new law, expelling all the members of the Bourbon family from France, and that their noble mother had been deported to Spain. Their object was to join her, but owing to the then existing war between England and Spain, this object was not easily attained. To avoid French cruisers upon the coast, they determined to repair to New Orleans, and from thence to Havana, whence they thought to take ship for Europe. They crossed the Alleghany mountains to Pittsburg, in December. At that place, they purchased a keel-boat, hired two persons to aid them in their navigation, and thus descended the Ohio.

They found that the immense quantity of ice almost obstructed their passage; they had been in some danger from it, and had once or twice been obliged to land, and lay up for some days, awaiting a thaw.

But these heroic young men talked freely and gaily of their hardships and misfortunes; thus showing that their originally fine natures had not been spoiled by aristocratic habits and luxurious living.

As the day of their arrival was extremely cold, the travellers remained with the emigrant family ; but the following being milder, they took leave at an early hour. The eldest brother, the Duc d'Orleans, his majesty, the present king of France, as he bent to kiss the fair hand of the beautiful Julie, kindly expressed his regret at not having met her husband, who had formerly been his secretary.

The excitement of this interesting visit having passed, the wifely anxiety of Julie returned. Alas, how long was it destined to weigh upon her breast with mortal heaviness ; to slowly draw strength and joy and hope, like blood-drops, from her heart !

Weeks, months went by, and brought neither husband nor letter ; no tidings, no word of any kind reached the half-frantic woman, or her anxious friends. Diligent inquiries were finally made at every town on the river where the missing man had been in the habit of trading, but in vain, and Pierre Loraine was at last mourned as one dead. Then, how desolation spread through that once happy home ; its joy changed to sadness, and its light became dimmed. The once glad step of Julie grew languid, her bright eye tearful, she was missed from the dance, the chords of her harp were untouched, the voice of her singing was hushed, and her once loved flowers withered and died in the shadow of her neglect.

It was a beautiful evidence of Julie's own loyalty of nature that she never for one hour believed herself deserted by her husband. She believed that he had died by the hand of some foe, or perished from hardship, or fallen a victim to his own reckless daring, on some hunting expedition, when, as was his wont, he had gone out alone.

The gentle mourner was finally roused from the deep stupor of her grief by the severe and protracted illness of her father. It was again winter, when the old man, who had long been failing, but whose habits were those of cheerful and constant activity, resigned himself, like a subdued child,

to the stern dominion of disease. Julie, who, in her strangely darkened youth, had been longing with an intense and bitter yearning for the grave-rest, rebuked her selfish sorrow, and pressing her cross to her lips and heart, prayed for strength to fulfil that holiest of woman's missions — ministering to the wants and sufferings of age.

Thus, in affectionate attendance on her invalid father, she passed the dreary autumn and winter months, till the warm pulses of spring began to play through the chilled bosom of earth, and the blue skies once again smiled down on the coming forth of flowers. Oh, that our worn hearts might ever leap with the renovated heart of nature ; that our griefs might depart with her storms, and our smiles return with her sunshine ; that our complaining voices might never make discord in the song of her rejoicing, and that the tears of our mortality might never blind us to the infinite glory with which God hath crowned her.

Julie Loraine was daily beoming more reconciled to her sad, peculiar lot. She was religious and industrious, a good daughter and friend, and though widowed in heart and life, could not long remain a wretched woman. Her father seemed to revive somewhat as the spring advanced, but it was still evident to all that his race was nearly run. One day, as he was walking his room, leaning on the arm of his nephew, Jaques Le Brun, he dwelt freely on the event of his death, which at the best he believed could not be far distant. Seeing that Jaques appeared much affected, he said tenderly,

“ You should not grieve for me, my son. I am old, and bowed towards the grave with many sorrows. I have been faithful to my king and country, true to the Holy Mother Church, and I do not fear death ; its repose would be grateful to me, and I should even be impatient for it, were it not that I must leave the richest treasure of my heart, the angel of my life, my dear and devoted child, my Julie, widowed and unprotected.”

"Stay!" cried Jaques, "have you forgotten me? will I not remain her protector and friend, her own true-hearted brother?"

"Ah, my good Jaques, you have not that relation by nature, and the world will not allow you to assume it. Were you Julie's *husband* now —"

"I were the happiest man living!" exclaimed Jaques, in a quick, fervent tone.

Dulaire turned, and, looking with earnestness into the face of his young companion, said, "And so, Jaques, you love my Julie?"

Oh, uncle, next to the holy mother, I *adore* her! Yet she has never known my love, wild and hopeless as it has ever been."

"Poor Jaques! how must you have suffered, and I never divined it. Ah, there is much before our eyes that we never see. But Julie may yet be yours. Without a doubt, Lorraine is long since dead, for he was not a man to forsake a wife, and such a wife. To you, my good Jaques, I could resign my child, and afterwards sink tranquilly to the last sleep. Go, and call her, — I will talk with her alone on this subject."

Jaques summoned his cousin, and for the next half hour walked the hall without, in a state of fearful uncertainty. At length, hearing his name softly called, he hesitatingly re-entered the room. His first glance at his uncle's face reassured him; but he saw that his cousin had been weeping, and her voice was tremulous, though her words were calm, as she said,

"My father has related to me his conversation with you. I did not know before that you loved me, Jaques. I must have pained you many times by my lightness, in the days gone by. I know that should Heaven take my father from me, I should be quite unprotected; we should then be alone in the world, cousin. I have never thought of you as a husband, but I have loved you well as a brother, and I think

we could be happy together." Here Jaques caught her hand, and pressed it passionately to his lips. Julie withdrew it hurriedly, saying, "Hear me out, I entreat you, cousin. I cannot be your wife, while there is one remaining doubt of my being in truth a widow. Should we marry, and should Pierre some day return, oh God, what misery for us all! No, no, ask me not to be yours, till you bring me proof that the cold earth, or the colder wave covers him."

Here, clasping her hands, she cried, in a tone of the most touching sorrow, "Oh, Pierre, Pierre, where have they laid you?" Then flinging herself into her father's arms, she wept with all the wild grief of a first bereavement. Le Brun could but see that the love of Julie for her lost husband had never died, though the form of him who called it forth had been laid by stranger hands beneath a stranger soil, was wasting on the air of wilderness, or mouldering beneath sea-waves, "a thousand fathoms down."

Julie's resolution continued unshaken by the advice of her father, and the entreaties of her lover; and the result was, that, in the course of a week, Jaques set forth on the strangest pilgrimage of modern times, an expedition to discover indubitable proofs of the widowhood of the lady of his love.

Hopes and fears chased each other through his heart, as he kissed the brow of his cousin in parting, and looking into her blue eye, saw there a faint smile struggling with a tear, that beautiful strife which we sometimes mark in the cup of a violet, when the dew would quench the sunshine, and the sunshine would drink up the dew.

Our enamored pilgrim travelled but slowly, in those ante-steam-navigation times, and it was many weary days before he reached Louisville, the place in which Loraine had last been known to be. It was a sunny May morning when he landed, and strolled through the principal street of that then inconsiderable town; and not even the thought of his strange, mournful mission could sadden his spirits, in pleasant unison

with the joyous season. We may chide him that he is eager to pluck the flower, happiness, though it nod over the grave of his friend; but do we stay to ask whose life was the cost of much that *we* enjoy?

Suddenly Le Brun remarked a stranger coming toward him, whose light, springing step, and long black curls were surely familiar to his eye. But no, this young man wore a foreign dress, and a large moustache. Nearer he came, and, gracious Heavens! it was no other than the lost Loraine! Jaques became deathly pale, and staggered, as though struck by a heavy blow! Hope and joy died within him, and a wild and fearful feeling grappled at his heart. Had quick, stern thoughts been good, sharp steel, Loraine had then fallen, pierced by more dagger points than freed the soul of Cæsar!

But Jaques's nature was too essentially generous and good to cherish such deadly feelings as these; the reaction was sudden and perfect, a moral revolution. His affection for his old friend came back, and with it the bitterest remorse and when Loraine, on recognizing him, sprang toward him with all the frank cordiality of a brother, he shrank from the embrace of the man he had wronged, *murdered* in his thought, and every kind word of the wanderer now tore into his heart, like the fragment of a shell! But ere Loraine could remark upon his seeming coldness, another change came over him; he returned that embrace with fervor, and on the breast of his friend, renounced forever the sweet, vain dream of his love. He was roused by the wild, hurried inquiries of Pierre, "What of my Julie? what of her father? Tell me, Jaques, for God's sake, tell me!"

"They live, and love you still; come, let us lose no time in going to them."

\* \* \* \* \*

It was the eve of the first of June, and a fit birth-night was it for that rose-crowned queen of the changing months. The stars were unusually brilliant in honor of the great

occasion, and freshness, fragrance, and moonlight were abroad.

Let us look for a few moments into the quiet home of our heroine. In the pleasant little parlor we find her, with her venerable father, who is looking in far better health than a few months since he had hoped ever to enjoy. He is seated in his luxuriant arm-chair, with his feet resting on a stool, embroidered by the fair hands of his daughter. He wears a dark dressing-gown of brocade, and his thin white locks are crowned by a small cap of black velvet. On a stand at his side, lies a gold snuff-box, with a miniature of "Louis the Martyr," set in the lid. From this he often regales himself, giving always a glance and a sigh to the pictured semblance of decapitated royalty. But to drop this inconvenient present tense. Julie, clad in deep mourning, with a "widow's sombre cap," almost concealing her sunny hair, sat on a low ottoman at his side, reading in a loud, clear voice, for her father was quite deaf, the last, mournful chapters in the new novel of "Corinne," that gorgeous, and unsurpassed prose epic, into which the soul and life of the grand and passionate De Stael were fused and poured, like lava.

There was a hurried step without, the door opened, and Jaques stood before them! Julie sprang forward with a cry of welcome, but her eye fell on another form. She paused, clasped her hands, and one word broke from her lips, — "*Pierre!*" But the heart spoke volumes in that single word, and the next instant she lay in a swoon of joy on the breast of her first and only love, her lost and her found!

And it was touching to see old Jean Dulaire; how he rose, and tottering toward the returned wanderer, "fell upon his neck and wept."

And Jaques, with his life-long love, tried, tempted and sanctified, was he not happy, with a happiness greater than theirs? a holy pleasure, which nothing could take from him; the calm, sweet joy of self-sacrifice, of renunciation.

When the first half-delirious raptures of meeting were over, all gathered round Pierre to hear the story of his long absence, wanderings, and adventures. But first, he removed from Julie's head, with his own hand, the widow's cap, and twined in her beautiful hair some half opened roses, wet with night dew. Then, with that dear head leaning on his shoulder, one arm around the slenderest waist in the world, and one hand grasping his father's, he related the "strange, eventful history," which we give, as near as may be, in his own words :

"It was rather late in the winter when I left Louisville for home, and I was obliged to stop awhile at some small settlements on the way to transact business. Just as I was about leaving one of these places, with a company of traders, all strangers to me, I observed a keel-boat near the shore, containing a number of men, which had become encompassed and blocked in with the ice. I could persuade no one to go with me in a boat to the assistance of the strangers, so I took a long pole in my hand, and *walked* to them on the floating ice, leaping from block to block. I reached the boat in safety, and found — ah, you will scarcely believe me when I say, that I found three of those men to be our young exiled princes, the Duc d'Orleans, Duc de Montpensier, and the Count de Beaujolais ! They had come in this manner, the brave young men, all the way from Pittsburg. But I forget ; you must know of their undertaking, for they told me that they stayed one night with you.

"A day or two before I encountered them, their helmsman had been taken ill, and given up, and thus they had got into trouble. But I soon had them free of the ice and brought them safely to the landing. Then it was that his highness, and his highness's noble brothers earnestly entreated me to turn my face from home, and go with them to New Orleans. What could I do ? There was my royal master, who in his prosperity had befriended me, and could I forsake him in the hour of his misfortune ? Ah, Julie, pardon my once obeying



loyalty rather than love. I promised my prince, proudly, but sadly, to go with him. But I wrote to you, telling the story of my strange fortune, and gave the letter to the sick boatman, who was returning to Pittsburg."

"I never received that letter!" exclaimed Julie. "Ah, then, the poor fellow may have died before reaching this place."

"I will not weary you with a detailed account of our hardships, adventures, and hair-breadth escapes; for we had enough of all these to preserve us from *ennui*. But one little incident now occurs to me. While descending the Mississippi, we commonly moored our boat at night, as, you are aware, the navigation of that river is very difficult and dangerous. One night, I was keeping watch, while my companions slumbered around me. I was thinking of you, Julie, and involuntarily raised my eyes to look for those stars I used to swear by; when I saw, shining through the thick branches of a tree which overhung our boat, two bright, red lights, not stars, but the fiery eyes of a panther, whose dusky form I could just perceive. He was evidently crouching for a spring; I raised my rifle, and the next moment the creature fell, fell upon one of the sleeping princes, but *dead!*"

"We reached New Orleans at length, in fine health and spirits, and soon after the princes took passage for Havana, in an American ship. The night before they were to sail, I went on board, to spend the few last hours with my illustrious friends, who had the cabin entirely to themselves.

"With a few bottles of choice old Burgundy, with songs and legends of *la belle France*, what wonder if time went by unchallenged? It was past midnight when we embraced and parted. I went up on deck, and *mon Dieu!* the ship was off for Havana, with all sail spread, and far behind us gleamed the lights of New Orleans! I beat my breast, called upon Heaven and my wife, and swore at the stupid Captain; but all in vain — they took me the whole voyage to Havana!

" Well, after seeing my friends sail for Europe, I concluded to return to New Orleans in the same vessel which had brought me out. But again the fates were against me. We had been but about two days at sea, when we were boarded by a French cruiser, and owing to my having about me some books, autographs, and a miniature, parting gifts from the Duc d'Orleans, I had the honor of being taken possession of, as an important prize. The rascals believed, or pretended to believe me a Bourbon, one of the princes, and, *malgré* my remonstrances, threats and entreaties, they took me all the way to France, and placed me in close confinement.

" It was then some months before I could obtain a trial, and though I was at last honorably acquitted of the grave charge of royal birth, my money was retained, with what I valued more, the last gifts of my prince. I was thus detained until I could earn sufficient to replenish my wardrobe, and pay my homeward passage. I wrote several letters to Julie, and to you, my father, but did not send them, from utter hopelessness of their ever reaching you.

" At length, I was able to take ship for Martinique, and from thence to New Orleans; from thence I worked my way up the Mississippi and Ohio — up to — *home*, I had almost said *heaven* ! But I am sure you, my father, must be wearied by this long recital, feeble as you are. And see, it is almost morning ! So, while we may, let us bid you good night ! "

\* \* \* \* \*

For many days after the return of Loraine, all was mirth and social sunshine in the lately darkened home of his friends. But there was one heart which, though not sad, was ill at rest, troubled with a pain which it could not cast off — the faithful heart of Jaques. This was his secret care — he had contemplated a union with his cousin, while her husband yet lived, and of this innocent treason Pierre was yet ignorant. The sensitive and honorable nature of young Le Brun revolted from the concealment of such a circumstance; he

earnestly desired that Loraine should know all, but shrank from being himself the revealer.

One afternoon, finding Julie standing on the rose-shaded portico which fronted the garden, he entreated her to confide to her husband the plan proposed by her father, and acceded to by herself, with the condition which had led to his own singular pilgrimage.

Julie, the blush of whose second bridehood rivalled the rose in her bodice, grew startlingly pale, but at once undertook the painful duty, and, as she perceived her husband reading in an arbor in the garden, immediately sought his side.

Oh, how long seemed the next ten minutes to Le Brun ! he dreaded the *denouement*, yet his suspense was terrible. Loraine was known to possess a fiery and passionate spirit, quick to resent a wrong or an insult. He adored, and might forgive Julie, but for the man who aspired to fill his place in her heart, and by her side, *while he yet lived*, what punishment were too severe, what scorn and hatred too intense ?

As these forebodings passed through his mind, Jaques leaned against a pillar, and covered his face with his hands. At length, he heard Loraine coming hastily up the garden walk ; but he did not look around, or lift his head. Suddenly a hand was laid on his shoulder, and a pleasant voice said laughingly, but most kindly,

“ Ah, my dear Le Brun, my poor fellow, I am sorry for you ; you lost so charming a wife ! ”

## KATE RICHMOND'S BETROTHAL.

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I MUST warn my readers given to sober-mindedness, that they will probably rise from the perusal of the sketch before them, with that pet exclamation of the serious, when vexed, or wearied with frivolity, "vanity, vanity, all is vanity!" I can, indeed, promise no solid reading nor useful information; no learning nor poetry; no lofty purpose nor impressive moral; no deep-diving nor high-flying of any sort in all that follows. For myself, I but seek to while away a heavy hour of this dull autumn day; and for my reader, if I may not hope to please, I cannot fear to disappoint him, having led him to expect nothing, at least nothing to speak of.

As a general thing, I have a hearty horror of all manœuvring and match-making, yet must I plead guilty to having once got up a private little conspiracy against the single-blessedness of two very dear friends. There is a wise and truthful French proverb, "*Ce que femme veut, Dieu le veut,*" which was not falsified in this case. But I will not anticipate.

My most intimate friend, during my school-days, was a warm-hearted, brave, frank, merry and handsome girl, by name Kate Richmond. In the long years and through the changing scenes which have passed since we first met, my love for this friend has neither wearied nor grown cold; for, aside from her beauty and unfailing cheerfulness, she has

about her much that is attractive and endearing; a clear, strong intellect, an admirable taste, and an earnest truthfulness of character, on which I lean with a delicious feeling of confidence and repose.

As I grew to know and love Kate better, and saw what a glorious embodiment of noble womanhood she was, and how she might pour heaven around the path of any man who could win her to himself, I became intensely anxious that her life-love should be one worthy and soul-satisfying. One there was well known to me, but whom she had never met, who always played hero to her heroine, in my heart's romances; this was a young gentleman already known to some few of my readers, my favorite cousin, Harry Grove.

I am most fortunate to be able to take a hero from real life, and to have him at the same time so handsome a man, though not decidedly a heroic personage. My fair reader shall judge for herself. Harry is not tall, but has a symmetrical and strongly built figure. His complexion is a clear olive, and his dark chestnut hair has a slight wave, far more beautiful than effeminate ringlets. His mouth is quite small; the full, red lips are most flexible and expressive, and have a peculiar quiver when his heart is agitated by any strong emotion. His eyes are full and black, or rather of the darkest hue of brown, shadowed by lashes of a superfluous length, for a man. They are arch, yet thoughtful; soft, with all the tenderness of woman, yet giving out sudden gleams of the pride and fire of a strong, manly nature. Altogether, in form and expression, they are indescribably beautiful — eyes which haunt one after they are once seen, and seem to close upon one never.

In character my kinsman is somewhat passionate and self-willed, but generous, warm-hearted, faithful and thoroughly honorable. Yet, though a person of undoubted talent, even genius, I do not think he will ever be a distinguished man; for he sadly lacks ambition and concentration, that fiery energy and plodding patience which alone can insure success in any great undertaking. He has talent for painting,

music and poetry, but his devotion to these is most spasmodic and irregular. He has quite a gift for politics, and can be eloquent on occasion, yet would scarcely give a dead partridge for the proudest civic wreath ever twined. As a sportsman, my cousin has long been renowned; he has a wild, insatiable passion for hunting, is the best shot in all the country round, and rare good luck seems to attend him in all his sporting expeditions.

For the rest, he is a graceful dancer, a superb singer, and a finished horseman; so, on the whole, I think he will answer for a hero, though the farthest in the world from a Pelham, a Eugene Aram, a Bruno Mansfield, or an Edward Rochester.

"In the course of human events," it chanced that a year or two since, I received an urgent invitation from my relatives, the Groves, to spend the early autumn months at their home, in the interior of one of our western states. Now for my diplomatic address; I wrote, accepting, with a stipulation that the name of my well beloved friend, Miss Catharine Richmond, who was then visiting me, should be included in the invitation, which, in the next communication from the other party, was done to my entire satisfaction. Kate gave a joyful consent to my pleasant plan, and all was well.

One fine afternoon, in the last of August, saw the stage-coach which conveyed us girls and our fortunes rolling through the principal street of W——, the county seat, and a place of considerable importance, to its inhabitants. We found my uncle, the colonel, waiting our arrival at the hotel, with his barouche, in which he soon seated us, and drove rapidly toward his residence, which was about two miles out of town. On the way, he told me I would meet but two of his seven sons at home, Harry, and an elder brother, on whom, for a certain authoritative dignity, we had long before bestowed the sobriquet of "the governor." He also informed us, that his "little farm" consisted of about eight hundred acres, and that the place was called "Elm Creek."

As we drove up the long avenue which led to the fine, large mansion of my friends, I saw that my good aunt and Cousin Alice, had *taken steps* to give us an early welcome. I leaped from the barouche into their arms, forgetting Kate, for a moment, in the excitement of this joyful reunion.

But my friend was received with affectionate cordiality, and felt at home almost before she had crossed the threshold of that most hospitable house. My grave cousin, Edward, met us in the hall, bowed profoundly to Kate, and gave me a greeting more courtly than cousinly ; but that was " Ned's way." Harry was out hunting, Alice said, but would probably be home soon.

After tea, we all took a stroll through the grounds. These are very extensive, and the many beautiful trees and the domesticated deer, bounding about, or stretched upon the turf, give the place a park-like, and aristocratic appearance. Elm Creek, which runs near the house, is a clear and sparkling stream, which would be pleasantly suggestive of trout on the other side of the Alleghanies.

Suddenly was heard the near report of a gun, and the next moment Harry appeared on the light bridge which spanned the creek, accompanied by his faithful Bruno, a splendid black setter. On recognising me, he (Harry, I mean, not the dog) sprung forward with a joyous laugh, and met me with a right cousinly greeting. I never had seen him looking so finely ; he had taste in his hunting-dress, which became him greatly ; and it was with a flush of pride that I turned and presented him to Kate. Harry gave her a cordial hand-shake, and immediately after, his dog, Bruno, gravely offered her his sable paw, to the no small amusement of the company.

I soon had the satisfaction of seeing that there was a fine prospect of Kate and my cousin being on the very best terms with each other, as they conversed much together during the evening, and seemed mutually pleased.

The next morning my gallant and still handsome uncle

took us out to the stable, and invited us to select our horses for riding. He knew me of old for an enthusiastic equestrian, and Kate's attainments in the art of horsemanship were most remarkable. Kate chose a beautiful black mare, Joan, the mate of which, Saladin, a fiery-spirited creature, was Harry's horse, and dear to him as his life. I made choice of a fine looking, but rather coltish gray, which I shall hold in everlasting remembrance, on account of a peculiar trot, which kept one somewhere between heaven and earth, like Mohammed's coffin.

The fortnight succeeding our arrival at Elm Creek, was one of much gaiety and excitement; we were thronged with visitors, and deluged with the most cordial invitations. Ah! western people understand the science of hospitality, for their politeness is neither soulless nor conventional, but full of heartiness and truth. Long life to this noble characteristic of the generous west.

Colonel Grove was an admirable host; he exerted himself for our pleasure in a manner highly creditable to an elderly gentleman, somewhat inclined to indolence and corpulency. Every morning, when it was pleasant, he drove us out in his barouche, and by the information which he gave, his fine taste for the picturesque, and the dry humor and genuine good nature of his conversation, contributed much to our enjoyment. In the sunny afternoons, we usually accoured the country on horseback, Harry always rode with Kate, and I with "the governor," who proved an interesting, though somewhat reserved, companion. My Cousin Alice was unfortunately too much of an invalid for such exercises.

In our evenings we had music and dancing, and occasionally a quiet game of whist. Now and then we were wild and childish enough to amuse ourselves with such things as "Mr. Longfellow looking for his key-hole," "Homoeopathic bleeding," and the old stand-by, "Blind Man's Buff."



One rather chilly afternoon, about three weeks after our arrival, Alice Grove entered the chamber appropriated to Kate and myself, exclaiming, "Come, girls, put on some extra 'fixings,' and come down, for you have a call from Miss Louisa Grant, the belle and beauty of W——, the fair lady we rally Harry so much about, you remember."

We found Miss Grant dressed most expensively, but not decidedly *à la mode*, or with much reference to the day or season. She was surprisingly beautiful, however, a blonde, but with no high expression; and then she was sadly destitute of manner. She seemed in as much doubt whether to sit, or rise, nod or courtsey, as the celebrated Toots, on that delicate point of propriety whether to turn his wristbands up or down; and, like that rare young gentleman, compromised the matter.

Miss Louisa talked but little, and that in the merest commonplaces; she had a certain curl of the lip and toss of the head, meant for queenly hauteur, but which only expressed pert superciliousness; so, undazzled by her dress and beauty, I soon sounded her depth, and measured her entire circumference. But Kate, who is a mad worshipper of beauty, sat silent and abstracted, gazing on her face with undisguised admiration.

When the call was over, we accompanied our guest to the door, and while we stood saying a few more last words, Harry came up, having just returned from hunting. At sight of his fowling-piece, Miss Louisa uttered a pretty infantine shriek, and hid her eyes with her small, plump hands. Harry taking no notice of this charming outbreak of feminine timidity, greeted her with a frank, unembarrassed air, and throwing down his gun and game-bag, begged leave to attend her home. She assented with a blush and a simper, which left me in no doubt as to her sentiments toward my handsome cousin. Ah! how perilously beautiful she seemed to me then, while I watched her proud step as she walked slowly down the avenue, with a

bitter feeling for all the world, as though I was jealous on my own account. I was somewhat pacified, however, by Harry's returning soon, and bringing Kate a bouquet from Louisa's fine garden.

That evening we were honored by another call extraordinary, from a young merchant of the place, — the village D'Orsay, — by name, La Fayette Fogg, from which honorable appellation the gentleman, by the advice of friends, had lately dropped the "Marquis," his parents, at his christening, having been disposed to go the whole figure. But he had a title, which, in our "sogering" republic, would more than compensate for any of the mere accidental honors of rank; he had recently been appointed Captain of a Company of Horse in W——, and had already acquired a military bearing, which could not fail to impress the vulgar. A certain way he had of stepping and wheeling to the right and left, suggestive at once of both a proud steed and a firm rider, a sort of drawing-room centaur. But Captain Fogg was beyond all question strikingly handsome. I never saw so perfect a Grecian head on American shoulders. There was the low, broad forehead, the close, curling hair, the nose and brow in one beautiful, continuous line, the short upper lip, round chin, small ears, and thin nostrils. A classical costume would have made him quite statuesque; but, alas! he was dressed in the dandiacal extreme of modern fashion. His entire suit of superfine material fitted to an exquisite nicety, and he revealed a consciousness of the fact more Toots-ish than Themistoclesian. He moved his Phidian head with slow dignity, so as not to disturb his pet curls, slumbering in all the softness of genuine Macassar. His whiskers and imperial were alarmingly pale and thin, but seemed making the most of themselves, in return for the Captain's untiring devotion and prayerful solicitude.

The expression of this hero's face, *malgré* a Napoleonic frown which he was cultivating, and a Washingtonish compression of the lips, was soft, rather than stern, decidedly

*soft*, I should say ; and there was about him a tender verdancy, an innocent ignorance of the world, all in despite of his best friends, the tailor, the artist in hair, and the artist in boots.

During the first half hour's conversation, I sat the gallant Captain down as uneducated, vain and supercilious ; but I was vexed to see that Kate, dazzled by his beauty, regarded him more complacently. It was evident from the first, that Kate pleased him decidedly, and he "spread himself," to use a westernism, to make an impression on her heart, whose admiration for his *physique* spoke too plainly through her eyes. While he talked, Kate watched the play of his finely chiseled lips, and when he was silent, studied with the eye of an artist, the classic line of his nose. The attentive, upward look of her large, dark eyes, was most dangerous flattery ; it loosened the tongue of her guest marvellously, till he talked quite freely, almost confidentially. Among other things, he informed us that he "was born in the chivalrous south," and had been "a *native* of W—— for only the five years past." I glanced mischievously at Kate, and she, to turn the tide of talk, exclaimed, "Oh, Mr. Fogg, we had a call from Miss Grant to-day ! Exquisitely beautiful, is she not ? "

"Why," drawled the Captain, stroking his imperial affectionately, "she is rather pretty, but wants cultivation ; I can't say, I admire her greatly, though she is called the *Adonis* of this country."

Kate colored with suppressed laughter, bit her lip, and rising, opened the piano, saying, "Do you sing, Mr. Fogg ? "

Fortunately, Mr. Fogg did sing, and that very well. He declined accompanying Kate in "Lucy Neal," saying that he "never learned them low things ;" but on many of Russell's songs he was "some," and acquitted himself with much credit.

During all this time Harry had taken little part in the conversation, and when asked to sing, drily declined. I thought

him jealous, and was not sorry to think so. I saw that Kate also perceived his altered mood, yet she showed, I regret to say, no Christian sympathy for his uneasiness, but chatted gaily, sung and played for all the world as though earth held neither aching hearts nor dissatisfied Harrys.

At last my cousin rose hastily and left the room. I said to myself, "He has gone out to cool his burning brow in the night air, and seek peace under the serene influences of the stars." But no, he crossed the hall, and entered the family sitting room. Soon after I followed, and found him having a regular rough-and-tumble with Bruno, on the floor. He raised his head as I entered, and said with a yawn,

"Has that bore taken himself off?"

"No," I replied.

"Well, why the deuce don't he go; who wants his company?"

"I don't know," said I, "Kate, perhaps."

"Very likely," growled Harry, "you intellectual women always prefer a brainless coxcomb to a sensible man."

"Yes, Cousin Harry, in return for the preference you men of genius give to pretty simpletons."

The Captain's "smitation," as we called it, seemed a real one, and his sudden flame genuine, at least there was some fire, as well as a great deal of smoke. He laid resolute siege to Kate's heart, till his lover-like attentions and the manifestations of his preference were almost overwhelming. In a week or two, Kate grew wearied to death of her conquest, and was not backward in showing her contemptuous indifference, when Harry Grove was not by. But, oh, the perverseness of woman! in the presence of my cousin, she was all smiles and condescension to his rival; and he, annoyed more than he would confess, would turn to Miss Louisa Grant with renewed devotion.

Yes, Harry was plainly ill at ease to mark another's attentions pleasantly received by my friend — that was something gained; but such jealousy of a mere tailor-shop-window man

was unworthy my cousin, as well as a wrong to Kate ; and for my part, I would not stoop to combat it.

In the Captain's absence, however, all went admirably. Harry seemed to give himself up to the enjoyment of Kate's brilliant society, her cleverness, her liveliness, her "infinite variety," with joyous *abandon*. They sung, read, danced, strolled, and rode together, always preserving the utmost harmony and good will.

For Kate's success in the part I wished her to play, I had never any fear. Aside from her beauty, which is undeniable, though on the brunette order, and her accomplishments, which are many, she has a certain indescribable attractiveness of manner, an earnest, appealing, endearing way ; a "*je-ne-sais-quoi-sity*," as a witty friend named it, which would be coquetry, were it not felt by all alike, men, women, and children, who find themselves in her presence. It is, without effort, a perfectly unconscious power, I am sure.

Thus, I did not fear for Kate, provided Harry was heart-whole ; but this fact I could not settle to my entire satisfaction. My Cousin Alice sometimes joked him about a certain fair maid he had known at New Haven, while in college, evidently wishing it to appear that she knew vastly more than she chose to reveal ; and then Miss Grant was certainly a dangerous rival, far more beautiful, according to the common acceptance of the term, than my friend, with the advantage, if it be one, of a prior acquaintance.

One morning, as we were returning home, after having made a call on Miss Louisa, Harry, who once, for a wonder, was walking with me, began questioning me concerning my opinion of her. I evaded his question for awhile, but at length told him frankly that I could not speak freely and critically, unless assured that I should give him no pain thereby.

"Oh, if that's all," replied Harry, with a laugh, "go on, and 'free your mind, sister ;' I shall be a most impartial auditor."

"Indeed, Harry! — has there, then, been no meaning to your attentions in that quarter?"

"Why, as to that," he replied, "I have always admired the girl's beauty, and have flirted with her too much, perhaps, but there is not enough in her to pin a genuine love to; I have found her utterly characterless; and then, she affects a ridiculous fear of fire-arms, and behaves like a sick baby on horseback."

"But, cousin," I rejoined, "you do not want a wife to hunt with you, and ride horseback; Miss Grant is a young lady of domestic virtues and refined tastes, is she not?"

"Yes, and no. I believe she is a good housekeeper; she takes pains to let one know that — a perfect walking cookery book. But for her refinement! Have you never noticed her coarse voice, and how much use she makes of provincialisms? She might sing well, but always makes mistakes in the words. She professes a passion for flowers; but last spring, coz, I helped her make her garden, and heard her say '*piney*' and '*layloc*.' I never could marry a woman who said '*piney*' and '*layloc*!' And then, she called pansies — '*pansies*, that's for thoughts' — those flowers, steeped in poetry, as in their own dew — '*Johnny-jump-ups*!' Bah! And then, she vulgarizes her own pretty name into *Lo-izy*!"

Need I confess that I was far from displeased with this little speech of my cousin's. I was silent for a few moments, and then, with my head full of Kate and her fortunes, said, while pulling to pieces a wild flower, which Harry had just gallantly presented to me,

"Well, then, cousin, you don't love any body in particular, just now, do you?"

I raised my eyes when I had said this, to meet Harry's fixed on my face, with a strange, indefinable expression, something of what is called a "killing look," so full of intense meaning was it; but around his mouth lurked a quiet drollery, which betrayed him, even while he replied to my singular question in a tone meant to *tell*, —

"Why, my dearest cousin, at *this moment*, I cannot say that I do not."

I broke at once into a laugh of merry mockery, in which he joined at last, though not quite heartily; and we hastened to rejoin Ned, Kate and Alice, who were somewhat in advance.

On reaching our room, I told Kate enough of my conversation with Harry, to prove that he was really not the lover of Louisa Grant; and with a blush and a smile, she kissed and thanked me. Why should she thank me?

Thus matters went on, Captain Fogg's star declining visibly, and Harry Grove's evidently in the ascendant, until the last week of our stay, when a little incident occurred which had quite a disturbing influence on the pleasant current of my thoughts and Kate's. One afternoon, while Harry was out shooting woodcock, of which Kate was very fond, on going up to my room, I perceived the door of Harry's open, and saw his easel standing before the window, with a picture upon it. I could not resist the temptation of seeing what this might be, and entered the room. The picture was a small female head, the face rather fair, with dark blue eyes. It was probably a portrait, still unfinished. The likeness I did not recognize, though it looked like half a dozen pretty faces I had seen, Kate's and Miss Grant's among the number. To the bottom of the picture was attached a slip of paper, bearing these lines:

"Glow on the canvass, face of my beloved!  
Smile out upon me, eyes of heavenly blue!  
Oh! be my soul's love by my pencil proved,  
And lips of rose, and locks of auburn hue,  
Come less obedient to the call of art,  
Than to the pleading voice of my adoring heart!"

When I had read this verse, I remained standing before the picture in a thoughtful trance. I was finally startled by a deep sigh, and turning, saw Kate just behind me. She

had also seen the portrait of the unknown, and read those passionate lines. She turned immediately and passed into her room.

When I rejoined her, a few moments after, she was reading, apparently deep in "Martin Chuzzlewit," but tears were falling on the page before her.

"Martin's return to his grandfather is a very affecting scene," she observed.

I naturally glanced over her shoulder ; the book was open at that "tempest-in-a-teapot" scene, the memorable misunderstanding between Sairey Gamp and Betsey Prig.

Oh, Kate, Kate ! thy heart had gone many days' journey into the life and fortunes of quite another than Martin.

In the evening Captain Fogg honored us, and Kate was unusually affable and gay. She sung none but comic songs, and her merry laugh rang out like a peal of bells.

During the evening we played a game of forfeits, and it was once adjudged that the Captain should relate a story, to redeem his turquoise breastpin. He told a late dream, which was, that once, on taking a morning walk to hear the birds sing, he found Miss Richmond completely *lost in a fog*, and refused to help her out !

Oh, how he sparkled, as he fairly got off this witticism, and saw that it took !

"Ah, Captain," said I, "you must have a gift for punning."

"Something of one, Miss," he replied, with a complacent pull at his imperial. "I was in at White's the other day, buying some music, and White offered me a song called 'Mary's Tears,' which I told him must have a tremendous *run* ! White laughed till he cried, and threatened to expose me in our paper ! 'Pon honor, he did so !"

The Captain informed us that the following would be a great day for the militia, as there was to be on the village green of W——, a parade and review ; and he gallantly



begged the honor of our presence. We graciously testified our willingness to patronize the show, provided Harry would drive us into town for the purpose. On leaving, the Captain requested the loan of Harry's noble horse, Saladin, which had been trained to the field, for the grand occasion. He would come for him in the morning, he said. Harry consented, with rather a bad grace, I thought. He is a perfect Arab in his loving care for his horse.

The next morning, about ten, the Captain called and found us all ready, the barouche waiting at the door. Colonel Grove, who is a gentleman of the *ancien regime*, invited the young officer, who was in complete uniform, to take wine with him. It was really laughable, the Captain's affectation of a cool, *bon-vivantish* indifference, as he tossed off glass after glass of the sparkling champagne, showing himself to be far from familiar with that exhilarating and insidious beverage. He grew elevated momentarily; his very words soared majestically above mere common sense, and his eyes winked of strange mysteries, and flashed unutterable things.

At length were we civilians seated in the barouche and driving toward W——, at a brisk rate, the Captain causing Saladin to wheel and caracole beside us in a most remarkable manner. Ah, how did the harmless lightning of his wit play around us! how were his compliments showered upon us like *bonbons* in carnival time! How beautifully was he like the sparkling wine he had so lately quaffed; what was he but a human champagne bottle, with the cork just drawn!

About half way to the village we saw before us an old Indian woman, well known in all the country round as a doctress, or witch, according to most people. She was bent almost double, and looked very feeble, though she was said to be still marvellously active and vigorous.

Suddenly the Captain, who had galloped on a little to display his horsemanship, came dashing back, exclaiming,

' Now, young ladies, for some glorious fun! Do you see that old squaw, yonder? "

" Yes," said Alice Grove, " that is old Martha; what of her? "

" Why, I mean to have some rare sport. I'll invite her to take a ride behind me. I'll ride up to the fence for her to get on, and then, just as she makes her spring, spur Saladin, and let her land on the ground."

" Oh, don't! don't!" cried we all in chorus; but the Captain was off, and already speaking to old Martha. She evidently liked his proposition, for she quickly climbed the fence, preparatory to mounting. The Captain wheeled his horse to within about two feet of her; she gave a spring, he spurred his steed, which leaped wildly forward, but *too late!* Old Martha was safe on Saladin's back, her long, bony arms clasped closely round the waist of his rider—and, hurrah, they were off at a dashing rate.

Harry whipped up his grays, and we presently overtook the equestrians. Captain Fogg had succeeded in checking Saladin, and was striving to persuade old Martha to dismount, but in vain; she would ride to the village, as he had invited her. He coaxed, threatened, and swore, but all to no purpose; she *would* go on to the village!

At last, in endeavoring forcibly to unclasp her arms, Fogg dropped the rein, and Saladin, worried and frightened, started off at a furious gallop, and tore down the street like mad. Oh, the rich, indescribable ludicrousness of the sight! Such a conspicuous figure was the Captain, so splendidly mounted, with " sword and pistols by his side," and all his burnished buttons and buckles glistening in the morning sun; and then that ridiculous old woman, in her tattered Indian costume, seated behind him, clinging convulsively to his waist, and bounding up half a foot with every leap of the frantic steed. The ends of the Captain's scarlet sash floated back over her short black petticoat, and

the white horse-hair of his military plume mingled ingloriously with her long elf-locks streaming in the wind.

The dirty woollen blanket of old Martha became loose, and flew backward, held only by one corner, exposing her bright blue short-gown, trimmed with wampum, while her red leggings got up quite a little show on their own account.

As thus they dashed on, faster and faster, they spread astonishment and consternation as they went.

A farmer, who with his son was gathering apples from a tree near the road, saw the vision, dropped his basket, and knocked down his first born with an avalanche of pippins. An old lady, who was hanging out clothes in her yard, struck with sudden fright and sore dismay, fell backward into her clothes-basket, as white as a sheet, and as limp as a wet towel.

Young urchins let go the strings of kites, leaving them to whirl dizzily and dive earthward; left "terrestrial pies" unfinished, and took to their heels! A red-haired damsel who was milking by the road-side, on beholding the dread apparition, turned pale and ran, and the cow, following her example, also *turned pail* and ran.

But most excruciatingly and transcendently ridiculous was the scene, when Saladin, over whom the Captain had lost all control, reached the parade ground, and dashed in among the soldiers and spectators. Hats were tossed into the air, and shouts of laughter and derisive hurrahs resounded on every side. But fortunately for poor Fogg, Saladin suddenly perceived a part of the cavalry company, who, in the absence of their officer, were going through some informal and supererogatory exercises, and obedient to his military training, wheeled into line, and stood still, with head erect and nostrils distended.

"For Heaven's sake, boys," cried the Captain, "haul off this old savage!"

But the worthy Martha, wisely declining such rough treat-

ment, leaped to the ground like a cat, made a profound courtesy, and with a smile rather too sarcastic for so venerable a person, said,

"Me tank you, cap'en; old Martha no often have such fine ride, with such pretty man, all in *regiments*!"

After this rare comedy, the review was a matter of little moment, and we soon returned home, not even waiting for the tragedy of the sham-fight.

On the afternoon of the following day, Harry invited Kate to take a horseback ride; and the incidents of that ride, as I received them from my friend, I will relate to the best of my ability.

The equestrians took a route which was a favorite with both — up a glen, wild and unfrequented, through which ran a clear, silver stream. It happened that Harry was in one of his lawless, bantering moods, and teased Kate unmercifully on the gallant part played by her lover, the Captain, on the preceding day.

Kate, who was not in the most sunny humor, began to rally him about "*Lo-izy*" Grant, and the New Haven belle.

Suddenly Harry became grave, and said, in an earnest tone, "Shall I tell you, Kate, *just* the state of my heart?"

"Don't trouble yourself," she coolly replied, "it is a matter of no moment to me."

"There, now, you are insincere," said Harry, with a saucy smile, leaning forward to strike a fly from Saladin's neck; "it is a matter of some moment to you, for you know that I love you, and that you are not entirely indifferent to my love."

"Sir, you mistake in addressing such language to me; you are presuming," said Kate, with a petrifying hauteur; and giving her horse a smart cut with the whip, galloped on. Surprised, and somewhat angry, Harry checked his own horse, and gazed after her till she was lost in a bend of the

winding road. As he stood by the side of the rivulet, Saladin reached down his head to drink. In his troubled abstraction, Harry let go the rein, which fell over the head of his horse. With a muttered something, which was not a benediction, Harry dismounted to regain it, when Saladin, in one of his mad freaks, gave a quick leap away and galloped up the glen after his mate. Harry was about to follow, but an odd thought coming into his brain, he threw himself on the turf instead, and lay perfectly still, with closed eyes, listening to the gallop of the two steeds, far up the glen. Presently he heard them stop, then turn, and come dashing down again with redoubled speed. Nearer and nearer came Kate. She was at his side, with a cry of alarm she threw herself from her horse and bent above him.

"Harry, dear Harry, were you thrown, are you injured?" she cried, raising the head of the apparently unconscious man, and supporting it on her knee. "Oh, Heaven! he is hurt; he does not hear me!" she murmured, laying back the hair from his forehead, and pressing her lips upon it wildly and repeatedly. Harry's eyelids remained hermetically sealed, but a queer, comical expression began to play around the corners of his mouth, and was about to betray him, when he suddenly opened his eyes, with a look of triumphant impudence, and broke into a peal of joyous laughter.

Kate dropped his head with a movement of indignation and dismay, sprung up, led her horse to the trunk of a fallen tree, just by, from which she leaped into her saddle, and was off almost as soon as Harry had regained his feet. Again the faithless Saladin left his master in the lurch, and followed Kate, who went at a furious rate, never pausing nor looking back; so the somewhat discomfited Harry was obliged to foot it home, a matter of "two mile and a bittock," as they say in Scotland.

That night Kate had a headache, and did not appear at the tea-table, nor join the evening circle, where poor Harry

was cross-questioned without mercy on the strange circumstance of having been left behind, both by his horse and lady-fair.

"Ah, Kate," said I, as I joined her at the close of the evening, "I have something to tell you. While you were dressing for your ride to-day, Harry called me into his room to show me that picture, and, will you believe, it is only a bad portrait of *yourself*! Harry sketched it long ago for Louisa Grant, but has lately been making some important alterations, and now he thinks it strikingly like you. I really wonder we did not see the resemblance; the poetry was meant for you alone."

"Oh, Grace, Grace!" murmured Kate, in a bitter tone, "if you had only told me this before I went to ride!"

At breakfast, the next morning, there was no Harry; two hours before he had whistled his dog and shouldered his gun, and set out on a crusade in turkey-land. But long before noon the young hunter returned, and inquiring for Kate, was directed to the library, where she sat, striving to drive away her sad mood, according to her own cheerful philosophy, by light reading. She had chosen "Hood's Prose and Verse," instead of Miss Landon's Poems, which stood on the same shelf.

Again I must tell the story as it was told to me.

As Harry entered, Kate, coloring deeply, started up, stood still a moment, and then sat down again, uttering not a word. Harry, seating himself near her, took off his hunting-cap, ran his fingers nervously through his hair, and in a tolerably steady voice began:

"I could have no peace, Miss Richmond, until I had begged your pardon for my unparalleled impertinence yesterday. I entreat you to believe that I had in my heart no intentional disrespect for you. I pray your forgiveness for my first rash words, what you called my *presumption*. For the other daring act, I am not so deeply repentant, for I would willingly have my head broken in reality, to have it

lie for another moment where it laid yesterday ; yet for that also I ask pardon. Do you grant it ? ”

“ With all my heart,” said Kate, smiling ; but Harry continued —

“ I have been, indeed, most presuming and conceited, in supposing for a moment that I could be any thing to you ; and perhaps,” he continued, with a proud curl of the lip, “ we have both been mistaken in according too much meaning to trifling words and acts ; we two have flirted desperately, Kate, have we not ? ”

Kate bit her lip in vexation, and a shade of disappointment passed over her face. Just then the eyes of the two met, for the first time for some minutes, and the ridiculousness, the utter absurdity of they two endeavoring to deceive one another, to conceal for a moment longer the blessed truth that they *loved one another*, broke upon them at once, and they burst into a long and merry laugh.

“ Well,” said Harry, at last, dashing the tears of mirth from his flashing eyes, and seating himself nearer Kate, “ it is time I at least were serious, for the deepest and strongest feelings of my heart will make themselves heard. Kate, dear Kate, whether it gives you pleasure to know it, or not, I *must* tell you how truly, how devotedly, and, though you will scarce believe *that*, how *reverentially* I love you ! I am a strange, wild fellow, Kate, somewhat rude and over-mirthful ; but you, I am sure, can make me what you wish. Will you undertake the task ? ”

“ With all my heart,” she again replied, frankly extending her hand.

“ Blessings on your sweet soul, Kate ! but — but — ”

“ But what, Harry ? ”

“ Not much, only will you allow me to pay back *that small coin* you bestowed on me yesterday, in your Christian charity ? ”

“ Oh, I ’ll forgive you the debt,” said Kate, laughing. •

“ No, dear, I ’ll not take advantage of your generosity, but pay you to the uttermost farthing.”

"Ah, hold ! that is all, now — a thousand times more than I gave you !"

Suddenly the happy lover darted out of the room, and presently returned, saying, "See, Kate ! a portrait of you, from memory."

"Ah, indeed !" said Kate. "But, Harry, you have made my dark hair quite an auburn, and it has only the slightest golden hue when the sunlight falls upon it."

"Well," he replied, "to *my* eyes, there was *always* sunlight playing around you."

"Ah, thank you ; but again, these eyes are dark *blue*, and mine are gray, or by complaisance, hazle."

"A very natural mistake, dearest," said Harry, with an arch smile ; "I saw heaven in your eyes, and so came to paint them blue."



## A DREAM OF DEATH.

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"I had a vision in my sleep,  
Which gave my spirit strength to sweep  
Adown the gulf of Time."—*CAMPBELL.*

How appropriate, and sadly truthful, is the expression, "The night of the grave!" How the deep shadows of impenetrable mystery hang about the dread portals of eternity; how, in approaching them, even in thought, we lose ourselves in clouds, and grope in thick darkness!

In the near and solemn contemplation of the awful change which awaits us all, how eagerly does the soul receive every thing, in religion, philosophy, or personal experience, which lifts, or seems to lift, even a little way, a corner of the vast curtain which hides from our mortal view the spirit-realm to which we go; letting in gleams of its immortal joy and glory, to light and cheer our painful path through the dark valley.

During a late illness, there came a dream to me as I slept, which left a solemn and ineffaceable impress upon my mind, but to which I may seem, by relating, to attach undue importance; for, after all, it was but a dream; and I hardly know how it is, that I have so laid it away in my heart, as a treasure of exceeding worth, almost as a heavenly revelation. It was no wild, mystic, and fanciful dream, but strangely distinct and beautifully consistent throughout; and

it is with the most faithful truthfulness that I now venture to relate it, hoping that to some hearts it may have, or seem to have, a meaning and a purpose.

In my vision, it seemed that my last hour of the life of earth was swiftly passing from me. The dread presence of Death filled my chamber with mourning and gloom, and awe unspeakable. My heart, like a caged bird, now struggled and fluttered wildly in my breast, now seemed sinking, faint, and panting with weariness and fear. The last mist was creeping slowly over my eyes, and I heard but imperfectly the words of prayer, sorrow, and tenderness, breathed around me. Dear forms were at my side, clasping my cold hands, and weeping upon my neck. The bosom of the best beloved pillowed my poor head ; her hand wiped the death-dew from my brow ; she spoke to me strong words of comfort, crushing down the great anguish of heart the while.

It was no hour of joy or triumph ; my spirit was not buoyed up by exulting faith, nor did waiting angels minister to it the peace and consolation of Heaven ; but storm, and darkness, and fear, encompassed it, filling it with wild regrets, an awful expectation, a sore dismay. Its feet were already set in the river of death ; but, like a timid child, it shrank from the chill, midnight waves, and clung convulsively to its earthly loves, — vain, alas ! to protect, powerless to detain !

Soul and body parted, as they part who have lived and suffered, and toiled together, in bondage, but who love one another, and who, at last, are torn asunder by the inexorable will of a remorseless master.

But joy for one of these ! for whom the weariness of mortal bondage was to give place to the freedom of eternity ; the pain, the struggle, the fear, the sorrow of its earthly lot, to peace, rest, assurance, and joy unspeakable ! for, at last, at last, that soul, breaking from this poor life, with one glad bound, leaped into immortality ! Oh ! the sudden comprehension of the height and depth of the fullness of being !

How every thought, and aspiration, and affection, and power, seemed springing up into everlasting life !

But methought that the first feeling or sentiment, of which I was conscious, was *freedom*, — freedom, which brought with it a sense of joy, and power, and glorious exultation, utterly indescribable in words. Ah ! it was beautiful, that this crowning gift of God to His creatures, which had ever been so dear to my human heart ; this principle, which here I had so adored, was the first pure and perfect portion of the Divine life, whose presence I hailed with the great and voiceless rapture of a disenthralled spirit.

Methought that I witnessed no immediate visible manifestation of Deity, heard no audible revelation of the Divine existence ; but that I received fullness of faith, and greatness of knowledge, in loneliness and stillness, yet instantaneously, and more like *recollections* than revelations. Cloud after cloud rolled swiftly away from the dread mysteries of eternity, till all was meridian brightness and surpassing glory. The presence of Deity was round about me every where — *felt*, methought, not *beheld* ; it flowed to me in the air, “every undulation filled with soul ;” floated about me in the rapt silence, like an all-pervading essence, diffusing itself abroad over the great immensity of being.

There was no sudden unveiling of my eyes to behold the burning splendors of the dread abode of the Sovereign of the Universe, “the city of our God,” girdled about with suns, over whose “crystal battlements” float banners of light, within whose courts bow the redeemed in ceaseless adoration ; there was no sudden unsealing of my ear to the triumphal psalms of the blessed, to the grand resounding march of the stars. And, methought, no fair creatures of light came to me at once, to bear me upward, nor was my soul eager to depart, on swift, impatient wing, from the dear, though darkened scenes of earth, and the strong, though transient, associations of time ; but still lingered, hovering over that chamber of death, from which now arose a pas-

sionate burst of grief, the deep, sobbing, and wild swell of the first storm of sorrow. Then, methought, my soul looked down upon its perishing companion in toil and suffering—the worn and resigned body; marked the rigid limbs, the parted lips, the pale and sunken cheek, the shadowed eye, and all the mortality settled on the brow; looked upon these, and felt no sorrow. But ah! the tears and groans of those dear bereaved ones, had power to grieve it still, to “disturb that soul with pity,” yet not such mournful pity as it had known on earth. A serene and comprehending faith in the wisdom and loving care of the Father, reconciled it to all things; the years of this life, to the vision of its new existence, seemed shortened to brief days, and thus the time of release, for all who suffer and toil, near at hand. Yet with great yearnings it lingered there, its earthly love not destroyed, not weakened, but made stronger far, and purer, more like to the love of Heaven.

Then, methought, a form of ineffable beauty, with a countenance of peace, wherein was human love breaking through celestial glory, came to me, and said, “Oh, daughter of earth, it is now thine to go forth, with the freedom of an immortal, among the infinite worlds; to range at will through the vast domains of the wide and wondrous creation; to track the shining paths of beneficent power, leading on from beauty to beauty, and glory to glory, through the grand and measureless universe of God. Shall we visit those fair worlds, those radiant stars, thou seest shining afar in the clear depths of air?—they, who have known no fall, and on whom the Father’s approving smile rests with a perpetual warmth and serenity; whose inhabitants dwell in love, and worship, and content; where there is neither death nor oppression, suffering nor sin; no spoiler, and none ‘to make afraid;’ none who slay; none who starve; none who flee from their brothers, and call on God in secret places.

“There also the laws of power and harmony subdue and rule the elements, so that there are no harsh frosts, nor fierce

heat, neither earthquakes nor whelming flood ; no storms, to vex the heavens, nor to desolate the earth ; whose bloom is glad in the morning sun, and beautiful in the starlight. There, over hill and plain, angels have written holy music in flowers ; there, summer streams chime down the mountain side, and winds play among the trees with the sound of anthems.

“ Over those worlds divine beings oft walk, as once they walked in the Eden of thy earth, ere man sinned, and, covering his face, went out from the presence of God. Wilt thou go thither ? Or would’st thou ascend the steps of morning light, to the Divine courts, thence to go forth on some errand of good, or enter on some office of love, thy portion of that labor which is worship ? ”

Then it seemed that I made no answer, save to point downward to those beloved ones, who still sat in darkness, and would not be comforted. Then the angel smiled, and said, — “ It is well ; remain thou with these through their day of time ; be near them, and console them always ; go before them, leading their way down the dark valley ; welcome them through the immortal gates, for to the holy ministration thou hast chosen wert thou appointed.”

When the cold light of dawn broke the sleep which brought this heavenly vision, it was as the coming of night, and not of morning.

## THE ERROR AND ITS EXPIATION.

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W——, a large and flourishing village, and country seat, in the western part of the State of ——, was visited by a regular tornado of speculation in the year 1835. Then every holder of a portion of land large enough for a cabbage garden, considered himself a Cræsus in chrysalis, a small Coutts, a Rothschild in prospective.

In all W——, there was but one man of property who was not infected by this strange mania. This was Stephen Harton, a merchant, and large landed proprietor, who, by a natural genius for money-making, careful thrift, close dealing with all men, and especial hard dealing with the poor, had amassed a princely fortune, which he was too wise to put in jeopardy by that perilous game of speculation, the termination and consequences of which he but too surely prophesied.

The wealth of Stephen Harton, while it gave him influence, and a certain position, had failed to make him a gentleman. He was coarse in his manners, and in all his ways of thinking, but filled with a vulgar jealousy of his superiors in education and refinement.

Mrs. Harton was a woman of an amiable temper, but of limited understanding; thoroughly worldly-minded; given up to fashion; one who almost wearied her own life out of

her in a vain and terrible struggle to be what nature never intended her for — a lady.

The family of this admirably matched pair consisted alone of a son and a daughter. James Alexander Harton, or, as he wrote the name, J. Alexander, was, at the time I have chosen for the commencement of this sketch, an idle, conceited coxcomb of eighteen ; the absolute aversion of the village girls for his rudeness and ridiculous vanity, and the horror of all little children for his disposition to play off cruel and apish tricks upon them, and to impose in countless ways on their unsuspecting natures. He had entered college, but been suspended in a short time for his defiant lawlessness, a characteristic which his fond parents regarded as evincing rare cleverness and spirit.

Strangely unlike all these was the only daughter of the house, Caroline, or Carry, as she was most frequently called ; a sweet blooming girl of fifteen, inheriting neither the coarseness of the father, nor the silliness of the mother, nor yet partaking of the heartlessness of the son. With much natural refinement, grace, and sensibility, a heart of warmth and truth, a just and gentle spirit, hers was, indeed, a soft, redeeming presence, in that hard family circle, “ a light in a dark place ; ” and her frank and unworldly countenance, a sight of gladness and refreshment there.

At length, and not far distant from the time of the greatest exultation and rejoicing, a terrible “ change came o’er the spirit of the dream ” of speculators ; or rather, there was a sudden and sad awakening of thousands, as from a fairy dream of exhaustless wealth, to find themselves beggars. Among those, utterly and irretrievably ruined, was William Mason, a man much respected and beloved in W———. He was a man of moral worth, great kindness of heart, a gentleman and a scholar. He unfortunately possessed a sanguine and adventurous spirit, and was thus led to stake his moderate fortune on one fatal die, and lost all. Unusual sympathy was felt for him in his misfortunes, for his own

sake, and the sakes of his interesting wife and family of children. Mrs. Mason, though a great beauty and belle at the time of her marriage, had proved a perfect wife and mother, and a most energetic and admirable housekeeper; but she was now a wasted and feeble invalid, in a slow decline, it was feared. Her oldest son, George, a lad of sixteen, was a youth of glorious promise. I would that I could present him to my reader as he appeared to those who knew him well at that period of his life. Beautiful as the old sculptors would have represented Hylas, the beloved young friend of Hercules; ardent, frank, truthful, brave, yet modest and sensitive as a girl, he was the light, and pride, and hope of his home, while winning unconsciously the admiration of all who looked upon his fine glowing face, and tall symmetrical form. Julia, his sister, two years older than himself, was a most affectionate, yet strong-hearted girl; plain in person, but beautiful in spirit; careful, staid, and industrious, beyond her years; growing up to take her mother's place, a motherly-souled creature already, and a neat and prudent housekeeper. Then there was Nellie, a pretty child of nine years, and Theodore, or Dory, a merry boy of six, laughing on all occasions, and on the very best terms with all the world; and last, there was Fanny, a chubby little three-year old, the pet and the baby.

A year or two before their pecuniary reverses came upon them, Mr. and Mrs. Mason had lost their oldest daughter, a lovely young woman, an angel of goodness and gentleness. She had died of consumption. They had also buried a noble boy, the twin of Nellie. So they were not unused to sorrow, and rebelled not with unchastened hearts against "the wholesome discipline of pain."

William Mason was a man of sterling integrity. He was now filled with regret for the folly of which he had been guilty, but he did not seek to evade the consequences, to preserve his own interests, and allow others to suffer for him. He gave up his entire property to his creditors, reserving



only, by their consent, sufficient of his household goods to furnish plainly a small cottage which he rented for his family at L——, a small town about ten miles from W——.

Soon after establishing his family in their humble home, Mr. Mason obtained for himself a mercantile agency, which would compel him to travel through the Western States, and be long absent ; but it was the best he could do.

Before leaving, however, he procured a situation for George as clerk in Mr. Harton's store, which he thought advantageous ; for though the lad would receive but a trifling salary, he might there obtain a thorough business training, and a good knowledge of trade.

The reception of the new inmate into the domestic circle of her father's family, was a memorable event in the life of Caroline Harton. With a father entirely absorbed in his numerous and complicated business relations, a mother almost wholly given up to the frivolities of fashion, and a brother who only noticed her to annoy and trouble her with his coarse witticisms and senseless practical jokes, what wonder that a new life broke around her with the acquaintance of that gifted and generous-hearted youth ; that his ready and delicate sympathy with her best and highest feelings, his respectful deference, his gentle and considerate kindness, in time, bound her heart to him, yes, indissolubly bound her heart to him, mere child as she was, with a strong, true, unselfish love, of which many a woman is incapable.

And George, removed for the first time from his happy home, where the very atmosphere of love had ever surrounded him, deprived of the intellectual companionship of his mother and sister, what wonder that he contemplated, with growing interest, the fresh, truthful nature of Caroline, and was strengthened and comforted greatly with the morning greeting, and evening conversation, of the amiable and intelligent girl. Had it not been for her, his lot would have been a weary one ; for Stephen Harton was a hard master, and more was often laid on the young clerk than he was well able

to bear. But he was a conscientious and ambitious boy, and though no word of approbation or encouragement was ever spoken to him, he hoped that he gave satisfaction to his employer.

Soon after George Mason went to Mr. Harton's, James Alexander returned to college, giving many pledges of better behavior. His absence was an inexpressible relief to his poor victimized sister, who breathed more freely, and lived in the quiet she loved.

During the winter and spring that followed, George and Caroline became the best of friends, and, somehow, loved one another quite as well as though they had fully understood, from reading poetry and studying metaphysics, the mysterious nature of the sentiment they cherished. To them it was no mystery to fathom, no folly of which to be ashamed; it had no element of worldly interest, of romance, of passion. It was a pure and simple sentiment, to which an angel might do honor, yet which a child might understand.

Early in the summer, James Alexander again returned from college. He had been expelled. This young gentleman evidently did not like George Mason, yet he took little notice of him, probably regarding him as by far his own inferior.

George did not let this trouble him much, but he had other sources of disquiet. His father had still many unsatisfied creditors in W——, and he writhed under what his morbid sensitiveness construed as reproach or contempt from them. Proud to a fault, he acquired a marked reserve, and assumed a manner somewhat cold and defiant toward many who would otherwise have been his friends; but in his heart he early formed a strong resolve to devote all the energies of his manhood to the liquidation of his father's debts, and never to rest till the "uttermost farthing" was paid.

George was not able to visit his home very often, but when he went, he filled that home with gladness. The little ones were absolutely turbulent with delight, and his mother

and sister smiled the old smile, though they sometimes noticed, with a sigh, that he was growing pale and thin with toil and close confinement.

Mr. Mason continued at the West, but he wrote frequently, and transmitted money for the support of his family.

When George Mason had been in the employ of Mr. Harton nearly a year, he one afternoon received a letter from his sister Julia. He broke the seal with trembling impatience, as he had not heard from home for some weeks. It ran thus.

*"L——, Monday Morning, December 1, 1837.*

"DEAREST BROTHER — I should have written to you before this, but our mother has not been as well as usual, and I have had very many things devolving upon me. I have had literally *no time*; but now I *must* write. We are in something of a strait, entirely out of money. We received a letter from father yesterday, stating that he had mailed a remittance a few days previous. That has never reached us, and we fear it has miscarried. We are not absolutely *suffering*, but we have been for a week past quite out of butter, sugar, coffee and tea. The children and I can get along very well, for we have milk, you know, but that does not suit mother; and we are grieved to see her obliged to drink cold water this wintry weather, and she so ill. Could you send us small quantities of the necessaries I have mentioned?

"Old Mr. Jones is rather pressing for rent, but I hope he will wait until we hear again from father.

"Fondly, your sister,  
"JULIA."

George sighed deeply as he perused this letter. He had that very morning expended his last shilling in the purchase of a winter coat, Oh! how he hated the look of it now! His next quarter's salary would not be payable until New Year, but money was certainly already due him. Mr. Harton

was absent, he could not apply to him ; and a farmer with whom he had been trading, a neighbor of Mrs. Mason, was just about starting for home. To him George intrusted a package for his mother, containing small parcels of tea, coffee, and sugar, with one roll of butter, *all taken from the store of his employer.*

The next day also brought a letter from Julia :

“ DEAR GEORGE : — Again we must apply to you, for we know not where else to go in our need. Mr. Jones has distrained for rent ! has taken every thing but the six chairs, one table, &c., which the law allows us. All our dear books and precious pictures, Mary’s guitar, and even the couch on which she and poor little Willie died ! Oh, George ! it seems to me I cannot have it so ! I am almost distracted ; the children are crying around me, and mother cannot raise her head from the pillow, so overcome is she with our new misfortune. Mr. Jones, at my entreaty, agreed to leave the things here until to-morrow evening, when he says he will take them away, if the rent and costs are not paid. The whole amount is twenty dollars. Have you no friend from whom you could obtain this sum for a short time ? Would not Mr. Harton advance it ? He could be repaid very soon. Oh, George ! for the sake of our poor sick mother and the dear children, do all you can.

“ I don’t know that you will be able to read all this letter, it is so blotted with tears. Your own

“ JULIA.”

When George received the above letter, it was evening ; the mail for L—— went out early in the morning, and the money must be sent then, if at all. Obtaining a brief leave of absence from the first clerk, he took his way to a jeweller’s shop in the neighborhood, where he offered for sale a watch, given him by his father. It had been considered a valuable time-piece ; but, much to his surprise, the jellewer would give but ten dollars for it. George took this sum, and hur-

riedly proceeded to the house of Mr. Harton. He was shown into a handsome parlor, where the merchant was sitting with his family. Mr. Harton was reading the daily paper, his wife dozing in her rocking chair, James Alexander was lounging on a sofa, pulling the ears of Caroline's favorite spaniel ; Caroline herself was sitting by the table, diligently studying her French lesson. She alone gave the young clerk a courteous and kindly reception.

"Mr. Harton," said George, in a tone of much embarrassment, "I wish to speak with you in private."

"Say what you have to say here, sir," replied Mr. Harton, gruffly.

"Well, then," said George, in a firmer voice, "I have great need of a little money, just now. Will you be kind enough to advance me ten dollars of my salary?"

"No, George," Mr. Harton stiffly rejoined. "I cannot, it were against my rules."

"But, sir, my mother's circumstances demand —"

"I can't help that," interrupted Mr. Harton ; "it were a bad precedent, young man, a very bad precedent." And, rising and pacing the floor, with his hands beneath his dressing-gown, he added, "Besides, how am I to know that the money really goes to your mother?"

"More likely he wants the tin for a lark," lisped James Alexander.

Stung by these gratuitous insults, George coloring to his forehead, turned hastily, and left the room. Yet, before he closed the door, he heard Carry say, in a deprecating tone, "Why, brother, how can you be so rude?"

As George re-entered the store, a lady was standing at the counter, making some purchases. Mr. Stevens, the first clerk, immediately called upon George to take his place, as he had been sent for from home, a short time previous ; gave directions about locking up for the night, and went out. Mrs. Allen's bill amounted to just ten dollars, and George started as she gave him the money in one note.

When this last customer had left, George proceeded to close the store ; then taking a lamp, started for his sleeping-room in the second story. But, suddenly he hesitated, paused, turned back, opened the money-drawer, took forth *that* note ; and then, with palpitating heart and a noiseless step, passed up stairs to his room. When there, he hurriedly locked the door, went to his table, and, seizing a pen, wrote this brief note with a trembling hand :

“DEAR JULIA — I send twenty dollars, but don’t tell any one that you obtained the money from me. I hope to be able to spend next Sunday at home. Let me know just as soon as you hear from father. Heaven bless you all.

“GEORGE.”

When George knelt by his bedside that night, the only prayer he could utter was, “Oh, God ! forgive me if I have sinned ! Oh, God ! forgive me if I have sinned ! ”

The next morning he arose from a sleepless couch, to stroll down to the post-office, and mail a letter for L——, then walked homeward in deep thought. In about half an hour he went hurrying back ; he had “concluded not to send that letter.” The mail had just gone out.

A day or two after this, the young clerk was standing at his desk, reading the following letter from home :

“DEAREST AND BEST BROTHER — You cannot know how happy you made us all yesterday afternoon. How good and kind you are ! With the twenty dollars you sent, we were able to pay every penny of the claim of that old Shylock, Jones. Oh ! I could cry for joy !

“At our evening prayers, mother thanked God for the gift of such a son and brother, and prayed Him to bless you ever, and we all said ‘Amen,’ even little Fanny.

“If ‘misfortunes never come single,’ neither do good fortunes ; for to-day we have received that long-delayed

remittance from father, fifty dollars. I would return the twenty you procured for us, but mother thinks, as you are coming so soon, you may as well take it yourself.

"Nellie bids me tell you that she has hemmed those handkerchiefs for you, and run the heels of the socks. Dory says, 'tell brother George to come early on Saturday evening, so as to draw me on my new sled.' Fanny sends "*'ove and tousand kitties,*" (thousand kisses.) I do hope you will bring every thing home that needs any mending, and I will" — here a strong grasp was laid on the shoulder of George, and a stern voice exclaimed, "You are my prisoner!" It was the sheriff!

George bowed his head one moment on the desk before him, covering his burning face with his hands. He then rose up took his hat, and saying, in a firm tone, "I am ready," accompanied the sheriff to the office of the magistrate, Mr. Allen, who was, it unfortunately happened, a personal enemy of his father, and a mere creature of Harton.

George was accused by his employer of stealing money and various articles from his store. The witnesses were, the postmaster, who testified that George had mailed a money letter a day or two before; and the farmer, who took charge of the package for Mrs. Mason. Mr. Harton also produced, as proof, his clerk's own private memorandum book, in which were set down both the money and the groceries sent home. To the charge of taking these unlawfully, George pleaded guilty, but declined to justify himself by an exposure of the state of want to which his father's family had been reduced. He, however, stated, repeatedly and solemnly, that he had intended soon to make restitution from his wages.

Mr. Harton proceeded to state, that for some months he had suspected his young clerk; that he had missed money at different times, and in considerable sums; and that no one on the premises, besides George, could have taken it.

"What say you to this charge, young man?" demanded the magistrate, roughly.

"I took but the ten dollar note ; God knows that was all," replied George.

While the examination was going on, Caroline Harton was returning from school ; and seeing a crowd collected at the court-house, inquired of a young lad the cause of the unusual excitement.

"Why," he replied, "did n't you know they have taken George Mason up for stealing money from your father ? They'll send him to the State's prison, I guess."

Caroline staid to hear no more ; but rushing into the court-house, and bravely struggling her way through the crowd of men and boys, reached her father, and throwing her arms around him, cried, "Oh ! father, have mercy on George ! I am sure he is no thief ! Save him, for my sake, father !"

"Silence !" said Mr. Harton, in a low, hissing tone, peculiar to him when furiously angry. "James, take home your sister !"

James Alexander stepped readily forward, and dragged, rather than led, the weeping girl away.

The friends of George Mason in W—— were not of the most influential class. There was none to help him in his hour of peril. He was "dumb before his accusers," sitting ever with his eyes cast down, and his face crimson with the flush of shame.

Angels might have frowned on the arrogance of a petty human judge, "dressed in a little brief authority," on the horrible injustice of the decision, when at the instance of a man "who fared sumptuously every day" on wealth accumulated by extortions from the poor, this noble boy, this good, affectionate child, was sentenced to one year's imprisonment in the county jail !

On Saturday night, Mrs. Mason and Julia kept the supper waiting a long time for the expected son and brother, and Dory and little Fanny stood at the window, looking eagerly down the road, till it was very late. But he did not come. They knelt in their evening worship, and *he* was not with



them. Alas, at that moment, he was kneeling on the stone prison floor, with the dark, cold prison walls about him, trying to pray, but only groaning out his helpless grief to God. Sunday, which that loving home-circle had hoped would have been twice blessed by his dear presence, passed slowly and sadly, and it was again night; but he did not come. Monday, oh wretched day! brought the poor mother a letter from Mr. Harton, stating, in brief, cold terms, the errors and humiliation of her son.

Then was the cup of sorrow drained to the dregs by that bereaved and dying woman; then did a fearful weight of woe, greater than she could bear, crush down the strong spirit of that sister; then did the shadow of a mighty grief fall on the clear brows of those little children, and the solemnity of a dread misfortune fill their tender hearts, hushing the laugh of joy and the careless prattle of innocence.

A short time after the events above narrated, Caroline Harton left her home for a boarding-school in an Eastern city. She had been in disgrace with her family ever since her vain attempt to benefit her friend, by an appeal to her father's mercy before the court. Her conduct was deemed in the highest degree improper and unladylike, and her affection for George treated as a crime. Her brother accompanied her to R—— seminary, and afterwards proceeded to New York, where he was to pursue the study of the law, under an eminent practitioner.

Before Caroline left W——, she managed to send George Mason an affectionate letter of farewell, which the youth wept over, and placed between the leaves of his Bible.

As a prisoner, George could not complain of ill usage. The jailer, "old Jack Brady," as he was called, a warm-hearted Irishman, had much sympathy in the young man's misfortunes, and treated with uncommon consideration one so unlike a common criminal. He did not confine him in a cell, but gave him a good-sized and quite comfortable apartment, and did not require him to labor more than his inclina-

tion prompted. George had books, writing materials, &c. in his room, and a little white muslin curtain concealed somewhat the iron bars of his window.

Julia Mason came once a week to see her brother, but the season, the distance, and above all, her mother's ill health, prevented more frequent visits. That sweet girl never pained her brother's poor heart by the slightest blame or reproach, but ever spoke to him hopefully and most tenderly. But George never smiled, and seldom raised his sad eyes from the ground. His proud spirit was bowed by the sense of his humiliation, as by the weight of years and many sorrows.

Weeks had passed, and every week an age to the suffering and remorseful soul of George Mason. It was the morning of the first of January. Tossing on his sleepless couch, he had heard the old year rung out, and the new year rung in; and now, outside the prison walls, he could hear the joyous cries of meeting friends, — "A happy new year!" "A happy new year!" He sat with his head bowed on his hands, thinking sorrowfully on the happiness gone by forever. It were a mockery now to wish him a happy new year, even were there any near who cared for him; he was desolate, despairing. Suddenly steps were heard on the stone pavement without, the massive bolts flew back, the door swung open, and old Jack Brady called out, "Master George, here is your father!"

George sprang eagerly forward, then paused, and cast down his eyes, while his face became deeply crimsoned. The next moment he was clasped in a close and tender embrace. He wound his arms about his father, he clung to him, but he dared not meet his eye. "Look up, my son!" cried Mr. Mason, "you are no criminal, but dearer than ever to my heart for all you have suffered; look up!" But George only buried his face in his father's bosom, and wept aloud.

And thus they stood, locked in that close embrace,

trembling and swaying with the passionate outburst of ungovernable emotion ; sob, answering sob, tear falling for tear, and words of gentle soothing replied to broken confession, and low, sweet terms of household tenderness fell from the lips of that strong man, interrupted by fond kisses, which he pressed on the brow of his son, as it were an infant he held in his arms.

Mr. Mason soon proceeded to remove his family to W——, so that they might be near George to minister to his comfort and cheer his loneliness.

This was indeed a happy change for George ; for though the labors and duties of his father and oldest sister prevented their being much with him, and the ill health of his mother precluded the idea of her visiting his sad home, he was often allowed the company of his younger sisters and little brother ; and the visits of these dear children were so many gleams of sunlight on his dark path.

During the winter and spring, the health of Mrs. Mason rapidly failed, till all might behold the shadows of the coming night falling around her. Sorrow and misfortune had done their appointed work, and that worn spirit was at length sinking beneath their stern ministrations.

One evening early in May, while Julia was making one of her brief visits to her brother, a messenger came from her home, saying that a sudden change had taken place in the invalid, that it was feared she was dying. Julia rose up to go, but George clung to her, with a cry of anguish, saying that he also *must* see his mother once more. The jailer heard this, and dashing a tear from his eye, without staying to consider whether the law would justify him, bade George go home with his sister, and remain until morning.

Ah, old Jack Brady, God will reward thee for that !

I cannot describe the scene at that death-bed. No mortal pen could adequately describe it. Yet there the wild weeping of the children, the pale, calm, grief of Julia, the un-

speaking sorrow of the husband and father, all could not compare with the dread anguish of spirit with which George bent over the dying form of his mother. Bitter, remorseful thoughts, and terrible misgivings, pierced and lacerated his breast like the quick thrusts of a two-edged sword; and though she smiled on him when he came, and laid back the hair from his forehead and kissed his quivering lips, and kissed his tears away, and called him her "dear boy," her "good and darling child," and blest him with her last breath, he could not be comforted, but flung his arms around his mother, and hid his face in her dead breast, while the groans of his breaking heart followed her pure soul as it ascended. It almost seemed that the spirit which passed so tranquilly from her own form had also gone out from his, but fiercely rent its way as it passed.

From that hour a change came over George Mason. The hand of death was on him! He had loved his mother with no common affection; from his infancy his soul had been filled with a yearning tenderness, an almost adoring reverence for that good and gentle being; and now, now he could not live without her sweet love.

It seemed the last star had been struck from life's heaven, and the world, so darkened before, gloomed about him like midnight wastes; he had lost his way, and sunk down despairing. The hand of death was on him! That crimson flush which had so long dyed his face with nature's badge of humiliation had now changed, or seemed to concentrate into a small hectic spot, which grew like fire in either cheek; his sunken eye met with no glad recognition the spring flowers which his little sisters brought, his step grew languid, and he had no pleasure in the sunshine. The hand of death was on him!

But it was said of another young existence, that the night was coming fast on the morning, that perchance the violets were budding, which should flower over the grave-rest of loveliness, but yet half unfolded, whose early bloom had

been gathered to deck the breast of the death-angel — whose morning fragrance had been wafted to Paradise.

Caroline Harton had been brought home a sad and fading invalid. Her once light and elastic step had grown slow and spiritless, her eyes strangely bright, the gladness had gone out of her voice, and "passing away" was written on her brow, in the mournful tracery of its clear, blue veins. None met her with laughter and pleasant jesting, or called her "Carry," now.

Whenever she walked out alone, she left with the jailer or his kind wife, brief, sisterly notes, or a present of fruit and flowers, for George, but she dared never ask to see him. She thought of him as a victim to her father's sternness, and almost felt herself condemned for the wrong which had been done him, a fearful wrong, though the law sanctioned it.

Still weaker and weaker grew George Mason until July, when a severe hemorrhage of the lungs almost utterly prostrated him. He could no longer move about his room without support, and his father and sister were now his constant attendants, a good neighbor taking care of the household at home.

One day the invalid complained that his bed was too hard, and his father brought for him a soft, wide couch, which could be moved wherever he wished. As he was laid upon this, he said, with a faint smile, "Here Mary, and Willie, and mother died, and here will I die." But suddenly he raised himself, crying, "Take me up, father! I redeemed this couch with *that* money!" And he would no more be laid there.

As George grew more weak and ill, he seemed to become more painfully sensible of the error he had committed, and the disgrace he had brought upon himself and family. He said often that he was the more resigned to die, from the conviction that living he should be a wretched and broken-spirited man. His humility was almost painful to behold. He clung to the robe of Christ's righteousness with his face in the dust. In his religious conversations with his father

and sister, he was ever referring to the "thief on the cross." Oh, it was mournful to hear him do that !

Ah, soon, too soon for those fond watchers, came the last hour. It was a sultry afternoon, early in August. George was raised up in bed, with his father and sister beside him. The physician had made his last visit, and the children had just gone out, wondering "why brother held them in his arms so long, this time, and cried so much ;" for they had not been told that "they should see his face no more" in life.

The sufferer was panting for air, and little came through the high, grated window ; but he did not complain. He would look from his father to his sister, and from his sister to his father, and then compress his lips, and shut down his eyelids close to keep the tears back. All at once, he said :

"Father, do you remember when, long ago, I saved little Willie from drowning, you called me your 'hero' — yes, 'hero,' that was the word."

"Yes, my son, I remember."

"Ah, you did not think, then, your 'little hero' would ever become a thief, and die in a jail."

"Oh, George, my dear boy, don't break my heart, — don't."

At this moment was heard the grating of a key in the rusty lock of the ponderous prison door ; the door was flung open, and Caroline Harton stood on the threshold ! At first, George seemed troubled with indistinct recollections ; but as Caroline advanced, a sweet smile broke over his face, he stretched forth his arms, and the next instant the poor girl was clinging about his neck, pouring out all the love and sorrow of her soul in tears upon his breast.

The jailer had sent for Caroline when they thought George was near his end. I always thought that was good of old Jack Brady.

Oh, beautiful and holy was the last communion between those two young hearts, so early and sadly crossed in the

love, which might have filled a long life with strength and joy.

"I shall follow you soon, very soon, dear George. Look for me *there* ! and oh, before you go, tell me that you forgive my father ; do, dear George ! "

"I do, Carry, as I hope to be forgiven."

He remained not long after this. A few blessed words, that were never to be forgotten, he spoke to that father and sister and friend, and then he grew very weary, and slept.

Now, earthly watchers, your task is ended ; for angel watchers shall take your places, to guard that holy dust till the resurrection morn.

From the last look on the still face of her first and only love, Caroline Harton went tearlessly to her home. It was late when she arrived, and the house was in much confusion, with inquiry and search for her, who had been missed a short time previous. She went in silently, sought her own room mechanically, and flung herself on a couch. Here she was presently discovered by a servant, and her parents hurried to her with much solicitude. She did not seem to see them, and for many minutes made no reply to their anxious questioning. At last, as though roused from a trance, and pressing her hand against her brow, she said, in a tone mournful, yet unnaturally calm, "George Mason is dead, and I am quite heart-broken ! that is all — all."

That night she grew alarmingly ill, became delirious, and so continued, with brief intervals, for many days.

It was supposed that she overheard one of her attendants mention the day appointed for the funeral of George Mason, for that day it rained very hard, and she raved constantly of the storm making the grave so chilly. At night, however, she was more calm, seemed to wish to sleep, and they left her quite alone for a while.

Suddenly an alarm was spread through the house that she had disappeared ! Mr. Harton rose hastily, and headed the

household, in an eager search over the premises, but in vain. At length some one suggested that use should be made of Caroline's favorite spaniel. This was done, and, guided by the faithful creature, the party were led to — *the graveyard!* Mr. Harton shuddered, as he marked a white object gleaming beneath a large willow, at the southern side, for there was the burial lot of the Masons. Yes, there lay the poor maniac, clasping the newly-raised mound, and sobbing and moaning in the storm, her thin bed-dress drenched by the rain, and her dark hair driven about her face by the night wind.

Her father took her in his arms, and hastened homeward. Then all was done that was possible, to counteract the effects of that terrible exposure, but in vain! The chill of death had passed into her fragile frame — the destroyer was at her vitals.

At length, one pleasant morning, she awoke to perfect consciousness, and a clear knowledge of her situation. She knew that the solemn, last change was close at hand, and requested to see her father. He advanced to her bedside, and Caroline took his hand, and raising it to her lips, kissed it tenderly. As she did so, a tear gathered slowly in the cold, gray eye, and rolled down the hard cheek of the old man. Then Carry knew that Heaven had been dealing with the heart of her father, softening it by affliction.

"Father," she said, "I am about to leave you; I would willingly have remained here, and been a good child to you, but it may not be; I go to God, I trust. And now, at the last, let me implore you to think more on God and Heaven, and to begin to do good to your fellow-men; and oh! dear father, as you hope for forgiveness, *deal gently with the erring.*" After a pause, she resumed: "I think you were too hasty and severe with poor George Mason, father; but you did not mean to be hard-hearted. The large sums you suspected that he stole from you, brother James took from your desk. He told me so when it was too late. Now I



have a last request to make. Will you tell people you have ascertained that George did not take those missing sums? Promise me!" And he promised her. When she added, "One other dearer request I would make. Will you ask Mr. Mason to let me be buried beside George? Promise me, father!" And he promised her.

A brief time after this conversation, Stephen Harton and his wife, restored by affliction to something of the by-gone tenderness, stood clasped in each other's arms, weeping together over what was once life, and love, and beautiful promise—the still form of their best and dearest child.

The "silver chord was loosened, and the golden bowl broken."

The grave of Caroline was made where she wished to lie, close by that of George. They sleep side by side, the poor children. While the shadow of the pall seemed yet to linger on the threshold of the Hartons, another and a more bitter sorrow came upon them. James, their only son, getting among gamblers, forged drafts upon his father's banker for a large amount, and then made his way to Paris, that paradise of gentlemanly scoundrels. To this day he is an exile and a wanderer.

A few years since, I visited the burial-place of W——, and stood by the graves of George and Caroline, in a beautiful and shadowy spot. I found that of George marked by a plain headstone, bearing this simple inscription: "George Mason, died August 3d, 1838, aged nearly eighteen. *His sorrows are ended; he is safe from temptation.*"

An elegant column had been reared to the child of the rich man, thus inscribed: "Caroline Elinor, only daughter of Stephen and Sarah Harton, died August 12th, 1838, aged seventeen. *She said, 'I go to God.'*"

A graceful white rose tree had been planted on each grave, and some one had closely interwoven their branches.

The thought of this seemed too poetical for the mother of Caroline, too womanly for the father of George; and I was

told that Mr. Harton never visited those graves. I think it must have been Julia Mason's hand that twined those rose-trees together.

Were it necessary for me to evolve a moral from this "ower true tale," and present it in words to my reader, it need not be long, or difficult to understand. It might all be comprehended in that simple, dying injunction of Caroline Harton to her father, "*Deal gently with the erring.*"

## PARTING UNDER A CLOUD.

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IN looking through a portfolio of choice engravings, in the studio of my artist-friend —, a short time since, I met with a picture of "Byron at nineteen," which startled me by its singular resemblance to one I had known long and well in days gone by. A near relative of ours, and the favorite classmate of my brother, Henry Elliot, though many years my senior, was, perhaps, the most familiar friend of my early girlhood; and though we have since been widely separated, his character and history have never lost their interest to me; an interest which the sight of that picture but quickens into expression.

At the time when he left college, Henry Elliot was surely one of the finest specimens of manly beauty which it was possible for one to meet. With a figure athletic, and powerfully developed, yet unerringly graceful in action and repose; a face not classic indeed, but absolutely radiant with enthusiasm, and the ardor and energy of a fine physical organization; an assured and elegant manner; it was wonderful that he was not quite spoiled by the favors and flatteries of society, the involuntary deference of men, and the obvious admiration of women. His originally strong and manly character, the favoritism of which he was made the subject, could not destroy, but in one respect it was surely to him

an incalculable injury. It prevented him from acquiring a knowledge of and a power over *himself*. By nature fiery, impetuous, and impatient, and deprived at an early age of the wise counsels and controlling influences of a father, he never learned to curb his passionate and excitable temper. Though never sullen or vindictive, he could not, or he *would not*, "govern his own spirit," in moments of irritation or disappointment. This was the one dark shade upon a most honorable, and otherwise lovable character.

On leaving college, young Elliot made choice of the legal profession, and pursued his studies with a friend of his family, a lawyer of eminence in one of the beautiful cities in the eastern part of the state of New York. Soon after entering upon the practice of his profession, he married the object of his "first and passionate love," the sole daughter of his legal preceptor, a beautiful girl of nineteen, fair-haired, blue-eyed, serene-browed, and soft-voiced; one who fitly wore and sweetly graced the only true poetical name — "Mary"; the only name which universal usage and common associations have not robbed of its beauty and sacredness.

Mary Hamilton, an only child, had been from her infancy almost companionless. Just as she entered womanhood, her mother died; thus her character, originally moulded in purity and softness, was deepened and spiritualized by solitude and sorrow, until it was as ideal in its serene loveliness as it well might be in our every-day life, in our profoundly real age. Hers was not a strong character, however, except it be in the strength of the affections. The single principle of love pervaded and absorbed her entire being. Her devotion was unbounded and untiring; it could not be taxed too much, or too often, by the one beloved. With the forbearing meekness of a saint, and the depending tenderness of a child, the young wife's influence was not such as was calculated to correct her husband's peculiar faults of character. His too despotic and exacting will, and his habit of giving

way to sudden outbursts of passion and petulance, were strengthened by exercise. It followed, that toward his gentle wife, who never allowed a word of complaint or defence, much less of angry retort, to escape her lips, he soon unconsciously stood in the light of a master; one who would have been feared and detested, had he not been loved adoringly. As it was, his sovereignty was acknowledged, with an obedient, a patient, and a willing spirit.

Mary had a wonderful power of concealing all feelings whose expression might not be pleasurable to another. She resolutely shut in upon her heart its own cares and griefs, and subjected the exquisite sensitiveness of her most feminine nature to a perpetual martyrdom. Whatever her pain, she never frowned on her husband, or assumed that most irritating of expressions, an *injured look*. Knowing in reality little of himself, and far less of woman, Henry Elliot had not the acute perception to remark, that the smiles of his wife, after a harsh and inconsiderate word from him, were forced and unnatural. He little knew, that often, while the wan sunshine was playing about her quivering lips and drooped eyelids, there was storm in her heart, that her spirit was groping in thick shadows.

Yet might the Elliots have been what they seemed to the world, eminently happy in the marriage relation, had there not been wanting the one element of *equality*, from which come mutual confidences and perfect understandings. From the first, they occupied false positions towards one another, from which it was not possible that true and harmonious relations should result.

But soon a new fount of happiness, real and unfailing, was opened in the hearts of both, by the birth of a daughter. This infant grew to be very lovely, and very like her mother. She had the same transparent complexion, the same golden-hued hair, and the same soft eyes, from whose depths looked forth a soul,

“Steeped in the blue of its remembered home.”

"And so, Mary," said Elliot, one morning, when he had worn the dignity paternal for about three months, "you are not disposed to humor me in bestowing your name upon our little lady-bird here?"

"Pray do just as you please, dear Henry; but you know that one is not often partial to one's own name."

"Well, then," replied Henry, "as we have neither of us rich maiden aunts, with long ugly names, what say you to a sweet little fancy-name, *Blanche* for instance?"

"Oh, yes, that is beautiful."

"Well, then, *Blanche* let it be at the christening. I hope we will not grow tired of it. Many of these fanciful names only sound well in romances, as some costumes only look well on the stage. Why, Mary, you are looking rather pale this morning," he added; "I should insist on your taking a long drive, but that, as I have asked Judge Howard and the Allens to dine with us, I suppose you will choose to superintend the getting up of dinner in suitable style; but this afternoon, if you are not too weary, perhaps I will drive you out myself."

"Thank you, Henry, but I think I had better not leave the baby; she is a little fretful to-day."

"For heaven's sake, don't call her the *baby*! I'm tired of that nursery term; call her *Blanche*. Well, good morning; now see that dinner is ready *precisely* at three."

The spring that little *Blanche* was three years old, Mary Elliot became seriously alarmed for herself, by a pain in her side, sometimes accompanied by a palpitation of the heart, to which she had been subject at intervals for a number of years, but of which she had never complained. Of this she finally spoke to her husband; touched lightly on the pain she had endured, but calmly expressed a conviction that she was suffering from an organic disease of the heart, a malady to which some of her family had been subject. Agonized with apprehension, Elliot lost not a moment in summoning the family physician, a man of some science and

great celebrity. It happened to be near the dinner hour of the illustrious practitioner. So he asked a few hurried questions of Mary, listened to the action of her heart through his stethoscope for a moment, then smiling upon his embarrassed patient the bland, patronizing smile of scientific complacency, briefly informed her, that she had deceived herself as to the "symptoms;" that she was merely troubled with "*nervousness*," which would pass away presently, if she did not nurse it; prescribed more exercise; complimented her on the beauty of her child, and bowed himself out, bearing with him the comfortable consciousness of having earned a ten dollar fee; a tolerably good mental sauce for a cold dinner.

Mrs. Elliot, who had great faith in her physician, as the door closed after him, lifted her suffused eyes, while a fervent "thank Heaven!" rose to her lips. But a sudden pang shot through her heart—she pressed her hand against her side, and was silent. Her husband, not remarking her, threw himself back in his chair, with a long sigh of relief, and exclaimed, in a slightly impatient tone,

"There, Mary, you see how it is; all a woman's fancy of your own! What would women do without nerves? Heavens, what a fright you have given me, all for nothing."

"Why, Harry, one would think you regretted it was not for *something*."

"What nonsense you talk, Mary! you know that I am rejoiced. I thought of all terrible things from the time you made your startling announcement, till I heard the doctor's decision. Why, Mary, dear, I thought of you as—as—"

"*Dead*, Henry."

"There you are, again! bringing out *that* word in connection with yourself, as coolly as though you were speaking of that rose-tree. Ah, by-the-way, Mary, is that the plant from which comes the half-opened rose which has been your daily offering to me of late?"

"Yes, Henry, it bears the prettiest early roses we have; I am sorry they are so nearly gone."

"Yes, and there is a sentiment in your simple gift, a rose-bud which I may always find beside my breakfast plate; whose sweet breath mingles with the aroma of my coffee, and which I may twirl in my teeth while I glance over the Gazette, and wear in my button-hole half the morning."

One evening, soon after the above conversation took place, Elliot announced to his wife that business called him to New York for a short time, and that he should be obliged to leave home the next morning, in the seven o'clock train of cars. At her husband's request, Mary, who was an early riser, promised to waken him in time, and see that an early breakfast was provided, as, from the depot being distant, he would have to leave home by half past six.

Poor Mary was troubled and restless that night; she did not close her eyes until near morning, and as a natural consequence, overslept herself. She was awakened by her husband calling her name, in a sharp, impatient voice. She dressed hurriedly and descended to the breakfast-room to find there no sign of breakfast, although it was already half past six. Her cook was a new one, and as it proved, dilatory and untrustworthy. Henry soon came down with his handsome face distorted with ill humor, and his tones petulant as a schoolboy's. He did not seem to hear Mary's apologies, or to notice her mortification and distress. He could not reach the depot in time if he stayed for his breakfast, which he *would* not go without; so declared his intention of waiting for the nine o'clock train, though the delay might cause him serious inconvenience. When breakfast was at length served, Elliot jerked his chair up to the table with violent impatience, and sat a moment silently, but with his brows heavily charged with domestic thunder. He then found the steak overdone; pronounced the coffee execrable, and pushing it from him, ordered tea. While Mary was making this, he pulled to pieces her daily love-token, her good-morning flower, which lay by his plate. When his unsatisfactory meal was concluded, he in vain sought consolation in the



morning paper. He pronounced it "trashy," "stupid," "dishonest," flung it from him in disgust, and began walking the room vigorously back and forth.

At length his wife, looking up timidly as he passed her, said,

"Tell me, Henry, just how soon you will return home."

"Return home! I don't see as I am ever to *leave* home at this rate! I cannot tell precisely; why are you so extremely anxious to know?"

"Because dear, it seems that I cannot part with you for a long time, *now*. I have such strange, sad forebodings; I feel that all is not right *here*, that my heart is really diseased, and ——"

"Say rather your *imagination* is diseased!" said Henry, interrupting her. "Do you put more faith in your own foolish fancies than in the skill of such a physician as Dr. Arnold? Why, Mary, it would seem that you introduced this subject again at this time, to render me anxious and uncomfortable while I am absent."

To this harsh charge Mary only replied, "Oh, Henry, how unjust!" and sat tearfully watching her husband as he walked the room more rapidly and pertinaciously than ever.

"There is a person waiting to see you, in the office, sir," said a servant, appearing at the door. As Henry took up his hat to go, Mary laid her hand on his arm, and said gently, "May I look for you by Saturday afternoon, next week?"

With greater impatience than he had yet shown, Elliot replied, "When my business will allow me to return, expect me, not before."

At that moment, none might tell which of these two was most profoundly wretched; the husband, who closed the door hastily and went forth with a proud, stern look, but a remorseful heart, or the wife, who gazed mournfully after him, then sank into a seat, covering her face with her hands, and weeping bitterly.

Elliot, who had been detained in his office until somewhat after the time fixed upon for leaving, at length came hurriedly into the house and bounded up stairs to the nursery to take leave of his little daughter. She was in her mother's arms, and Mary looked up with a faint, sad smile. Henry spoke not, but folded them both in a long, close embrace. As he kissed his wife for the last time, her tears fell upon his cheek. Ah, they burned into his heart like lava! He yearned to say, "forgive me!" but the term was a stranger to his lips, and he was silent. As he turned away, Mary rose, and taking Blanche by the hand, followed him down the stairs, and through the long hall, and they two stood in the portico to watch his going. The last look that Elliot caught of them through the carriage window, showed him Blanche with her little hand shading her eyes from the sunlight; but he remarked that the hand of Mary was pressed close against her heart.

At midnight, just a week from the time of his leaving for New York, Henry Elliot reached his home. He had written once during his absence, though but a hasty note, and had received an affectionate reply from Mary. Yet his mind had been ill at ease, and he had hurried home sooner than was expected. There was no one up to receive him, and letting himself in with his pass-key, he stole softly up stairs, careful not to awaken the household. He first sought the nursery, to see if it was "well with the child." The fair creature lay in all the exquisite gracefulness of infantile repose; with one hand against her rosy cheek, and her soft golden hair floating over the pillow. The father's heart yearned over her in unspeakable tenderness, and he raised his eyes in mute thankfulness to Heaven. Suddenly the child turned, and moaned in her sleep; then slowly opened her eyes, raised herself in the bed, and began weeping silently, a touching peculiarity of the little girl's always. When she saw her father, she sprang to his embrace, and nestled against his breast. When he questioned her why she wept,

she said, "Nurse put me to bed without letting me go to mamma, for her good-night kiss."

After a little soothing, Elliot left his daughter, fast falling into another sleep, and entered the chamber of his wife. The room was dimly lighted, and had a strange stillness to him. He listened in vain for the sound of the deep-drawn breath of slumber. He walked softly to the bed, and drew aside the snowy curtains, saying "Mary!"

She was lying there before him, but she did not start up at the sound of the beloved voice; she was very pale; her hands were folded on her bosom. Great Heaven! *she was dead.*

With one long, wild cry of unutterable anguish, Henry Elliot threw himself beside his lifeless Mary; caught her cold form to his breast; called her fond names, and kissed her cold lips and closed eyes, as with a terrible transport, in the passion of his agony!

But one took him at last almost by force from her, and led him from the room. This was Mr. Hamilton, the desolate father of Mary, who, unperceived by Elliot, had been sitting on the opposite side of the bed, the sole watcher by his dead child.

Poor Mary had died very suddenly, on the morning of the day of her husband's return. She had been reading, as was her usual custom, a portion of the sacred Book, to her dear father. It happened that she came to that most beautiful and divine passage of the Psalmist, "He giveth his beloved sleep," and she paused and said, "I never so felt the peculiar blessedness of this passage as now."

"And why, my child?" said her father.

"Because for a long time I have not slept well; not known real repose. This troublesome nervous affection"—suddenly she started—dropped the volume she had been reading, pressed her hand to her side, and with a succession of sharp, quick cries, fell forward in a swoon. From this she partly revived, but though medical aid was promptly

summoned, she did not regain her full consciousness till just at the last, when she spoke once, these words very faintly, "My dear ones! bring them also home, Oh Christ, my Redeemer!"

In little more than an hour from the time when she sat reading by her father's side, supported on his breast, she breathed out her pure life, and her meek spirit returned to the sheltering bosom of the Divine Father, who "giveth his beloved sleep."

The flowery May-turf was broken in the beautiful cemetery of —, for one more grave 'neath the cool shadows and beside the clear waters, and Mary Elliot was laid to her rest, with all the loveliness of nature in her loveliest season gathered about her. But though the light and warmth of sunshine, and the warbling of innumerable birds were abroad in the air above her, down low, where she was lying, there were but cold, and darkness, and silence. The place of the dead may be made a paradise to the outward sight, but to the spirit that has loved and mourned, it is ever sadder, and wilder, and more fearfully desolate than a desert land.

The day succeeding that on which Henry Elliot had seen the grave close over the chosen of his heart, the bride of his youth, he was sitting in his favorite room, with his child upon his knee, gazing fixedly upon a portrait of the lost one, which hung opposite to him. Blanche had fallen asleep, leaning against her poor father's widowed heart, and his fast-dropping tears gleamed in her golden hair.

Suddenly Henry's glance fell on a rose-tree, which stood on a flower-stand, at his side. It was that from which Mary for many weeks had been accustomed to take daily a half-opened flower for him. It now bore one single rose, the last of the season, and to this was attached a small slip of paper. This Elliot eagerly removed and read, "*For Henry.*"

Oh, how like his lost Mary! In her loving care, in the exquisite refinement of her beautiful devotion, jealously watchful lest another should take even a rose-bud dedicated

to him, the one beloved ! Oh, as he tenderly severed that rose from the stalk, bedewed its delicate petals with tears, and pressed them apart with kisses, how did he look into the still, buried heart of his Mary, as he had never looked into it when it throbbed and glowed for him.

How did her life of gentle forbearance, of humility, patience and loving-kindness, rise up before him with sweet reproachfulness ! How she ever stood afar off, as he last beheld her ; with mournful eyes looking farewell through tears, and that hand pressed close against her heart.

From that hour the sacred rose, with those dear words wrapped around it, inclosed in a small locket, has been worn as the most hallowed of mementos, near the bereaved and softened heart of Henry Elliot. Around his darkened paths the love of his motherless child plays like tender starlight, and a still higher and diviner love hath come to his wounded spirit, " with healing in its wings." And yet the past haunts him, and must ever haunt him with its sweet and mournful visions ; and naught but the sound of a voice long passed from earth, can still his own soul's reproachful voices ; naught but a meeting in Heaven's full sunlight, may comfort him for that PARTING UNDER A CLOUD.

## FALLING IN LOVE.

A BUNDLE OF OTHER PEOPLE'S EXPERIENCES.

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I HAVE often thought that a very interesting and curious magazine article might be written by some one possessing more knowledge both of the affairs of the heart and the ways of the world than myself, on the strange influences that bring about, and the different circumstances which attend, that impressing of the heart and arresting of the fancy, called *falling in love*. This grand drama of the heart, though it too frequently has a tragical finale, has most often a comical beginning; this divine sentiment is inclined to be excessively merry in its youth, though it grows serious and terribly in earnest in aftertime; this mighty power which rules a world that fears while it adores, this Napoleon of the passions, has a rich fund of humor, and hosts of odd whims and fancies, under his imperial arrogance and tyranny.

True, deep, devoted love is a destiny, and therefore something awful as well as beautiful, yet there are many times circumstances, waiting on its first revelation, amusing and even ludicrous in their nature; and there are few, through whatever great deeps they may have passed, who can look back without a smile to that hour when they first felt in their startled hearts the awakening of emotions new and incomprehensible, yet strong as heaven.

With a few examples intended to illustrate the "little corporal's" novel plans for the surprise of the heart, which have mostly been related to me by the parties especially concerned, I hope to amuse my readers for twenty minutes or so. I will begin with one where it was literally *falling* in love.

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My friend, Fanny Weston, was a light-hearted, brilliant-looking, though not decidedly handsome young Kentuckian, who, having lost her parents, was brought north by her guardian, and placed under the care of an uncle in Albany, for the sake of attending one of the excellent seminaries of that good old Dutch city.

Fanny was distinguished in the large school in which she became a pupil, for her fine talent, wit and spirit, and loved for her gay, merry nature, and genuine kindness of heart. She was generous and brave enough to become the voluntary champion of the poor and ill-used girls against overbearing teachers and vulgarly aristocratic pupils — for some of such, it seems, must darken the little sunshine of every school. To be brief, our heroine was a fine, cheerful, natural, truthful girl, whose person and manner were full of character. I liked her well from our first meeting.

It chanced that one winter morning, as Fanny set out from her uncle's handsome residence for school, she found the walking most perilously slippery. It had rained in torrents and then frozen hard, the night before, and left all the way and every thing covered and glittering with ice. The level sidewalk was like glass, and pedestrian after pedestrian measured his length upon the treacherous flags — a most involuntary measure — cutting strange capers in the air as he went down. Now, our Fanny had a quick eye for the ludicrous, and an almost wicked enjoyment of the small misfortunes of others when they had any ridiculous points about them; so she laughed like a little "tricksy elf" at the sudden downfall and hurried up-struggle of slim youth and

burly citizen, as she picked her dainty way schoolward that frosty winter morning; utterly careless and fearless, meanwhile, believing herself as agile and sure-footed as a wild chamois on its native hills.

At length her attention became absorbed in the progress of an individual, behind whom she walked for a considerable distance. This was an antiquated exquisite, consequential and corpulent to an imposing degree, with a gait half swagger, half roll. Fanny watched his course eagerly, almost impatiently, actually holding her breath for the catastrophe which she felt *must* be the inevitable ill which so much flesh was heir to. It came at last; "and what a fall was there!" It shook all the glass in front of — hotel; upon my word it did! Then that mischievous gipsy with whom we have to do, stopped short and gave a scream of merriment, throwing back her head, as was her habit when she laughed heartily. As she did so, her feet slid from under her, and vainly flinging up her arms to save herself, she fell backward — but not to the ground! No; strong, manly arms caught her, and she looked up to see a handsome, smiling face, bending over her, and to hear, as she was lifted to her feet, a pleasant voice say, in a rather serious tone, "My dear young lady, *never laugh at the misfortunes of others.*"

With painful blushes, Fanny stammered out her thanks to the kind stranger, and went her way, but not before she had seen him hasten to the assistance of the fallen man, lift him up, and place his hat and cane in his hand.

This little incident was quite an adventure to Fanny; and though she was mortified at the part she had played in it, she could not regret that it had occurred. The courtesy and kindness of the stranger filled her thoughts; that handsome, smiling face haunted her; she wondered if she should ever see it again, and as she wondered she sighed unconsciously. Her lessons were sadly imperfect that day, but she seemed strangely unheeding of the surprise and gentle reprimand of her teacher.



As she reached home, she immediately sought her room, and flinging her cloak and hood on a stand, sat down, with her face buried in her hands, dreaming such wild, fantastic dreams as mock the creations of romance.

At last the dinner-bell roused her from her vague reverie, and making some slight additions to her simple toilet, and giving her rich chestnut hair a few careless strokes of the brush, she went below. The family were already seated at the table when she entered; she noticed that a stranger was among them, but his back was toward her. As she took her accustomed seat at the side of her uncle, he said, "My niece, Mr. Rossiter."

Fanny looked toward the guest, and as she did so her cheek became almost the deep color of the crimson merino dress she wore, for her eyes met *that* handsome, smiling face; the face of one who had occupied all her thoughts since morning. The recognition and the pleasure were mutual; the agreeable beginning of a most agreeable acquaintance.

Mr. Rossiter (he was the Honorable Mr. Rossiter, by the way, if being a member of the legislature might give him that title) was an old friend of Mr. Weston's, and Fanny remembered to have often heard him spoken of in her uncle's family with much apparent regard and admiration.

After this day, he came very frequently indeed, — more frequently, it was thought, than was quite consistent with his character as a statesman and his duty to his constituents, — to visit his old friend Weston. In truth, the affectionate relations subsisting between these two seemed like profane copies of the loves of David and Jonathan; quite after Damon and Pythias, and slightly suggestive of Orestes and Pylades.

It sometimes happened that Mr. Rossiter called when both Mr. and Mrs. Weston were absent, and as their young "olive branches" were scarce out of the nursery, Fanny was reduced to the dire necessity of doing the entire agreeable.

But they got along very well together, though she hardly bore her part in the conversation. Yet could the portraits on the parlor wall have heard, they might have remarked that the honorable gentleman was at such times more than usually eloquent; reciting parts of late speeches in the House, it may be; and could they have seen, they might have observed that he sometimes placed that handsome, smiling face very close to Fanny's cheek, to whisper some political secret into her ear, perhaps.

Now, our Hero was considerably older than our heroine; but Love can leap wider chasms than between nineteen and thirty-five. The coming of spring took Fanny finally from school, and Mr. Rossiter home to his anxious constituents.

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It was July when Mr. Rossiter paid another visit to his dear old friend, at his country house, a few miles out of the city. He was received by Mr. and Mrs. Weston with some surprise, but much cordiality. After a reasonable time, he inquired for Fanny, and was directed to an arbor in a remote part of the large garden, where she usually spent her mornings. Rossiter walked thither with a quick but noiseless step. He came up behind her as she stood at the entrance of the arbor, tying up a straggling rose-tree. He stepped so softly, and breathed so low, that she did not hear him till he called her name almost in her ear, and she looked up into that handsome, smiling face once more!

I have said it was midsummer, but you would have sworn that the garden-walk was covered with winter ice, had you seen how suddenly and involuntarily Fanny again fell into those arms extended to receive her.

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"A FINE old English gentleman" once told me the story of his first falling earnestly in love, which relation struck me as something rather unique.

Mr. Rivers, my friend, was in early life a merchant of large property, and, judging from his present prepossessing appearance, of remarkable personal attractions. He was thoroughly, if not highly educated, and with just sufficient refinement to temper, not to enervate the strong manliness of his character.

It happened that, one season, the society of the manufacturing town in which he resided, received a great addition in the person of a young, beautiful and elegant Creole widow, from Guadeloupe, who, on the death of her husband, an English sea-captain, had been invited to make her home among his relations in M——.

Our friend, Mr. Rivers, seemed especially attracted by this stranger-lady's loveliness and accomplishments. The dark type of her beauty was new to him, and the soft, tender character of her face, might well have captivated him without aid from a form of noble proportions and almost voluptuous fullness. But though his brain sometimes grew dizzy with pleasurable but half-bewildering sensations, his breast heaved with no tumult of emotion; in truth, his fancy was alone fascinated; his heart had no ruinous amount of interest at stake in the matter.

One evening during the Christmas holidays, our hero attended a small social party where he was to meet Madame Hortense, as Mrs. Middleton was usually named. She was the first object on which his eyes fell as he entered the drawing-room; and a regal looking creature was she, with her grand figure, her pale, classic face and her languid attitude, as she half-reclined on a softly-cushioned sofa. She was dressed in black velvet, with a profusion of lace; her neck, shoulders and arms exposed, and her wealth of dark hair partly confined by a crimson net.

Strongly in contrast with her was a lady who sat in the farther corner of the sofa; a short, plump, little figure, with a peculiarly English face and air, a fine bust and arm, lovely hands, a fair neck, blooming cheeks and lips, blue

eyes and blonde hair. She was dressed very simply in white, and appeared quite young.

As Mr. Rivers drew near this sweet, home-like looking girl, she smiled pleasantly. What teeth she showed when she smiled! What dimples broke over her sunshiny face! Rivers looked bewildered at first, but soon stepped eagerly forward and cordially extended his hand, with a "Why, Mary, is it you?"

It seemed that Mary Stevens had been quite a pet of his in her childhood, but having been absent from M——, at school, for five or six years, had nearly grown out of his recollection.

Rivers lingered for some time in friendly conversation by his old favorite, and then turned away and took his customary position near the enchanting widow. His wit and spirit seldom failed to rouse her to something like animation, and this evening she seemed quite playful in her humor. Something at length he said which appeared to pique her, and she suddenly caught up the sofa-cushion on which her dimpled elbow had rested, and flung it at the culprit's head. It took effect; and as she saw that he was about to return the compliment, she rose and extended her superb arms to receive it. Phidias, what an attitude!—a thought too languid and studied, perhaps, but still magnificent. But when she came to toss back the cushion in her turn, how gently and softly was it done! It had scarce momentum enough to reach its destination. And then her little, low, birdie laugh, and her sweet, plaintive cry of, "Ah, ah, too hard! Ruthless barbarian, you will annihilate me! 'Pon my word, I am half dead with fatigue! But I will have the last throw, if I die for it!"

At length the cushion missed its fair mark, and passing her, hit our friend Mary in the face. With a quick spring from the sofa, she flung it back, so well directed and with such force as to almost stagger the laughing young man as it beat against his head. Another instant, and it came rushing

back again, was caught and returned with added impetus. And so it continued for some minutes on its swift journeys back and forth; and there she stood, the mischievous little maiden, in a posture graceful yet bold, swaying rapidly this way and that, her shining curls falling over her glowing face, and her clear, childish laugh ringing out merrily all the while as she tossed and caught with the vigor and agility of a wild zingara.

Rivers was carried away with the excitement and merriment of the play, and immensely delighted with that charming preservation of nature which he perceived in the fair pet of his boyhood. He said to me, "Her first spirited spring from the sofa pleased me; her first vigorous fling of the cushion made an impression on my heart, and every succeeding hit but drove it in. Ah! that was a game when every throw won! I could have flung sofa-cushions with her for ever."

At last the announcement of dinner put an end to this somewhat rude sport, and it was observed that Mr. Rivers handed out "that wild Miss Stevens," in preference to the elegant Madame Hortense.

Said my friend, "You will scarcely be surprised when I tell you that it did not take a great length of time to get me in love with good, hearty, lovable nature, after my brief infatuation with soulless art, and that long before the next Christmas holidays I had asked that dear little hoyden to allow me henceforth to furnish the sofa-cushions with which she should see fit to pelt my devoted head.

"And thus my Mary won me."

I would merely remark that this were well enough *for once*, but that I would not advise my young lady readers to attempt impressing the hearts of their admirers indiscriminately by a process so indirect at best, and, it might be, so perilous. "Circumstances alter cases," and there is a vast difference in heads.

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EDWARD MORTON, an eminent young lawyer of Boston, was one day riding in great haste out of the city to execute some important papers for a country client, when he met a cart heavily loaded with furniture of a rich description. As this passed him, his eye fell on a picture in an elegant frame, from which the canvass covering had fallen. It was placed high in the farther end of the cart, and thus perfectly exposed to his gaze — his admiring gaze, for it was the portrait of a surpassingly beautiful woman. Morton had never seen such eyes, such lips, such hair, such a neck, such arms — in short, such a face and figure; and his susceptible heart glowed and palpitated with an admiration which was already half love. He checked his horse, and looking backward, gazed and gazed till he could no longer distinguish a feature of the portrait, and then wheeled and galloped after it. Through street after street he followed that sluggish vehicle, vainly hoping to see it pause at its final destination, till suddenly the thought of his important engagement brought him to a dead halt. With one last lingering look at "that adorable face," as he mentally called it, he turned his horse's head and rode rapidly away. As he galloped along, he began to think on the name which he had observed written on some of the boxes contained in the cart, which was simply, "*T. Williams.*" He soon remembered that he once became quite intimately acquainted with one Tom Williams, an open-hearted, joyous, regular "fine fellow," while on a voyage to Cuba, some years before, for the benefit of his health, when Tom had gone out on business for a house in New Bedford. There was a bare possibility that this was the identical Tom; he would see.

A few days subsequently, Morton addressed a note to his friend, saying that he had heard that he was in the city! asking where he might be found, and stating his affectionate wish to renew, if perfectly agreeable to him, the pleasant old ship-board friendship. The next day, sure enough,

brought a reply from *the* Tom ; a long, hearty, gossiping letter, in which he informed Morton that he had married "a glorious little woman," and having come into possession of a large property, had concluded to bring his "Penates, his wife and wife's sister, to Boston, take up his abode in Beacon Street, and enjoy life." He closed with a very warm invitation to his friend to come and see them all, as soon as he felt a real impulse to do a fellow-creature a kindness.

The morning that Morton called on his friend, he spent an unconscionably long time at his toilet. This was quite excusable in him, though he was wild enough to hope to behold the original of the portrait, and to hope that it was not Mrs. Williams, for he was really so handsome a man as to require much less than others I have known, the foreign aid of dress. But some men are not content to be *killing* — they would discharge a revolver at the heart-feminine and fairly riddle their mark.

Morton was received in a handsome parlor by his friend Tom, who met him with the liveliest expressions of pleasure. He regretted, he said, that Mrs. Williams was absent "on the grand tour of the shops ; but," he continued, "her sister, Miss Ford, is at home, and you shall see her ; she's a splendid girl," and saying this he darted off to summon her.

As he left the room, Morton looked around him with a searching glance ; pictures enough met his eager gaze, but not *that* one. He rose and passed through the folding-doors into the opposite parlor, and there, just over the piano, it hung ! With a low exclamation of delight, Morton paused before it and stood with folded arms, gazing upon its marvellous beauty with all his soul in his eyes.

"Who is she ? — the wife ? Heaven forbid ! The sister ? No, no ; Tom's a lucky dog, and it must be the wife. Perhaps a mere fancy picture. Pshaw !"

Absorbed in these conflicting conjectures, our hero did not hear steps approaching over the thick, Wilton carpet, and started and whirled suddenly as Williams, calling his name, begged to present him to Miss Ford.

The original of the portrait stood before him !

She stood before him lovelier, if possible, than her pictured semblance.

\* \* \* \* \*

Three months had passed away, and it was a tranquil midsummer night, when moonlight and starlight lit up the ocean and slept on the shore. A brave cavalier and a fair maiden — to be more plain, Mr. Edward Morton and Miss Ellen Ford were riding together on the "long beach" at Nahant. He was then telling her, for the first time, the rather ludicrous story of his first meeting with her portrait, and she was laughing merrily at the recital. Yet there were tears on her cheek — you might see them glistening in the moonlight ! Whence these sprang I cannot divine, though surely he had been telling her another story before this ; but he had told that very indifferently, with none of his usual ease of manner and elegance of diction. He had colored and stammered as his heart came blundering out, without the slightest assistance from his head ; and she had evidently pitied his strange embarrassment, for once she impulsively stretched out her hand and placed it in his ; which was very kind and encouraging, certainly.

\* \* \* \* \*

I received the above little history from my friend Morton's own lips, during a recent visit to his charming home. What led to the subject was this : Ellen, now a matron of thirty-five, with her beauty and youthful spirit in fine preservation, had just been re-furnishing her parlors very elegantly and fashionably, and was endeavoring to gain her husband's consent to the banishment of her now antiquated portrait from its conspicuous place over the piano.

We were all seated on the rose-shaded portico, one summer evening, when she began —

" Now, Edward, do be reasonable, and let me have that picture moved up stairs. How horribly ugly and old-



fashioned the dress is — that short waist and those enormous sleeves ! ”

“ I always liked that style of sleeve,” rejoined Morton, “ it has a rich appearance.”

“ Pshaw ! where is your artistic taste ? How would it look in sculpture, now ? ”

“ But, Ellen dear,” replied Edward, making a wry face in spite of himself at the thought of “ balloon sleeves ” in marble, “ had it not been for that picture I should never have seen *you*.”

“ Ah, I know that all too well,” she rejoined, with a saucy toss of the head.

“ I declare, Nell,” replied Edward, laughingly, “ I believe you are jealous of that picture, for you know that it is a devilish sight handsomer than —— ”

A spring forward from Ellen, a cry of “ You impudent old fellow ! ” and a clutch at the still luxuriant curls of Edward ; a quick dodging on his part, and a rushing down the steps ; then a racing and chasing of both through the garden, followed by the little ones ; much laughter and loss of breath on all sides. And “ now my story ’s done.”

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ALBERT MORRIS was a young Philadelphian of family, wealth, fine talent, considerable beauty, and, *mirabile dictu !* with all these, an honest, feeling heart, acute sensibility, and pure, correct moral principles.

It chanced, that one sunny afternoon in October, this unexceptionable young hero of ours was sauntering down Chestnut street, in a listless, or rather unhappy mood, his brows lowering, and his eyes glancing about with a look of restless discontent. Now, what possible trouble or annoyance could come nigh so charming and fortunate a young man ? He had but lately returned from a long summer tour, somewhat over-wearied with pleasure and excitement, and with the querulous *qui bono* of satiety upon his lips ; but he

had come home to a pleasant family circle, wherein he had once found his greatest happiness. Ah, I may as well tell the secret of his heart, though he at that time had never told it. There was one, who had not returned from her summer journeying to her city home ; one whose society he missed there, though the loss had not pressed heavily upon his spirits elsewhere. Now, to walk alone where he had often walked with her, or to visit those places of amusement whither he had been wont to accompany her, filled him with feelings of unrest and loneliness absolutely oppressive.

He began to perceive that if not actually in love, he was on the dreamy confines of that enchanted realm, taking in the first intoxicating breathings of its delicious atmosphere. He felt that there was a young plant hid far down in his heart, nourished long by the rich soil of poetry, and the pure dew of romance, which needed but to have the clear sunlight of sympathy let in upon it, to take a deep, warm color, and expand into a gracious flower.

Morris had first met Miss Atwood at a brilliant party given in her honor on her return from Europe, where she had spent nearly two years ; and he was first delighted to find that, unlike most young tourists, she could converse without letting her sentences of good hearty English become disjointed by German, go off in nervous spasms of French, or faint away into Italian. She did not talk like a guide-book, of —

The Venus, Vatican, old Virgil's tomb ;  
 The Corso, Carnival, St Peter's dome ;  
 The Pantheon and the Coliseum,  
 Grim with gray ruin's *vestigeum* ;  
 Venice, Vesuvius, Valambrosa,  
 Mont Blanc, Mont Etna and Mont Rosa,  
 And the *Ægæum Mare* ;  
 The " lordly Rhine " and " arrowy Rhone,"  
 Brussels, Bordeaux, Bayonne, Boulogne ;  
 A trip from Frankfort to Cologne,  
 And " dear, delightful Paris ! "

Miss Atwood was an undeniable beauty, and a belle of much celebrity. Her taste in dress was exquisite, though rather on the magnificent order. She had many accomplishments, a keen wit, and some genius; so it is little wonder that, as far as she had revealed herself, she had been enchanting to the poetical and somewhat impressible Albert Morris. It was spring when they first met, and before their both leaving the city for the summer, dreams wondrous pleasant, in which the peerless belle always appeared, became perilously frequent with him; and in the daytime I am not sure but that he thought of her even oftener than on his beloved sister, once his daily companion, but now married to an army officer, and immured in a fort on the frontier, where alone grand scenery, a select library, a fine band, a charming husband and a cherub child, preserved her from dying of *ennui*.

And Miss Atwood? Why, she smiled sweetly on all he said or did, and bent herself toward him slightly, very slightly, from the pedestal of her pride. With a most comfortable faith in her own irresistibility, she evidently considered the heart of every man she met as a kind of fruit, very ripe and very soft, and only waiting the least possible shake on her part, to fall into her hand, or at her feet.

But let us return to that walk of our hero's down Chestnut street.

Suddenly he gave an eager look forward, his eye brightened, his cheek flushed, and his step quickened! Surely he could not mistake that form, that gait, that air; no, it *was* Clara Atwood! She did not see him, or seemed not to mark him till they were almost face to face. Then she smiled, blushed, and paused a moment, as Morris, lifting his hat, inquired with a joyful air when she arrived in town?

"Only last night," she replied; and after a few words more, passed on.

Morris, his heart filled with indescribable emotion, involuntarily turned his head to look after her. As he did so, he remarked that as she swept along with her half-nonchalant,

half-haughty gait, the fringe of her rich mantilla caught on the edge of a basket borne by a poor old woman, who was hobbling along with a crutch. The basket was filled and piled up with fine large oranges, and as Miss Atwood gave an impatient pull to extricate the fringe, she half upset this basket — purposely, it was evident — and out rolled a golden shower of oranges. With no expression of regret but with a frown like midnight, and a cool “You should keep out of the way!” she passed majestically on, and entered Levy’s inviting doors. The old woman stood the image of despair. A poor feeble cripple, jostled by the fashionable throng, she could not help herself in this sad extremity. Surprised, indignant, and shocked beyond expression, Morris, with one of his quick humane impulses, turned back to assist her; but he was too late, for a slight, graceful figure sprang forward, and two dear little white-gloved hands began picking up the oranges, and replacing them in the basket of the grateful old dame, and a sweet, kind voice said, “Oh, do not thank me; it is nothing;” and then Morris caught a glimpse of a fair young face, not a beautiful face, but one fresh and sunny, and wearing an expression pure and noble, and good withal. He saw large brown eyes, filled with soul, and warm red lips tremulous with feeling, and a clear broad brow stamped with intellect, over which waved hair of a dark rich shade. All these he saw underneath a little cottage bonnet of white silk, unadorned by ribbon, lace, or flowers, for the young being before him was that sweetest of imaginable creatures, a pretty Philadelphia Quakeress.

At that moment, the soulless statue Albert had half-deified by his admiring homage fell from its pedestal, and a fair idea of womanly loveliness, sanctified by *goodness*, mounted triumphantly to its place.

Do not condemn my hero, when I say, that he followed at a respectful distance behind the young Quakeress, as she walked up Chestnut street, then turned and passed up Seventh to Arch, and up Arch almost to Broad. Finally,

she ran lightly up some dazzling white marble steps, and entered a plain, but elegant-looking mansion. As Morris, passed, he glanced at the door-plate. It bore his own name, and with a feeling, half pleasure, half pain, he recollected that here resided a distant relative of his father's. There had once been some differences between the families, and all intercourse had been long since suspended.

As might have been anticipated, Mr. Albert Morris suddenly became an active peace maker. Such cold feelings of estrangement between those connected by the ties of kindred, was unnatural, unchristian, and ought no longer to exist! Thus he argued, until his mother (now a widow), and his nice obliging sisters, set forth on a visit of conciliation, or rather reconciliation. This was perfectly successful, and soon the long frozen tide of social intercourse flowed again sunny and swift.

Oh, such times as the two families had together! Such morning walks and rides, and then such sociable evening gatherings, for all sorts of innocent and sensible enjoyment! Indeed, it was all pleasanter and better, and more delightful every way than I can tell.

I surely need not say how glad was Albert in his heart, when he listened daily to the praises of "dear, gifted Cousin Annie," from his affectionate sisters and enthusiastic young brothers, and even from his thoughtful, intelligent mother. Ah, the little heathen divinity's "fairy barque" sometimes has smooth sailing, say what they will.

It happened that Annie was deep in the study of the German at that time, and Albert presently discovered that he really must rub up his knowledge of that grand language. After this, what enchanted "long mornings," what charming jaw-dislocating hours they spent over Goethe and Grabbe, and Gessner and Gleim, and Pfeffel and Pfizer, and Fichte and Frielgrath, and Richter and Raprechtsweil, and Knebel and Kleist, and Klopstock and Kotzebue, and Korner and

Knaust, and Schulze and Schlegel, and Schelling and Schleiermacher, and Zedlitz and Zschokke !

But the time came, when it was away with these old fellows ! and let the heart speak through lips and eyes, and " little unobserved acts," a poetry more delicious, an eloquence more subduing.

\* \* \* \* \*

" My dear Albert," said Annie Morris, now two months a wife, " what possessed thee to send home that enormous orange tree ? I could scarcely find room for it in our conservatory."

" Ah, Annie," he replied, " I love the orange ; it is a sacred fruit to me."

" Now, what canst thou mean ? " said the little wife, with some surprise.

" Listen to me, then, my love," he rejoined. " As by the apple Adam lost his paradise, so by the orange have I found mine. What, still mystified ? Ah, bless you, and bless all crippled old orange women, say I ! "

" Oh, Albert," cried Annie, blushing deeply and smiling through tears, as she wound her arms round the neck of her young husband, " didst thou see that ? I was a little ashamed at the time, there were so many looking at me ; but I could not help it."

" To be sure you could not help it ; your hands go about such work on their own account. Help it, indeed ! "

\* \* \* \* \*

On the morning after the little street incident which was the stepping-stone to the happy fortune of Albert Morris, Miss Clara Atwood was seated in her most graceful attitude on a purple velvet sofa, in an elegant parlor, awaiting a call from that self-same young gentleman. There came a ring at the door, and presently a servant entered, bearing a basket, a pretty little French affair, filled with oranges, and a card, on which was written, "*with the compliments of A. M.*"

The cheek, neck and brow of the haughty beauty became crimson, as she dashed the significant offering to the floor.

Last winter she was married ; well, all the world said. She has a large house on Walnut street, a fine country seat, a magnificent carriage, and her servants sport a dashing livery. In short, luxury and display surround her. She is still beautiful, brilliant, witty, gay, and it may be, happy ; but I do not think that she ever cultivates orange trees in her conservatories.

# COPYRIGHT,

## AUTHORS, AND AUTHORSHIP.

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[The following article originally appeared anonymously, in the Saturday Evening Post of Philadelphia.]

A SHORT time since a friend of ours, a gentleman connected with the press, being in favor of an International Copyright Law, and feeling an interest in the encouragement of native genius by adequate pecuniary compensation, applied to many of our first authors for their opinions concerning these subjects, leaving them at liberty to embody their sentiments in the form of poems, letters, or sketches. But our friend, being called to the defence of his country, in the midst of his labors of love, left in our hands the important documents. It will be seen that the collection was not complete, several authors of note not having reported themselves; but such as it is, we give it to the public, to read and ponder and inwardly digest.

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A CALL FOR A CONVENTION OF AUTHORS,  
AT FANEUIL HALL,  
TO DISCUSS THE QUESTION OF INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

BY J. G. W.

Ho, wielders of the mighty pen !  
Men of the rolling eye !  
Ye who have heaved around the world  
Thought's surges, vast and high, —



Come mingle in a brother-band —  
Come, authors, great and small,  
In common cause join heart and hand,  
And throng to Faneuil Hall !

Ho, ancient Harvard's youthful sage !  
Long-fellow of the Nine !  
Shall this day's sun's astonished rays  
On thy *short-comings* shine ?  
Ho, Lowell, Pierpont, Emerson,  
We 're friends and brothers all, —  
Ho, Taylor, Poe, Duganne and Read,  
Away to Faneuil Hall !

Cut short that sonnet, Tuckerman !  
Prentiss, give o'er that jest !  
Holmes, spare that pun — Friend Sigourney,  
Let thy deceased friend rest !  
Ho, brother Burleigh, leave " the cause " —  
Slaves, masters, chains and all !  
Let 's battle for *ourselves* awhile —  
Be off, to Faneuil Hall !

Ho, true and valiant Brigadier !  
Resign thy loved employ,  
Stay not to doff chapeau and sword,  
Come up, and bring " mi boy ! "  
Bryant, for once forsake thy *Post*,  
Type, scissors, devil and all !  
Ho, Halleck, cut the counting-house,  
And haste to Faneuil Hall !

Ho, ye Corinnes and Sapphos fair,  
In Lowell factories dwelling !  
Where 'mid the ceaseless hum of wheels,  
Your song goes on, up-swelling, —

Turn from your spindles and your looms,  
Responsive to our call,  
Come, cheer us in our glorious *strike*,  
And throng to Faneuil Hall !

Old Russia's proud and well-fed bards,  
Cast on us scoffs and jibes !  
And Turks bless Allah by the hour  
They're not poor Yankee scribes !  
Ho, on the spirits of our sires,  
On freedom, truth, we'll call !  
And for our rights, our copy-rights,  
We'll rock old Faneuil Hall !

*Not pay us* for our toils of thought !  
The struggling of our brains !  
By old George Fox, the indignant blood  
Is lava in my veins !  
Shame on our country and its laws !  
Strike, let the Bastille fall !  
Down with the tyrant Publishers !  
Hurrah for Faneuil Hall !

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#### A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

BY J. R. C.

A FEW months since, on going to our office, we every morning met a little girl, some nine or ten years of age. She was a slight, fair-haired child, with a colorless cheek and a large blue eye, beaming and humid. On her arm she carried a light basket, filled with simple flowers, which she timidly offered to the passers-by. As morning after morning we met the young stranger, we grew more and more inter-

ested in her — the little bunch of flowers, which we always purchased, as it caught our eye during the labors of the day, brought that pale, sad face, and that fragile form vividly before us. We were confident she must have a history to relate, touching and strange, it might be, and we resolved to question her concerning it. One morning, after purchasing the usual bouquet, we kindly inquired if she had always pursued her present employment.

“ Oh no, sir,” she replied, “ we were once respectable and happy, when father followed the carpenter’s trade, and supported his family comfortably. We had a nice cottage home, and brothers and I went to school, and I had books and flowers, and such darling little birds! Oh, sir, we were very happy then ! ”

“ Did your father die ? ” we asked.

“ No, sir, but he suddenly took to — ”

Here the poor child burst into tears, and sobbed bitterly. In a saddened tone we finished her sentence —

“ To drinking ? ”

“ No ! ”

“ To gaming ? ”

“ No, sir, *to writing books !* ”

“ Alas, poor unfortunate ! ” we mentally exclaimed, “ thy destiny is indeed a hard one.”

\* \* \* \* \*

We had returned to the city after a few weeks’ absence at the seashore. We entered upon our daily routine of toil ; we fell into our usual train of thought ; but we became conscious of a vague feeling of unrest ; there was something wanting, — we missed the little flower-girl, in our morning walk.

One afternoon, a stranger entered our office. He was thin as a shade, and his face was of a ghastly pallor. His coat was threadbare, and he wore a worn and lustreless hat, encircled by a weed. He was an author, and had called to advertise a work, which was being published. On learning

his name, we knew him the unfortunate father of the little flower-girl, and with sad forebodings we questioned of his daughter. Alas, our fears were but too prophetic! Melissa Smith had gone the way of all her flowers; had faded from the earth! — but the memory of the meek and suffering child, like a pleasant perfume, floats about us still.

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## TO A YOUNG POET.

BY W. C. B.

WHITHER, past scented fop,  
Airing his moustache at the close of day,  
Past club-house, play-house, restaurant and shop,  
Dost hold thy pensive way?

Vainly the belle's cold eye  
Marks scornfully thy general want of ton,  
As wrapt in poet-visions proud and high,  
Thou sternly stridest on.

Seek'st thou the publisher,  
With that huge manuscript beneath thine arm?  
Is no good angel near thee to deter  
With whispers of alarm?

There is a power to whom  
It hath been given thy sky to overcast;  
The sons of genius have one common doom, —  
*Poor devils* to the last!

Day after day thou 'st striven,  
At that far height, thy lone cold garret-home,  
Cheered by wild hopes like stars in midnight heaven,  
Of guerdons yet to come.

Yet soon those hopes shall end ;  
 Soon shalt thou cease thine unrewarded lay,  
 Or starve among thy fellows. Harkee, friend,  
 Cut all the Nine, I pray !

Thou 'rt gone, the Harpers' house of doom  
 Hath swallowed up thy form ; yet through my heart  
 Thy dimly shadowed fate hath shed a gloom  
 Which shall not all depart.

My sanctum I will seek,  
 There doff the bard, and don the politician,  
 To pen a leader that may live a week —  
 Ye gods ! a glorious mission !

True, 't is no " toil divine,"  
 Like pouring out one's soul in deathless lays,  
 Around one's name immortal wreaths to twine ;  
 But then — but then, *it pays !*

## A TALE OF HORROR.

BY E. A. P.

— " *Tenet insanabile multos*  
*Scribendi cacoethes.*" — JUVENAL.

I DID not see the lad. To that I will take an oath — any oath you please, on the Bible, the Koran, or Tooke's Pantheon. I did not see the lad ; yet I knew that he was behind me ; that he had followed me for several squares up Broadway. I knew that he wore but one shoe ; I knew also that he was *black*, though I will again swear that I did not see his *shadow*. "*How did you know all this ?*" impatiently demands my reader. Simply by my analytical faculty — by

resolving thought into its constituent elements. This was the *magnum arcanum* of my certain, and at first view, mysterious knowledge of these facts. Thus I knew that it was *myself* he was following, because, amid all the hurrying crowd, he had maintained so close a proximity, that I could distinctly hear his labored respiration. I knew that he wore but one shoe, by the different sounds made by the two feet in descending. "But how knew you that he was *black*?" I answer, *Ex pede Herculem* — by the peculiar *slapping* sound made by the *bare* foot upon the pavement. That the foot of the Africo-American is *flat*, is a fact sufficiently authenticated by common observation. The somewhat hyperbolic expression in the popular ballad goes also to confirm it:

"The *hollow* of her foot makes a *hole* in the ground."

Suddenly I turned upon the lad, and said sternly, "Snow-ball, what want you with me?" The boy absolutely shrieked with surprise and terror, his ebony complexion changed to a ghastly blue, and his enormous eyes rolled up till not a particle of the iris was visible.

When sufficiently recovered, he placed in my hand a soiled and crumpled note, on reading which, I ordered him to conduct me immediately to a place therein designated. On, on, deeper and deeper, into the most squalid and heaven-forgotten portions of the city, was I led by my urchin-guide. At length we paused before a tumble-down-castle of a building — the *ne plus ultra* of all wretchedness, where, after pointing up a crumbling flight of stairs, my ragged cicerone held out his hand for a sixpence. An old woman was standing in the door-way — a fleshless, toothless, half-sightless hag, with grizzly elf-locks straggling over her shrivelled face, munching a crust of mouldy bread, forcibly taken from a starving dog. She took no notice of me, as I passed her to ascend to the third story of the house. The first two or three stairs gave way beneath my feet, probably not having felt the weight of a well-fed person for some years. Shaking

from me the dislodged spiders and scorpions, which were running in all directions, I shudderingly but safely reached the top of the stairway. Here a closed door obstructed my passage. To this I found no handle, but perceiving a long, black cord hanging through an aperture, I concluded it was what is called a "latch-string," and gave it a vigorous pull. What was my horror to feel it gliding from my grasp! *It was the tail of an enormous rat!* Raising my foot, I levelled the door at once, and ascending a second flight of stairs, found myself in a small and most miserable apartment. On a table before me lay a huge pile of manuscripts, beside a bottle, labelled "Ink," but which had been last used as a candiestick. On a wretched bed in one corner was extended the wasted figure of a man. His emaciation was so extreme, that in some places the bones were protruding through the skin! His hair and beard, of great length, were grizzly and matted. His nose was transparent in its thinness, and his eyes were sunken almost into invisibility. On the straw at his feet was perched, what at first I took for a raven, but presently discovered to be a wild-visaged black cat, also fearfully attenuated.

The man was insensible—in *articulo mortis*, in fact—but by a few mesmeric passes, and an intense concentration of will, I was able to revive him for a few moments. He opened his eyes—he knew me—I knew him! Ay, this forlorn being was the once distinguished Adolphus Twiggs, the poet and novelist; the most successful delineator of the fashionable and sentimental which our country has ever known! "Yes, my friend," he said, "you see before you the victim of the miserable compensation awarded to native genius, and of the want of a law of International Copyright!" Then he added, with touching impressiveness, "*Sum quod eris, fui quod sis.*"

"How long have you been in this condition?" I asked.

"It is now two years," he replied, "since the Harpers refused to bring out my greatest work, 'Fashionable Flirta-

tions, and Delicate Distresses,' at which time, disgusted with the *punica fides* of both publishers and public, I exiled myself from my kind, and retired to the dignified repose of this garret."

"But, Twiggs, you had a wife?"

"Yes, but I divorced her, *a mensa et thoro*. She was a good creature enough, but no sentiment, no congeniality, and I would not be bored with her. Yet 't was a trial, for *inter nos*, Lucy more than half supported us with her needle; but then, what great genius has ever been able long to endure a wife? Since then, that faithful creature (pointing to the cat) has shared my bed and board, and though she can't bring in money, she keeps the rats at a distance, never interrupts me in my inspired moods, and —"

Here a fearful change came o'er the sufferer! The cat, who was rubbing against his face, cried out piteously. Twiggs opened his eyes and murmured, "Oh my poor *news!*" — then came the death-rattle — the jaw fell, and the ill-rewarded author was no more!

The bereaved cat gave one unearthly howl, turned and sprang frantically through the window into the street below! This was the more easily done, as there was no pane to obstruct her frenzied passage. I drew to the window, and, sick with horror, gazed downward. *She had dashed her brains out against the pavement!*

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## A SONG.

BY G. P. M.

I NEVER could find a good reason,  
 Why poets should want in their day,  
 And all the good things of the season  
 For ever be out of their way.



Were the age not deplorably vicious,  
The poet might taste at his ease  
Choice viands, wines old and delicious,  
Lounging lazily 'neath his own trees !

The old world is greatly my debtor,  
For many a popular lay,  
But the devil a bit I'm the better  
For their laudings and laurels to-day !  
Like the statesman, the priest and the scholar,  
Whatever soft things we may *write*,  
In the musical ring of the dollar  
We bards find our sweetest delight !

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## POET-DREAMS.

BY F. G. H.

At midnight, in his cottage small,  
The bard was dreaming of the times  
When cheerily from camp and hall  
Rang out the minstrel's rhymes !  
In dreams through courtly scenes he roved,  
In dreams a royal mistress loved,  
In dreams he clasp'd her as his bride, —  
Then revelled at the board of kings,  
Bedecked with ribbons, stars, and rings,  
And ever woke his harp's wild strings  
To notes of joy and pride !

At midnight, in the court beneath,  
The sheriff ranged a savage band,  
Following their game up to the death,  
With murderous notes of hand !

There was the draper, trim and neat,  
There was the burly man of meat,  
Landlords, and tailors four, —  
Bound on an errand all unblest,  
Like envious cranes met to molest,  
With their *long bills*, a sky-lark's nest,  
They thronged the poet's door!

An hour passed on. The bard awoke, —  
That poet-dream was past!  
He wakened to a cry of fear —  
Of "Hide, dear Tom, the sheriff's here!"  
He woke to find himself safe hid  
Beneath a meal-chest's friendly lid!  
To mutter *sacres*, fierce and fast,  
On baffled foes that round him crowd —  
And hear in accents sharp and loud,  
The sheriff cheer his band!  
"Search! till each closet is explored —  
Search, landlord, for thy bill of board!  
Search for the wines against him scored —  
And tailors, lend a hand!"

They sought like Shylocks, long and hard,  
Around, beneath, and overhead —  
But vainly all — they left the bard  
Snug in his mealy bed!  
Then his indignant Susan saw  
Those shameless wreckers of the law  
Had nabbed his Sunday coat!  
She saw the fearful look he wore,  
As then and there he roundly swore  
To leave his thankless native shore  
Upon that morning's boat!

## LETTER FROM THE AUTHOR OF "TYPEE."

MY DEAR SIR— The subject to which you have called my attention, is one which has hitherto occupied my thoughts but little. My own authorship was an impromptu affair, and as far as my experience goes, I have nothing about which to complain; my book having met with a sale beyond my expectations. But it is my *belief* that *poets* are not properly esteemed and recompensed in our country. In the pride of our Christian civilization, we might learn a lesson from the savages in this respect, as in many an other; and in this connection, I will give a brief account of the way they manage these matters in Typee.

I had not been long in the valley when I was presented in form to an interesting young gentleman, whom I understood to be *the* poet. He was the handsomest Typee I had yet seen; rather short and slight, with delicate hands and feet, soft, waving, brown hair, a voluptuous mouth, a full dark eye, with a laughing devil-may-care expression; in short, a veritable Polynesian Tom Moore.

One afternoon, while stretched upon the mats, taking my luxurious *siesta*, Kory-Kory ran in, shouting, "Clingy Lingy," (the poet's name,) "makee rimee!" and hoisting me on his back, trotted up to the "charmed circle," who were listening to the wild chantings of our improvisatore. I might edify you with a critique on this literary performance, had I understood a word of it; as it was, I could only judge of its merits by the amount of divine *afflatus* expressed in the countenance of the bard. He was sufficiently impassioned; the inspiration shone through his tattooed visage like the light of a candle through a half-ripe pumpkin, carved by infant sculptors, in the form of "the human face divine."

The effect upon his audience, the female part especially, was most striking. They shouted and danced and slapped

each other's shoulders, with the finest poetical enthusiasm conceivable. The demonstrations of the lady-like Fayaway were more subdued. She stood with her small hands crossed on her heaving bosom, and smiled bewitchingly, or melted into tears. But at the close of the performance, she impulsively caught from her own head, a wreath of white flowers, and crowned the troubadour, amid "a tempest of applause!"

At that moment, had the Typees possessed a *Bois de Boulogne*, I should have begged the loan of one of their superannuated muskets, and invited the minstrel thither *sans ceremonie*. As it was, I fear I was wicked enough to wish him in — America, dependent on those same fine talents for support.

I afterwards found that this gentleman had great and peculiar privileges; he was tabooed to any extent; could repose with perfect safety in the hostile bosom of the Happar Valley. He had a choice lodge, well stocked with the finest mats and tappa. He was abundantly supplied, by voluntary taxation, with luscious poee-poe, the sweetest oils and the most exhilarating arva. He was allowed to choose for his bride the prettiest maiden in the valley, and to change his wife every new moon, if so inclined. The place of all the world for your Shelleys and Byrons were Typee. In festivals and public processions I observed that his bardship took precedence of valiant chiefs and venerable divines; and for a reason, I think, the poet being created by Heaven, priests and warriors by circumstance. I have no doubt, furthermore, but that as those of his *genus* are given to epicurism, the choice bit is awarded him when an enemy is dished up. I also ascertained that no man was allowed to play critic in Typee, unless himself a poet. The body-servant of the bard was pointed out to me, a poor devil of a fellow, who though of most aristocratic connections, had been degraded to his present position for an impromptu but cutting review, produced upon one of Clingy Lingy's improvisations.

"I should have included this account in my work, but for

the fear that on hearing of such a Paradisean state of things,  
our entire squad of poets would immediately emigrate to  
Typee.

Respectfully yours,

H. M.

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### A SKETCH.

BY N. P. W.

MORN in the purple East ! The dreaming flowers  
Awake beneath the kisses of the sun,  
To feel the wind's invisible fingers press  
Their dewy petals thrillingly apart  
In fitful dalliance. The joyous lark,  
Winged Pico of the clouds, sends down her song  
With a subduing sweetness to the earth.

Upon a couch, whose silken curtains stir  
To the voluptuous breathings of the morn,  
Reclines a shape of heavenly loveliness —  
Of rosiest youth, of grace most exquisite,  
Meet for a poet's gaze. Eulalia lies  
With the long lashes quivering over eyes  
But just unsealed from sleep. Her raven hair,  
By the unquiet slumbers of the night  
Loosed from its velvet band, is floating free  
Where the neck's arching and the bosom's snow  
Gleam in bewildering glimpses through its veil.  
One angel foot, dimpled and rosy-nailed,  
Flinging the envious counterpane aside,  
Lies rivalling the linen's spotless white.

But ah, Eulalia's delicate face is dimmed  
With a pervading sadness ; languidly  
She welcometh the golden sunshine sent

To wake her with the flowers. Her melting lip  
 Moist with the honey-dew of love, is still,  
 As it were cut from marble. Yet, behold,  
 Her arched nostril's soft delicious curve  
 Scarce quivers to her breathing, and her eye  
 Is fixed on nothing, with intensest thought !  
 How strikingly that dazzling bosom tells,  
 By its faint heavings, of a weight within !  
 Divinely beautiful as woman is  
 When pleasure's smile is dancing on her lip,  
 To him who hath unsounded in his heart  
 A brimming well of tears, oh, is she not  
 Doubly adorable in sadder hours !

But whence Eulalia's mournfulness ? *She loves,*  
 "Not wisely, but too well" — *she loves a bard*  
 Steeped to the lips in bitterest poverty !  
 A hopeless love, Eulalia knoweth well ;  
 Knoweth her bard by his ungrateful land,  
 Unhonored and unpaid, and meekly now,  
 Hushing the murmurs of her passionate heart,  
 She waiteth death in silence.

Noon, high noon —

Yet still upon her couch, Eulalia lies —  
 Her taper fingers spiritually thin,  
 Upon the bed-post languidly beat time  
 To a sad tune hummed tremulously.

Hark !

A stealthy step, and lo, the chamber-maid  
 Lays in her hand a missive from afar,  
 She listlessly unfoldeth it and reads —  
 A passionate cry, a tiny shriek of joy  
 Breaks from her lips — oh, fortune, rapture, love !  
 The aged grandame of her bard has died,  
 And left him *fifty thousand* !

Straightway now

Eulalia springeth from her downy couch,

And laves her brow, and bindeth up her hair,  
In gay and costly vesture robes herself,  
And, like a parabled virgin wise in love,  
Goes forth to meet the bridegroom.

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## NIGHT'S REVELINGS.

FROM THE ANCIENT SCLAVONIAN OF HASE HAMMERGAFFERTIKY.

BY H. W. L.

REPOSE, majestic-winged, comes down  
And sits beside me here —  
The slow, calm pulses of the night  
Throb through the atmosphere.

Oh, moony night! thy silver beams,  
Float softly from above,  
Like showers of snowy feathers, plucked  
From Cytherea's dove.

With sounds of garments rustling  
Against the shadowy walls,  
"To bed, to bed!" the house-maid sweeps  
Along the dusky halls.

Wild thoughts awake within my soul,  
Amid the haunted night,  
I seek my brethren of the past,  
In worlds of love and light.

I cry, "Where dwell the bards of Eld?  
Give answer, powers divine!  
Do tender moons, do solemn stars  
On their Elysium shine?"

Slow fades the actual — slow and still —  
Dread mysteries are unsealed,  
And clearly to my earnest gaze  
The soul-realm is revealed !

There gleams Elysium, fair and far —  
With green immortal groves,  
Where burnished shields of heroes flash,  
And quivering wings of Loves !

I mark the Styx — and Charon's bark  
Slow rocking on the tide —  
But who are they, those gloomy shades,  
Who 'long its dark banks glide ?

They gaze upon the fields of bliss,  
With dim and wistful eyes —  
Their voices wild, tumultuous,  
In sad complainings rise !

“ We are the bards of ancient times,  
The sons of Song and Glory —  
The stars which lit the night of years,  
The deified in story !

“ For us the purple wine was poured,  
And woman's vows were told —  
A world enamored, on us cast  
Fame, love, all, all, save *gold*.

“ Not ours at last, the *obulus*,  
Old Charon's lawful fee —  
Thus we must wander, wander, wander,  
To all eternity ! ”



As into solemn silence fairs  
That deep, despairing cry,  
The first, the last, the only tear,  
Is brushed from Charon's eye !

He fills his boat with bardic shades —  
He turns it from the shore —  
And now they pass the Stygian flood,  
*But work their passage o'er !*

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## APOLLO IN AMERICA.

BY O. W. H., M. D.

APOLLO the god, in reduced circumstances,  
Having heard of our land as a land of fine chances,  
Embarked from old Greece, crossed the perilous brine,  
To try his brave hand in the book-making line.

In a very large town, in a very damp street,  
He selected a quiet and classic retreat,  
And hired in a modest, republican name,  
A small attic room, of a rheumatic dame.

•

Thence rang his bold challenge, "Come one and come all!  
Ye bards of vast shirt collars — seers born with a call, —  
Here's verse on the reg'lar old Homeric plan,  
Here song as *is* song — beat that if you can !"

There his spirit called back the divine classic age,  
Till the dews of Parnassus fell thick on the page ;  
But now and then paused he, to take a short tug  
At some villainous compound, cob-corked in a jug.

He, brought up on nectar, poured glowing and beady  
 By Hebe the blooming, or fair Ganymedè !  
 What heart could refuse him a pitying tear,  
 As he laid himself out on that very small beer !

Oh, a changed figure he, from him who once trod  
 The court of Olympus, a jolly, young god !  
 Who waked fair Aurora with measures of joy,  
 Played duetts with Venus, and bo-peep with her boy !

Who knelt by proud Juno, soft smiling to hear  
 Sweet sayings not meant for the governor's ear,  
 Or lounged on a cloud, in the light of the stars,  
 Or strung his wild lyre to the war-shouts of Mars !

His coat, though as seedy, was not worth a fig,  
 Unpolished his boots, uncurled was his wig,  
 All the brush that his godship could own to that day,  
 Was a brush with his creditors over the way.

One small point of linen, all drooping and yellow,  
 Above a sad neckcloth, kept watch for its fellow,  
 A close-buttoned waistcoat — " But what of his *hat* ? "  
 Forbear, friend, ye gods, L'm not equal to that !

But alas for his song — his fine frenzy and glow,  
 When a shrewd Yankee public pronounced it, " No go,"  
 And grim publishers eyed his MS. with a shrug,  
 " Sir, gods are at discount, and genius a drug ! "

Then Apollo at last, outwearied and worn  
 By the profitless struggle, retired all forlorn  
 To the depths of his spirit — where, lonely and still,  
 He brooded four days, *and invented a pill !*

\* \* \* \* \*

A year hath past o'er him — a year, and behold,  
How Jove's mighty eagles fly round him *in gold* !  
As well might ye number fair Luna's soft rays,  
As the solider silver that brightens his days.

Now the tailor and hatter, best friends of mankind,  
With the boot-maker, draper and barber combined,  
Have restored the rare beauty, recorded in story,  
With more than the ancient Olympian glory !

Now drinks he champagne from the best of cut glass, —  
While his jaded old Pegasus turned out to grass,  
Young bloods eye his turn-out with jealous amaze, —  
“ Ha, Castor and Pollux, what thorough-bred bays ! ”

Now he 's chiselled, now sketched, now decoyed into shows,  
He 's drawn and he 's *quartered*, wherever he goes —  
Phrenologists follow him, feeling his bumps,  
And his visiting cards are accounted as trumps.

And now for the moral — we ask, in these days,  
Some deep, central truth in the lightest of lays, —  
But morals and gods are an oddish connection,  
So here goes my muse in a pious reflection : —

Oh the flesh it is weak, and inclineth to evil,  
Snug sandwiched betwixt the world and the devil ;  
The only choice left us a choice between ills —  
*If not copy-right poems, then patent-right pills !*

## LADY WRITERS.

## LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

BY L. M. C.

I look upon International Copyright as one of the reforms of the age ; as one of the harmonies which are being evolved out of the discords which are trying the few sweetly attuned spirits, which in the beginning received their key-note from the infinite source of all harmony. The glorious day when American authors shall receive their just meed of praise and reward, is advancing as really and inevitably as that which shall witness the abolition of the unchristian system of war, and of that legalized murder, denominated capital punishment.

A few days since, I went with some friends to visit General Tom Thumb. I was greatly interested by seeing the many tokens of regard and high consideration received by his little mightiness, from distinguished personages abroad. After bestowing the caress, which my passionate love of children prompted, I left this tiny pocket-edition of humanity, bound in rose-colored velvet, in a thoughtful mood, and with a lesson at my heart — *never to despise the day of small things.*

I am told I am greatly given to tracing correspondences ; to seeing an earnest of one good, or reform, in the success of another. Thus, I never listened to the divine harmonies of Ole Bulbul's violin, while the mighty architect of sound reared column after column, of majestic melody, till there towered around and above him a vast Pantheon, viewless, but pervaded with Deity, himself the very Zeus, or creating God, without a deep and earnest conviction that the time must yet be when the American poet, with that spiritual violin,

brought from a heavenly manufactory, and whose bow the angels had strung with their shining hair, might trance the world with as ravishing melodies, and win as glorious and as *golden* a reward!

Thus it was that I never viewed our beautiful fountain in the Park, as she sported and sparkled through her cloud-like mist, like a transfigured Undine, but that she seemed prophetic of a season, when the rich and generous up-gushings of song, and the rainbow-hued spray of poetic fancy, shall be as fair and as purely refreshing to worn and thirsty *spirits*, as "the Maid of the Mist," to the outward senses of the crowds who daily pause, and as they gaze upon her, forget for a space, the cares and toils and wrongs resulting from our defective social system.

I repeat that my belief in the approach of a golden age for native genius is, at this hour, as strong as my faith in the beautiful, though mystic science of Mesmerism. That noble reform, though yet in the future, is as much a glorious reality with me, as though it had been made known through the uminous revelations of Emanuel Swedenborg.

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### WARBLINGS.

BY F. S. O.

Oh, why should precious poetesses  
Feel, 'mid their song's divinest glow,  
The vulgar wants, the harsh distresses,  
That common natures know!

For we are wayward, petted creatures,  
Exquisite human butterflies,  
Shrinking from life's tempestuous features,  
And chilled by loveless eyes!

Ah, we touch our lyres the proudest  
 When fanned by fortune's fickle wings,  
 And their music ringeth loudest  
 When waked from silver strings !

In tossing back our graceful ringlets,  
 Unjewelled hands look poor and cold —  
 And even Fancy's darling winglets  
 Are prettiest tipped with gold !

## A FRAGMENT.

BY L. H. S.

How hardly doth the cold and careless world  
 Requite the toil divine of genius-souls,  
 Their wasting cares and agonizing throes !

I had a friend, a sweet and precious friend,  
 One passing rich in all the strange and rare  
 And fearful gifts of song.

On one great work,  
 A poem in twelve cantos, she had toiled  
 From early girlhood, e'en till she became  
 An olden maid.

Worn with intensest thought,  
 She sunk at last, just at the "finis" sunk  
 And closed her eyes forever ! The soul-gem  
 Had fretted through its casket !

As I stood  
 Beside her tomb, I made a solemn vow  
 To take in charge that poor, lone, orphan work,  
 And edit it !

My publisher I sought,  
A learned man and good. He took the work,  
Read here and there a line, then laid it down,  
And said, "*It would not pay.*" I slowly turned,  
And went my way with troubled brow, "but more  
In sorrow, than in anger."

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### A FABLE FROM THE BURMESE.

BY F. F.

FAR away in a beautiful land, where the golden sunshine lay lovingly, and the warm air drank balm and fragrance from the dewy flowers forever, dwelt a soft-eyed, gentle-hearted fairy. In her voice was a sweet lovingness, on her bud-like lips a May-morning smile, and circling her delicate brow with light, (for only among mortals is such a gift *invisible*,) shone the pure opal coronet of genius.

And a rare home had they who loved her, given to their gifted poet-fairy, deep in the cool shadows, where the soft dark moss scarce yielded to the pressure of their tiny feet.

How coquetishly here the dimpling waters caressed the green bank, and then went dancing off into the sunlight, and the loving little rose-buds, in their fresh young beauty, drooped timidly to the clasp of the sheltering leaves. Delicate lilies swayed indolently in the warm breeze, and through the dark, rich foliage floated rare plumaged songsters, now pouring forth gushes of melody from their wee quivering throats, and now fluttering down among the violets for a bath of dew and perfume.

And in this dear, delicious home the fairy nestled down so lovingly, weaving happy visions, and flinging over them from her little, throbbing, bounding heart, light and joyousness

evermore. And ah, when her soul-impassioned melodies flowed over her "crimsoned-threaded lips," how the tiny beings pressed around, listening in rapt delight — how they knelt before her with costly gifts, and hailed her as their dear heart-queen!

Ah, they loved their poet did the fairies, and hovered constantly about her, ministering to her pleasure, and guarding her from all ill; and when she drooped those golden-fringed lids upon the rounded bloom of her soft cheek, closing those deep, bewildering eyes, and pillowed the radiant gold of her ringlets on the faintly tinged roses, they watched gently beside her, the quivering music of their waiting wings lulling her into rest.

But there was given to their fairy-genius a power and a spirit, of which they dreamed not. To her soul came revelations of this dark and sin-blighted world of ours, lying in the gloom and shadow of heatheness; and she saw that men, called publishers, were wont blindly to extinguish, with one icy dash, the struggling star-rays which would have lighted up the dim obscure; that darkened and benighted, they refused to recognise the glory in their midst.

And she saw that the poet was compelled to stay the current of his spirit's rippling music, freighted with floating fantasies and flowery dreams; that he was forced to put from him the clasp of invisible wings, and go forth from out the glorious radiance, bathing his soul, and toil like common beings, for the wherewithal to live.

And as the fairy gazed, her deep eyes grew dewy, the long, quivering lashes sadly drooped, and she said, "I must go; the shadow is falling, falling; it is my destiny, and I go!"

The sweet nestling-place that love had given was dear, but *they* suffered who were linked to her soul by the unseen electric affinity of genius, and she answered to the spirit-call, and went forth to fulfil her missionary destiny.

Slowly she descended, invisible in her rare beauty to



mortal eye, floating on gossamer wings into the dark haunts, and whispering to the cold hearts of grim publishers.

Many times was her spirit faint and weary, for the way seemed dark, and there were none to cheer, but a strong hope and a boundless love sustaineth her; ay, *sustaineth* her; for she dwelleth on earth now, and leaveth not, until there shall go forth to the poet, from the icy hearts which have chilled his warmest and most radiant aspirations, all the lovingness, and sweet, enfolding tenderness, all the *profitable* devotion of fairy spirits

## SELECTIONS FROM LETTERS.

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### LETTER I.

TO AN UNRECOGNIZED POETESS.

June, 1846.

WELL, has old Time been playing any impertinent tricks with the face I love, since we parted, a whole long year ago? Ah, no; I dare take an oath on—the “Book of Beauty,” that your golden curls are not yet put soberly back from your brow; that you have not yet refused your countenance to smiles and laughter; that the dimples are yet playing “Puss-in-the-corner” about your mouth, or cradled in your cheeks, peeping out occasionally, like young loves from roses.

I suppose it is foolishness in me, but I cannot think of you as one who will ever change and grow old. Your face is so bathed in radiance, that in the pleasant May-time, when you were born, the flowers, the *other* flowers, should have brought a complaint against it for a monopoly of their rightful sunshine. It is a soft, rosy, *morning* light which tinges your cheek and lip, but your eyes, sweetest, must have opened first on the mid-day sun, for they are full of its summer fire. It was this which first revealed to me the *genius* alive within you; coursing through your entire nature, as richly as ran royal blood through the veins of Mary Stuart. I soon found that you had a nightingale imprisoned in your breast, singing for you alone. I believed that you must have known many

restless aspirations, and intense longings for the power of giving full and passionate expression to the deep, sad, wild and beautiful things which were confined, compressed and sealed up within you. For *your own sake*, as well as ours, I at last implored you to let the tide of your destiny have way, even at the risk of its bearing you onward into the rough sea of letters. You thus respond to my appeal: "I confess, dear Grace, that F—— F——'s share of public admiration would make me a proud and happy girl. From my childhood, my dreams have been of honors and distinction; I have often said, and *thought*, that I would willingly resign all social and domestic ties, and live lonely and unloved, if only I might possess a tithe of Mrs. Hemans's genius and reputation. Fame's clarion voice has been to me 'the voice of a charmer,' and when I have spoken contemptuously of popularity, and with approbation of a woman's holy and humble office, *my heart was not with it*; 't was because I found myself grown up to womanhood, without evincing that the fire of genius ever existed in my soul."

Ah, my sadly mistaken little maiden, "fling away ambition," indeed, if glory is to be won at such a sacrifice. In the first place, such a fame as you would ask, could only be yours after years of waiting, longing, and earnest endeavor; when you were beyond "proud and happy" girlhood. But should it be suddenly bestowed, without your care or toil, fall at your feet like a star, you might joy over it with a dizzy exultation for a while, but you would soon hunger for the simplest home-pleasures, and pant for affection, "as the hart panteth after the water-brook."

The intellectual woman should be *richest* in "social and domestic ties;" she should have along her paths a guard of friendship, and about her life a breastwork of love. True feminine genius is ever timid, doubtful, and clingingly dependent; a perpetual childhood. A true woman shrinks instinctively from greatness, and it is "against her very will and wish transgressing," and in sad obedience to an

inborn and mighty influence, that she turns out the "silver lining" of her soul to the world's gaze ; permits all the delicate workings of her inner nature to be laid open ; her heart passed round, and peered into as a piece of curious mechanism. In her loftiest soarings, when we almost think to see the swift play of her pinion lost in the distant heaven, even then, her wildest and most exulting strains come down to us with a delicious thrill of home-music. The radiant realms of her most celestial visions have always a ladder leading earthward. Her ways and words have nothing of the lofty and severe ; over her face, sun-gleams and shadows succeed each other momentarily ; her eyes are alternately dreamy and tender, and their intensest fire quivers through tears. Her lips, moulded in love, are tremulously full of the glowing softness they borrow from the heart, and electrically obedient to its impulses.

I have outlined genius incarnated in a lovable woman ; such an one as would be loved adoringly, *malgré* her fame ; such an one as, dear L——, I could wish you to be.

The fact of your having grown up to womanhood without your genius being recognized, amounts to nothing ; or rather, it is better as it is. There will now be no girlish sentimentalism to dilute the rich, sparkling poetry of the woman. Let song and love be twin-born in your existence.

But if you go to starving your heart, if you "resign social and domestic ties," and stake your life on ambition, then at last "Fame's clarion voice" will be to you sadder than a death-knell ; her wreath a crown of thorns, and her goblet "gall and vinegar." Never *unsex* yourself for greatness. The worship of one true heart is better than the wonder of the world. Don't trample on the flowers, while longing for the stars. Live up to the full measure of life ; give way to your impulses, loves, and enthusiasms ; sing, smile, labor, and be happy. Adore poetry for its own sake ; yearn for, strive after, *excellence* ; rejoice when others attain it ; feel for your cotemporaries a loving envy ; steal into your country's

heart; glory in its greatness, exult in its power; honor its gallant men and immortalize its matchless women. Then shall that grateful country throw around you a fame which shall be like the embrace of fond arms; a joy to cheer, and a strength to support you.

There is a joy which must, I think, be far more deep and full, than any which the million can bestow; one which precedes, and is independent of, the fame which sometimes results rather from the caprice than the justice of the world. This is *the joy of inspiration*. I have elsewhere expressed my meaning thus :

Oh, when the heaven-born soul of song is blending  
With the rapt poet's, in his burning strains,  
'Tis like the wine drank on Olympus, sending  
Divine intoxication through the veins !

But this is for the *masters* of the lyre ; it can never be felt by woman with great intensity ; at least can never *satisfy* her. I repeat that *her* well-spring of joy is in the heart.

You are familiar, I am sure, with " Undine." I have been re-reading it lately, and I see in it a (to me) new and mournful meaning. Undine is the woman of genius, wedded to one unendowed with that scarce earthly gift. How humanly lovable was the ocean-spirit ; how child-like in her fondness ; how feminine in her dependence ! and yet, with her supernatural power, with her strange, though marvellously beautiful organization, she was to her lord a humiliating mystery ; she bewildered him, and he *feared* rather than loved her. The pure-spirited Hemans, the impulsive Landon, and the queenly Norton, they have been Undines.

It is an enchanting June evening ; the whip-poor-will has begun his plaint, and the moonlight is abroad. How tempting looks that garden-walk ! but so does my pillow ; and I, thank Heaven, am not enough of a poetess to risk taking my

death-cold by wandering about in the dew-burned grass;  
and so,

Good night, good night to thee, azure-eyed maiden,  
And sweet may thy sleep in thine innocence be;  
May every pure star-beam come down blessing-laden,  
And every night-breeze bear a rose-breath to thee!

May thy sisters, the angels, watch over thy slumbers,  
With shining wings shelter the couch of thy rest,  
And breathe in thy dreaming ear silver-voiced numbers,  
And fill thy rapt soul with the joys of the blest!

If thy heart weighs to earth, and thou would'st not be soaring,  
May *love's* purple morn-light blush over thy skies!  
And one whom "afar-off" thou art meekly adoring,  
Gaze into thy soul with his passionate eyes!

Good night! good night!

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LETTER II.

October, 1846.

DEAR G——: After having spent some weeks in Boston, and its vicinity, in the highest state of enjoyment which sight-seeing may furnish, I fear me much that I shall find it difficult to rein in my run-a-way fancies, and put my wild thoughts into the harness of composition.

I have had my first sight of old ocean from Nahant! Oh, heaven! for language to reveal the grandeur, the magnificence, the glorious beauty of that vision! Every billow that dashed upon the shore, rolled over my soul a volume of new, intense and overpowering sensations. My spirit knelt down, awe-struck and adoring, before that emblem of eternal might and majesty, that "throne of the Invisible." Thus, ever thus, had those sounding waves leaped madly against

the everlasting rocks, or glided gently up the glassy beach, since "God said let there be light," and the stars took up their march sublime ; since "the spirit of the Lord moved upon the face of the waters."

What a proof is it of the vastness and sublimity of the theme, that we are driven, when speaking of the sea, to the language of inspiration itself. Then, all but the God-breathed words of the Holy Book, are poor, faint and inadequate.

I saw Freedom's early temple, old Faneuil Hall, by moonlight. The shades of the immortal dead were around me ! The voices of our patriot fathers seemed borne upon the night air ! with their stormy eloquence those ancient walls seemed trembling once again !

I ascended the monument. Oh, how the scenes and events of the noblest periods of our country's history came thronging on my mind ! I beheld the small band of patriots, brave, calm, and undismayed, awaiting the foe. I saw the invader's thousands leap proudly on the shore, impatient for the strife, and confident of victory.

They come — see up the hill-side now  
Their armed battalions sweep !  
They come to take upon its brow  
Their cold, eternal sleep !  
Hark to the bayonet's ringing clash !  
See Warren's well-aimed blow !  
See Putnam's sword and fierce eye flash  
Defiance on the foe !  
On serried front and glittering flank,  
Their muskets pour their rain,  
Till file on file, and rank on rank,  
Are weltering with the slain !

As I gazed from the summit of the monument, over a land smiling in peace and tranquillity ; over sheltered cottage, and gorgeous mansion, and gleaming spire ; as I saw, at my feet,

the beautiful grass, growing over the dust of the fallen, how earnestly I trusted that our soil had drank its last of human blood; that knowledge, and peace, and love, poured from Jehovah's hand, might fall on the hearts of our people, and gently constrain them to live in harmony with nature and with heaven, and "learn war no more." And with solemnity resting on my spirit, my fervent prayer arose to the God of Freedom, that we might be true to the example-lives of the great, the brave, and the good of the olden time; that vice and crime, and luxury and oppression, might not make of our future career a fearful and terrible lesson for mankind, and level our glorious political structure with the fallen and half-forgotten republics of the old world. That "the sun in his coming" might not yet behold this magnificent monument towering over a degenerate and disunited race, a reproach and a mockery forever.

With a subdued enjoyment, a pleasant sadness, I wandered through the deep and solemn shades of Mount Auburn. God bless the Bostonians for their care of the dead! I mean not alone their placing them in massive tombs, or erecting over them imposing monuments; but their thus gathering around them freshness, and fragrance, and melody. Oh, Eden of the dead, how hallowed are thy precincts! sacred is the smallest spray that trembles in the sunlight, and holy is the tiniest violet that glitters in the dew!

When it may please God that I shall die, I would not be laid away in the chill, dark vault, nor have a massive slab weighing upon my bosom. Let those who love me, pillow my head on the fresh earth, and lay over me light grassy sods. Let them place one rose-tree there, so that it may almost seem that my life has gone to nourish the tender plant; so that when the young flower buds and unfolds, the mourning fancy may half believe the ruby tide congealed in my veins, to have warmed again, and gone to glow in its crimson heart. Would it not be beautiful thus to arise to a floral resurrection? Adieu.



## LETTER III.

SOME writer with whom I lately met, calls Superstition "the poetry of the mass;" and makes lamentation over the fact that, like all other forms of poetry in our utilitarian age, it is passing away. Is not this the extreme of romantic folly? If Superstition be in truth on her homeward march for the realm of night, let the world chaunt a *Te Deum* over her departure. The sooner the mass is unpoetized the better. Is not Superstition the heavy darkness which erst lay on the great deeps of human life, and true knowledge, the spirit of the Lord which moved on the face of the waters? Away with mists, and clouds, and shadows! Give us light, light! is the earnest cry of the deep voice of humanity.

But we may not fear, that it is the more humble and harmless forms of superstition only which have lived out their day; those born in peasants' cottages, and nursed by grandames in chimney-corners, and whose language is signs and dreams and marvellous legends? But these august forms, sheltered in palaces, and clad in princely and sacerdotal robes, whose speech is grand, and solemn, and abounding in scholastic lore, have these been seen to tremble in their high places? Has *Religion*, in all her majestic simplicity, abjured their pompous mysteries! Have we yet beheld the Church "coming out of the wilderness of old delusions" and "vain traditions," "leaning on the arm of her beloved" alone?

The twin of superstition — persecution — received its death-blow when Faust gave to the world of mind

"A power to rock  
The battlements of empire with a shock  
More potent than the earthquakes, and yet lead  
A child's mind gently."

I mean that form of persecution whose chief agent is physical force; but the *spirit* of the religious Caligulas of old, is

yet alive, is in our very midst. There are kinds of mental coercion scarcely less torturing than the rack, less humiliating than the lash. When will those who aspire to teach the things pertaining to the soul, learn wisdom ; learn that only patient mildness and gentlest persuasion can ever make a true proselyte.

'T is said that Persia's baffled king  
In mad, tyrannic pride,  
Cast fetters on the Hellespont,  
To curb its stormy tide ;

But freedom's own true spirit heaves  
The bosom of the main ;  
It tossed those fetters to the skies,  
And bounded on again !

The scorn of each succeeding age  
On Xerxes' head was hurled,  
And o'er that foolish deed has pealed  
The long laugh of a world !

Thus, thus defeat, and scorn, and shame,  
Be his who strives to bind  
The restless, leaping waves of thought,  
The free tide of the mind !

There are some subjects on which I am aware we differ. My opinions concerning these I have never wished to intrude upon you ; but there are times when feelings, accumulated and strong, o'erleap their barriers, pressing eagerly forward for utterance ; when, in short, I *must* speak. One of these subjects, you will recollect, is *war*. I am no ultraist here. I am not yet a "non-resistant," but my whole soul is pervaded with the belief that all war, save that of actual defence, is folly, and madness, and impious rebellion against Heaven. Was the chorus of angels a fable, that the world is not yet ripening for that season of "peace and good will ?" Is the

hope which for eighteen hundred years has shone before the true believer, like the star which guided the shepherds to where the young Redeemer lay, the blessed belief in which died the prophets, the faith of the great Martyr of the world, all a divine delusion ?

What is there of lofty chivalry and true national glory in the warfare in which our country is now waging ; that strife which is wasting the best blood of the land, spreading a death-gloom over young lives, and darkening unnumbered hearths ? Are all the conquests which our armies may gain, worth the unanelled soul of one poor soldier, the broken heart of one widowed woman ?

When the shout of victory swells up from southern plains, when come the proud tidings that our national banners are planted on the walls of another conquered city, there ever rises before me a sad vision of mothers bereft and sorrowing ; of desolate wives and wailing little ones, till tears blind me to my country's *glory*.

Yet there is one incident, even in this war, which has awakened in me an enthusiastic though melancholy admiration. It is the story of the Mexican woman, who, after placing herself in imminent peril, by passing back and forth in an exposed position, bearing water to the wounded of *both armies*, perished on her angelic mission. Here is, indeed, a theme for song, and from its contemplation, a truly poetic spirit must *descend* immeasurably to sing of the valor of our soldiery, of the victories of our generals.

Before the simple tale of this devoted creature's heroic, yet womanly bravery, of her death, in which we cannot tell if there was most of pathos or of sublimity, the fame of a Maid of Saragossa pales, glimmers, and departs. The "cup of cold water," which she bore to cool the parched lips of her dying enemies, shall it not flow back to her in "the stream of Life which issues from the Throne ?"

Whatever form she may here have professed of the blessed religion made manifest in her death, we can but

believe that her spirit was borne as surely and immediately to the abodes of bliss as the prophet of old, when he visibly departed, girt about with all the pomp of heaven, and uprolling in his chariot of fire.

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## LETTER IV.

It is only "semi-occasionally" that I read a regular novel, now-a-days. My "first and passionate love" of that form of romance is past. The wand of the enchanter is weakened, if not broken. There was a time when the perusal of the works of our master novelists produced for me a delirium of intense enjoyment—a mental intoxication, whose reaction was a state of inanity, or deep depression. I thank Heaven that my impulses and tastes are now in a greater measure under the control of principle and judgment. I read now not to be stretched upon the rack of "intense interest"—not to have my sympathies agonized by unreal woes, but that my spirit may be strengthened for the "battle of life," and my heart warmed to encounter the chilling influences of a world, in but few of whose paths we may find the lingering atmosphere of its Eden state. But I have lately committed an error—I have read Bulwer's "Lucretia." I know not what effect this story may have upon other minds, but me it has haunted like a shape of horror, vague and indescribable. Fascinated by its wild and terrible interest, as by the eye of a serpent, I read on, on, to the end; and I closed the volume, as one may emerge from a prison or mad-house, with fearful sights indelibly impressed on my memory, and cries of despair ringing through my soul. In this I would not presume to judge for another; my decision may meet with no response. The author evidently did not intend to produce any evil effects by his grand panorama of crime. He meant,

it seems, to terrify into goodness, to shock his readers into virtue, which is safety. I believe his general aims to be infinitely higher than of old; he has taken to his soul some truths, which are pure and mighty, and blessed forever; but in this instance, I cannot receive his philosophy. The author who makes his readers familiar with crime, in all its deformities, details and results, and the legislator who advocates capital punishment and public executions, seem to me to be acting upon the self-same principle.

I shudder to think what an effect the perusal of "Lucretia" would have had upon my childish mind, some ten or twelve years ago. How sudden and terrible would have been my awakening to a knowledge of the dark and irremediable evils of life. It would have gloomed upon me like a midnight vision of the abodes of the lost. Would to Heaven that all such works could be kept from the hand of childhood! I know that their fearful revealings are truths which cannot always be concealed. I know that hate, and murder, and discord, and vice, are as real as love, and peace, and harmony, and beauty. But why should chilling night-dews be led into the bud before it has drank of the sunshine? Oh, keep from the child, as long as may be, the intimate knowledge of evil! Let him retain his clear eye, and light jest, and careless laugh; let him be deeply learned in the lore of the affections, and rich in generous trust; then when his time has come, he may go forth, clad in the armor of principle, bearing a father's blessing, led by a mother's prayer, and with a brow pure with the baptism of faith; then will he manfully meet all the foes which life arrays against him, and we may not fear but that his will be the victory.

To return to "Lucretia." It is difficult for me to credit the author's assertion — to believe that her prototype ever had existence. The Cæsar Borgia of womanhood! how inexpressibly fearful and detestable, with her one only love, the single white lily, which for a while floated on the black bosom of her life's polluted tide, then passed itself into

corruption ! Oh heaven ! can such beings darken thy sunlight, and *dare* to assume the forms of those who wept around the cross, and watched beside the sepulchre !

It is strange how crimes shock us in inverse proportion to their vastness. The latest work of Bulwer, which I read before "Lucretia," was "The Last of the Barons ;" little else than a record of state convulsions and civil wars. Yet the effect was far from displeasing. We shudder at the tale of the burning of a cottage-home by the hand of revenge, or at that of a midnight murder, when perhaps the assassin strikes because he starves ; while the story of the warrior, who lays cities desolate along his track, and sweeps whole armies from the earth, excites our chivalry, and thrills us like the peal of a trumpet.

Now that I have taken my leave of the "Children of the Night," have groped my way through their fearful history, black with the darkness of guilt, and stormy with fierce passions, I turn eagerly to a work, which is to me a perpetual morning, a summer morning, a Sabbath morning, quiet with a holy serenity, dewy with heaven-descended truth, and balmy with the very breathings of poetry. This book, which even now I can scarce refrain from pressing to my heart, is a small, unpretending volume, entitled "Studies in Religion." My blessing on that dear friend, who, intuitively divining my spiritual want, placed it, as her parting gift, in my hand ! Would that I could lay a copy of it on the table of every one I love ; for it holds between its two covers more of heaven than any book which it has been my privilege to read for many a day. He who can rise from the perusal of these magnificent religious essays, no stronger and no purer, is, it is greatly to be feared, in that alarming condition, "too good for this world !" Adieu.

## LETTER V.

THE character of Sir James Mackintosh has recently been added to my list of legitimate subjects for enthusiastic eulogy. I have read his *Life and Letters*, with leisurely attention, and reached with a sigh of regret, not relief, the *finis* and fly-leaves. Genius-worship is my intellectual religion, and beside yielding ready homage to most deities "in good and regular standing," I have ever, like the Athenians, an altar inscribed to the gifted "unknown," and promptly at his godship's service, when revealed to me in my reading, or in life.

Yet I am not about to inflict upon you my enthusiasm for Sir James Mackintosh; though, were I capable, an analysis of his character could not be other than a labor of love on my part. But respecting his *wife*, I may hazard a few remarks. I would "free my mind," as a Methodist might say, of some of my admiration of her character, simply as revealed in the writings of her husband. Sir James's first wife is said to have been a lovely being, but it is of his second that I speak. She surely was a woman of no ordinary stamp; possessed of rare taste and judgment, a vigorous and comprehensive mind, enriched by varied knowledge; yet gifted with all home-virtues, thoroughly domestic, of all the world, *the wife* for Sir James Mackintosh. Hers was no half-way excellence; hers were no pretty weaknesses, no charming faults, no splendid errors; intellect, heart life, she seems to have attained to the full stature of perfect womanhood.

I know that the sentiment of men, even great men, often is, from a *perfect woman* 'good Lord deliver us;' and He generally hears their prayer. Speak to them of feminine natures exalted by genius, or great goodness, and they will put at you, as they understand it, the poet's idea of lovable womanhood —

"A creature not too bright, nor good  
For human nature's daily food."

Which, probably, is also a New Zealander's highest ideal of a missionary.

Too many of our gifted women, acting from the strange belief, that mental power takes from the loveliness of woman, resort to the infantine dependence, the wayward fancies, the sudden caprices, — to all the charming follies, in short, of the merely pretty of their sex, — attempt the coquetries, without possessing the worldly art of those around them. They would bear the ægis of the goddess of wisdom, and yet be drawn by the doves, and fanned by the loves of the queen of beauty.

But I have wandered from my subject. Lady Mackintosh, it seems, was not an authoress; but that she was capable of being one, is almost proved by the manner in which Sir James writes to, and of her. Ah, it is beautiful to see how he brings out for her alone his richest thoughts, his classic lore, his philosophical researches, without the dread of not being comprehended and appreciated, or that mean fear which oppresses some little great men, of *wasting ammunition*.

I had written thus far, when the sound of tramping hoofs came up from the yard beneath. Ho, now for a ride! and apropos of my subject, it shall be to the site of "Old Fort Mackintosh." This military station, it is said, was occupied by the English in the French war. Very few traces of the fort now remain, but the views from that place, up and down the river, are some of the most lovely on the Ohio.

A spring into the saddle, a gathering up of the reins, a bound forward, followed by a gallop of two miles, and here we are! I check my horse upon the bank, and giving loose reins to my fancy, am soon borne back, even to "the good old Colony times,

When we all lived under a king."

I am within a strong fortress surrounded by armed men,



hardy, iron featured, muscular warriors, in the uniform of His Majesty, bearing huge muskets, the like of which would put in jeopardy the shoulder-joints of modern men at arms. The dark, dense forest is behind and over against us, a forest alive with hostile barbarians. Ha ! was not that the terrible war-whoop, ringing along the valley, and echoing from the hills ?

'Twas a wild ride, that ; but here comes fancy back again, to scenes of civil life and cultured lands ; to an age of republicanism and steam-whistles.

No swift canoes now dart across this majestic river ; no gleaming tomahawks light up the shadowy forests ; no arrows hurtle through the thick branches ; around me are no bristling bayonets, no clanging swords, and above me no banners float in the soft spring air. The landscape, with all its belongings, seems reposing in inglorious peacefulness. Even my horse, which has sometimes been complimented on a certain warlike *fierte*, wears a subdued, almost a saddened look, as intently regarding the skeleton of a horse, which lies partly out of the water below us, he stands, with drooping head and half-closed eye, musing probably on the nothingness of all horse-flesh.

Ere turning homeward, my eye again wanders over that surpassingly beautiful scenery, which once, in all its native wildness, fixed the admiring gaze of the young Washington, and glances toward that part of the river, where Louis Philippe is said once to have narrowly escaped drowning ; the republican waters not hesitating to close over his princely form, and thoroughly soak his aristocratic vestments.

Oh, tell me of a luxury more delicious than a spring air-ing, *a cheval* ! How delight comes pouring in at every sense ! Only to feel the sweet south wind at play around one's brow, and to hear the first spring-birds carolling above one, and to see the first violets peeping up along one's way ! Why, I fancy my steed pricks up his ears at the bird-music, like an amateur, and treads the fresh turf daintily with his

## SELECTIONS FROM LETTERS.

iron hoofs, as loath to cut it, because of its tender greenness ; precisely the reason we assign for an opposite line of conduct toward country cousins. Adieu.

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### LETTER VI.

I SEE that Fanny Forester has replied, in a most beautiful and eloquent manner, to a letter published in the National Press, of last summer, on the sad subject of her leaving her home, "the friends of her heart," and "the fame she had so gloriously won, for the far-off heathen." This letter, (which was in a most affectionate spirit, by the way,) was written by my friend Helen Irving, and I am happy to see that Fanny Forester appreciates her, with the instinctive perception of genius. I was accused, the other day, of being myself this blushing young debutante, and was only too much flattered by the unmerited compliment ; for there is a delicate point, a hair-line capability about her pen, to which my "gray goose quill," with its blunt nib, has no pretension. Authors and authoresses have been compared to birds once or twice, I believe. Now, there is an awkward period in the life of the feathered tribe, when the nestling is putting off his down, and before coming into possession of his plumage. It is greatly to be feared that the style of your present correspondent is in this uninteresting state — the down of early fancy is pretty much worn away, and heaven only knows when the wings of strength will be plumed.

I read the announcement of "A New Poetess," in the Home Journal, with that delight which I ever feel when genius is revealed to me ; an emotion as though it were its very *creation* which I beheld ; something like the feeling

with which the child, watching through the twilight, exclaimed,

“ Father, dear father, God has made a star ! ”

Angels and critics grant, bright Edith May, that the path on which you have entered may *not* “ grow thorny and chill ” as you ascend ! But it is best to be prepared for disagreeable possibilities, so just fill your apron with the “ flowers ” which throng its “ threshold,” and bear them with you.

Ah, thou art sweetly, fitly named —  
A glad young May thou art,  
With the struggling thought-germs of thy soul,  
The rose-buds of thy heart !  
Yes, thou art May, while thou can’st bask  
In love’s soft morning smile,  
But when his fervid noon-day light  
Hath sunned thy life awhile,  
When glory, at thy country’s call,  
With freshest wreaths hath crowned thee,  
Thou wilt be *June*, with bursting blooms,  
And glowing airs around thee !  
From us, who yield thee homage now,  
While thou art Princess May,  
As June, the Queen, enthroned and crowned,  
Wilt turn thy smiles away ?

Soon after mailing my last letter, chancing to open a “ Pennsylvania Historical Collection,” I saw, to my dismay, that I had made a misstatement respecting Fort Mackintosh. It appears it was not erected until 1778. I had never consulted authorities. I wrote from information carelessly given by some of the *natives*, and *they* ought to have known better, Heaven help them ! It is, however apparent, that the historical is not my *forte*, nor my fort historical. Adieu.

## LETTER VII.

I SMILE involuntarily whenever I seat myself to dash off a letter for the Home Journal. Only think of it — a simple country girl, domesticated in one of the quietest of western villages, where the people are provokingly peaceable and proper, and a jot-down-able event is as rare as

“A missal where swart Paynims pray,”

gravely, or rather merrily, setting out to indite epistolary communications for a print issued from the very heart of news-dom !

Whenever any one of these unpremeditated and hastily written letters has received unexpected attention, I have been reminded of a certain little story. A young lawyer of talent, residing in one of the northern counties of New-York, was once invited to deliver an address on the anniversary of a literary society in a neighboring village. He accepted the invitation, but being much occupied with business at the time, and expecting to address only the members of the society, he unfortunately omitted to prepare himself, by study, or thought, trusting to the inspiration of the hour alone. But what was his dismay when the time came, and he came, to find assembled a large audience of gentlemen and *ladies*, — and alas, the hour brought with it no inspiration ! His address was pretty much of a failure, and at the close of the broken apology for a speech, he begged leave to relate a little anecdote, as illustrative of his position. “An acquaintance of mine,” he said, “a worthy deacon, who was very much in the habit of speaking in meeting, and thought that on all occasions he must say *something*, was lately blessed with an infant boy, the first-born of his house. But it *died*, gentlemen and ladies, died in its early babyhood ! At the hour appointed for the funeral, the bereaved father, on first

descending from his chamber, where he had long remained,whelmed in sorrow, was greatly surprised at the number of his friends assembled. The house and yard were filled, and horses were fastened, and carriages waiting by the roadside. Touched by this mark of sympathy and respect, and looking round on the crowd, he stammered — “Neighbors and Christian friends, I thank you for your numerous attendance, and *raly, I — I — am sorry it was n’t a larger child!*”

The country is looking magnificently just now. It is nature’s festal season, the time of roses; the time when as beauties and sweets and melodies are most lavishly bestowed, it seems the human heart should most overflow with adoring thankfulness. There is so much around us to remind of heaven; the simple perfumes of the flowers seem breathings of its very atmosphere, and the songs of the birds its own cherubic strains brokenly warbled from imperfect remembrances. I pity from my soul one who can only worship amid kneeling crowds, where organs are pealing, and robed priests ministering, “in temples made with hands.” I pity one whose soul goes not up with the carol of the lark, to the very gates of heaven; one who cannot look into the heart of a rose and adore our God “in the beauty of his holiness.”

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Adieu.

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#### LETTER VIII.

How often one little word, hastily and sportively uttered or written, may conjure up curious consequences, and work us some mighty mischief. I have been taught, or rather I have been teaching myself, a lesson in that way, of late. A correspondent of the North American administers a grave reproof for my careless use of the word

"disaster" in connection with the serious subject of marriage. Though this writer who signs his communication "A Father," and is, also, we are left to suppose, a husband, puts a harsh construction upon my language and *supposed* sentiments, his rebuke was doubtless kindly meant, and in the spirit of kindness I would receive it. He declares himself "absolutely shocked" by my unfortunate expression, and calls upon me to "retract." He makes an eloquent though brief defence of the maligned institution; doubts strongly that any "properly educated woman can view marriage as a disaster;" dwells touchingly upon "the affections it nourishes," and "the hopes it *embalms*" — (ah, poor little dead hopes, it is often the only way they are preserved after the honeymoon!) — holds it up as *the* power which keeps our dependent sex from vice and "degradation," and concludes with the following somewhat powerfully worded sentence:

"We sometimes hear marriage decried and undervalued by the *more sensual only* of our sex, but it sounds like a horrible profanation when it is called a "disaster" by one whose *highest aim and glory it should ever be.*"

Can we not imagine the respectable "Father," on the night that he was shocked, seated in a snug family room, penning his reproof? About him are all the comforts and elegancies of life, for the world has always gone well with the worthy man. A tidy, domestic, demure, and still energetic looking woman, with *wife* written in every line of her mild face, is reclining in her *fauteuil* at his side, or perchance peering over his shoulder, (not prompting him, surely!) while around are grouped four or five interesting, intelligent, *marriageable* daughters, properly educated, after their father's ideas of the highest aim and glory of their sex. From those ideas it would be presuming in me to dissent; though I confess to have entertained, hitherto, a belief that where woman was reared for the matrimonial market alone, she would necessarily be artificial, designing and mercenary. A friend at my side, one too juvenile, as yet, to think of

choosing a wife, remarks that if the question was of the selection of an animal of inferior grade, but one still beautiful and useful, he would far sooner seek the South American plains, and lasso a fine, wild, natural, young creature, which would toss her proud head, and fly from him with the speed of the wind, than bargain with a dealer for the most showy and tractable of hackneys; knowing she had been trained and curbed, put to her paces and trotted out, season after season. But my friend is somewhat eccentric, an enthusiast, and a bit of a poet withal; so his judgment, indirectly conveyed through the second meaning of his words, should not weigh a straw against the piety, experience, and worldly wisdom of a husband and a father, in this matter. Our excellent catechism might yet have an improved edition. We are there taught "what is the chief end of *man*;" but the venerable divines unfortunately omitted to state what was "the highest aim and glory" of *woman*. But *that* being now so clearly revealed to me, I will "retract" the term of which I made use in my rashness, it may be in my folly, and "what is writ is *unwrit*."

Should I never give a practical proof of the sincerity of my recantation, however, I shall still fully assent to the truth of the remark appended to "A Father's" communication, by the editor of the North American. I would indeed "regard, with unmitigated horror, the idea of fulfilling my destiny on earth, *alone*." Happily for me, I fear nothing of the kind; believing that there will always be many pure-minded, genial-hearted, intellectual, even "properly educated" *women*, to bear me company. Heaven save me from a poor fear of the slight reproach attached to a condition of life, made lovable by characters of unobtrusive goodness in every circle of society, and rendered glorious by a More, a Mitford, an Edgeworth, a Bremer, and a Sedgwick.

You have doubtless often heard of Economy, the community established by the German, George Rapp, many years since, on the banks of the Ohio. We paid it a brief visit

one day last week, and found the village looking as ever, neat, flourishing, and peculiar. The inhabitants wore also their characteristic look of gravity and health; of contentment with their own lot, and of supreme indifference as to the affairs and opinions of the rest of the world.

The Patriarch, Rapp, is still living, and, with his quaint garb and flowing white beard, is a most respectable and Abraham-ish looking personage. He must be very old, and has been quite famous in his time. I once saw him taking an airing in his carriage, with his daughter, or granddaughter, Miss Gertrude, who, it is said, as he has no male heirs, will yet be Patriarchess. She appears old enough for her office, certainly. Were she young and pretty, with her poetical name and very real expectations—a grand old mansion, fine gardens, profitable vineyards, and the serfs of the estate—how many an interesting young gentleman would suddenly take to German, how many a spendthrift to Economy!

In this *unique* town, though there is much industry, there is no bustle; all is order and quietness, almost Sabbath-like repose. From the peculiar regulations of the society, the visitor here meets with no sweet domestic scenes; may go through the length and breadth of the village, without “falling into the bosom of a whole family,” to use one of Miss Robinson Crusoe’s expressions. We hear not the musical laughter and prattle of childhood, nor the blowing of penny trumpets, nor the beating of tin drums. In the wide streets is no flying of kites, no shooting of marbles, no moulding of “terrestrial pies;” but fruit-yards and melon-patches are unmolested, and wild birds brood securely unbeckoned of their eggs. Ah no, the sweet children may not fill those homes with love and gladness, because “*they are not* ;” but then there is no trembling care for the safe cutting of teeth; no nervous dread of the whooping-cough and measles; no fright from a tumble down stairs, or a plunge into the cistern; and there no father is constrained to utter words



of sharp reproof ; no mother to place herself in that most unlovely of attitudes, laying off the angel, and laying on the rod.

There are no dances and frolicings of youths and maidens on the village-green, and no happy young bridegroom may be seen, sitting in his porch, at evening, serenely smoking his meerschaum, his blooming Katrine as placidly knitting at his side ; but then no weak creature is there made the dupe and victim of a Quilp, a Sikes, or, more miserable still, of a Mantilini.

In the chill night, no injured wife wanders without, flying from the brutality of inebriated manhood ; and within, no poor fellow is remorselessly Caudled for the day's offences.

Adieu.

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#### LETTER IX.

Philadelphia, January 16, 1843.

THE day of my exodus from New-York was one of unexpected and unseasonable sunniness and softness. The air abroad was fresh and delicious as that of spring ; and, with a poet-friend for my *compagnon du voyage*, whose enthusiastic naturalness was both freshness and sunshine, I cannot say that the journey seemed tedious or fatiguing. And yet, I was saddened as I left New York ; not that I was leaving behind me its gaities, or its grandeur, but that I was going so soon from the friends of my heart ; and the wings of the hour were oppressed by the painful doubts and fears which wait upon all earthly partings.

I found that my friends here had scarcely spent as pleasant a New-Year's as we, in New York. Your gracious and beautiful custom of calling is altogether unobserved in Right-angle-dom. With you, may it live a thousand years.

You have doubtless seen, by the Philadelphia papers, that

Mr. Giles is delivering a course of lectures, before the Mercantile Library Association, upon Don Quixotte, which weekly draws a large, attentive and intellectual audience. Mr. Giles gives to the romance of Cervantes a high and beautiful meaning scarcely its own; bathes it in the golden light of his own genius. Still, he does not, cannot confine himself to it, as do other lecturers to their subjects; thus showing that his mind is essentially independent and creative. His texts are scarcely aids; they are not material, as with some, but merely suggestive. They are but the corner-stones of his imposing and classical structures; the points where he poises himself for his long and exulting flights; the ports from which he sets sail, with a brave convoy of adventurous thoughts.

I would you had heard the lecture upon "Literary Fame." In the beginning, it seemed more subdued, less powerful and passionate; in a word, less *eloquent* than his usual efforts. But the close was startling in its magnificent bursts of the purest and highest poetry! Glowing with truth, inspiration, that light borrowed alone from the spiritual sun of the universe, the eternal divinity of genius, that peroration came down upon us like a shower of stars!

But the lecture of last Tuesday, on "Womanhood." With what words shall I write of that grand effort, of that sublime achievement of genius? It was something which bore my soul heavenward, as on the sweep of majestic wings, but of which I cannot *speak* fitly and worthily. It was beauty, it was power; it was pathos, it was passion; it was tenderness, it was sublimity; it was *womanhood*, glorified by the pure vision, and deified by the worship, of genius.

Oh, by what angel of revelation has the inner sanctuary of woman's nature been thrown open to him, the speaker! Who interpreted for him the mystic tracings on "the red-leaved tablet" of her heart? Who swung wide before him the "moon-lit gate" of her tender dreams? Who told him

the sad story of her peculiar sorrows ; griefs, with which "the stranger intermeddleth not ?" Who unsealed his ear, that he might hear the voice of her midnight weeping, and anointed his eye, that he might see the invisible crown of her martyrdom ? Who pointed his gaze up into the heaven of her love, burning with unquenchable stars, and down into the rayless depths of her hate, and her despair ?

From how many lovely women must the speaker have chosen the many sweet and shining qualities which go to form his lofty ideal of woman ! The radiant creatures of his thought awe, while they attract me ; I approach them as I would the haloed angels and Madonnas of Raphael, drinking in their adorable beauty, and panting with inexpressible yearnings to be made like to them in their pure and spiritual loveliness.

This *poet's* ideal of womanhood is, indeed, surpassingly beautiful ; but one which, thank Heaven, it is not *impossible* for woman yet to realize. The heights to which he beckons her, are not unattainable ; the crown to which he points her, is not hung in the clouds. True, he has created for her a loftier standard than that of old ; and for this, God bless him !

Mr. Giles, more than any lecturer I ever heard, constantly, and unconsciously, reveals *himself* in his lectures. They bear the "image and superscription" of his individuality, are the life of his life, and the soul of his soul. In them, his own great nature is spread out before us as a landscape. There, passion, like an impetuous torrent, pours itself along, arched and overshadowed by the rich foliage of thought, while the flowers of fancy spring fair upon its borders. There, great moral truths stand, like "the everlasting hills," their summits piercing heaven ; and at their feet sleeps the still vale of the affections, while the sunlight of a beautiful enthusiasm rests upon, warms, and gladdens all.

Have you read a little work, entitled "The Last Incarnation ; or Gospel Legends of the Nineteenth Century ?" If

not, let me commend it to you, assuring you that you have an hour's pleasurable reading before you. I think you will agree with me that the conception is exceedingly beautiful; that the work abounds in passages of deep meaning and touching sweetness, and is most rich in poetical expression. It is from the French of A. Constant, translated by F. G. Shaw, the fine translator of *Consuelo*. I would gladly make extracts for the Home Journal, did not the finest passages depend for effect on the connection, the spirit of the whole; the thought-gems would lose half their brilliance apart from their exquisite setting. I will remark that the fifteenth legend impressed me most; but there are others which many may prefer to this. You are doubtless aware that Constant is an Associationist, an earnest and ardent apostle of that beautiful faith, only too pure, too divine for humanity in the present age; at least, in the present inharmonious and stormy stage of its progress toward the rest and peace which shall yet be, when the eternal harmonies of heaven shall enter into, and overcome the discordant relations of human life.

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## LETTER X.

Lynn, June 20, 1848.


I REACHED this beautiful place on the morning of the 13th. My friend Miss P—— and myself stopped a few days in New York, where we should have had a delightful visit, had not ill health interfered materially with *my* enjoyment, and through sympathy with that of my friends. I had taken an additional cold on my journey from Philadelphia, and my cough became more frequent and violent. But fortunately, (perhaps I should say providentially,) I met at Miss L——'s, a skilful physician, who prescribed for me, and now, thanks to his skill and his kindness, my cough and I have nearly

parted company, and my voice has returned to me ; no great matter of a voice in itself, but of some value to its owner, nevertheless.

One morning, during our stay in New York, our friends took us on a picture-seeing expedition. We first visited the Art Union Rooms, where we saw nothing very remarkable, except Cole's beautiful series of pictures, "The Voyage of Life." With these I was greatly delighted. We next visited the gallery of Goupil and Vibert, and saw Scheffer's "Dead Christ," and Muller's "Undine." The "Dead Christ" is one of the highest works of art I have ever seen. It has about it the awful grandeur, the unapproachable majesty of sorrow. Never was the hopeless and passionate abandonment of woman's grief more powerfully depicted. But, far more impressive than this, the unspeakable sadness of the dead Saviour's face ; the sorrow of Godhood over a perishing world. As I looked upon that sacred head, lying in the stillness and coldness of death ; in its pulseless mortality yet encircled with the faint, dying halo of the just departed divinity, something of the divine sadness lingering about those pale lips and closed eyes entered into my soul. I thought not of the insults and mockeries and physical agonies of the last hour, but of its utter, its fearful *loneliness*. When alone, *alone* in the midst of his Father's universe, it was his to endure and to die, and while Heaven was darkened, and earth convulsed, to bow his head in desolation, while on his last breath rose the mournful cry of a forsaken heart !

The "Undine" is a lovely and poetical creature, which lives in one's memory as an image of wild and joyous beauty, freshness, and innocence.

We also saw Count D'Orsay's portrait of Victoria, on horseback, which you will soon have an opportunity of seeing in Philadelphia. I should say that this picture has many fine points. The horse is a spirited creature, certainly ; the Queen is admirably seated, has a fine poise of



the head, and an air at once brave and nonchalant. She had an exulting and a buoyant, rather than a proud and commanding look; and for this I like the picture.

I am here fast recovering my strength; I seem to be drinking in a new, rich life of elastic spirits and restless energies with these invigorating east winds, fresh and cool from their broad ocean sweep. I have already had a wild horseback ride on the beach. Oh, that I could give you an idea of that memorable ride! The morning was sunny and warm, but the air which came over the water seemed surcharged with strength and exhilaration, seemed throbbing with the wild, restless, sparkling life of old ocean. With intense enjoyment I drank in every breath! with deep awe, with admiration and adoration fell my every glance on the "great waters" which lay before me in calm and sunshine, unfathomable, illimitable and beautiful as the summer skies they mirrored.

Our horses partaking of our exhilaration, almost flew over the glassy beach. I rode a light gray, strikingly like the steed reined by the Queen in D'Orsay's picture. He was full of fire and vigor, and bounded onward with quick, joyous leaps, his spirited head tossing proudly, and his long, white mane floating wildly in the sea air! Now and then, I would rein him into the edge of the water, and go dashing through the surf, till the spray fell about me like a fountain, and I would come forth with a "shining morning face," a sparkling hat and dripping plumes — Undine on horse-back. And thus we scampered along like frolicsome children, impudently playing with the frilled edge of mighty Neptune's robe.

Nahant is looking finely this year. It was in the autumn when I last visited it; the season was then nearly past; it is now but just commencing. I suppose the visitors are but waiting for the sea serpent to make his annual appearance, to pour into the Ocean House and Drew's pleasant hotel.

I am charmed with Lynn and its surroundings; the ocean

stretched before, and the rocks piled behind it, give to its scenery a peculiar picturesqueness which enchants and impresses me more and more. I cannot but regret that my home is not on the seashore ; for to me it seems that near such an image of greatness and beauty, such an emblem of the power, the grandeur and the infinitude of God, one's nature must become more strong and free and pure ; more imbued with solemnity and serenity ; more worthy to know that grand loneliness of deep thought, which is the soul's communion with spiritual existences. Yet I know not that it would be so. If the dark passions of earth cloud God's heaven to us ; if the world's allurements rise to veil the starry evangels of his love, would they not come between us and the *sea*, so that its eternal lessons of divine meaning might never reach our souls ?

On Sunday morning last, I accompanied my friends to Salem, to hear a discourse from the Rev. Henry Giles.

The morning had all the sweet, serene beauty which should wait upon the day of the Lord. It was June, fresh, flowery, leafy, gorgeous June ; it was rose-time, it was Sabbath-time, and Sabbath-time in *New England*, where, when the holy hours come on, hardy manhood stoutly stemming the strong tide of life, pauses reverently and leans upon his oar, like the Southern fisher, when the sound of the vesper bell steals over the twilight waters ; and where womanhood drops every implement of labor from her tired hands, and folds them meekly in heart-born devotion ; where nature seems hushing its thousand voices in adoration, and breathing heavenward its inarticulate praises.

As we rode along, on our right lay the sea ; on our left the huge, gray rocks, piled up like a mighty rampart against king ocean, should he ever seek to make incursions upon foreign territory. Along our way stood new and fanciful cottages, and old, substantial homesteads, some of which had revolutionary memories and colonial associations clustering like swallows about their eaves. Fine old trees threw their

cool shadows on our path ; the roadside was white with daisies ; now and then a breath of exquisite sweetness stole toward us from some luxuriant garden, or beautiful little lake, where shone hosts of white lilies, floating in fragrance on the sleeping tide. And then, those delicious sea breezes, rushing by us like broad, invisible wings, which have flown far, far over the wild, flashing waves, dipping every now and then into the cool and sparkling foam !

Our friend, Mr. Giles, delivered one of the most magnificent discourses I have ever heard. It was upon the character of David, and was replete with poetry, eloquence, moral power, and divine truth. What most impress me in Mr. Giles as a speaker, are the fervor and earnestness with which he pours forth his grand conceptions, in his strong, pure, and simple English ; his clearness, directness, and honesty, of thought, and his total freedom from all mysticism and all cant. But what I most remark in the man, and the familiar friend, is the perfect *manliness* of his nature ; a characteristic which removes him as far from our mere *fine gentlemen* as Milton was removed from the court fops of his time. And this is a distinction, even in his profession ; for manliness does not necessarily accompany clerical sternness, neither is true dignity always put on with a white neckcloth. Adieu.

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LETTER XI.

Lynn, June 29, 1848.

SINCE writing my last letter to you, I have spent some days at Milton, a beautiful place about five miles from Boston. The house where I had the pleasure of visiting, was charmingly situated, commanding the loveliest prospect, decidedly, that I have ever yet beheld. Before us through green meadows, wound gracefully a " swift and silvery river," while away in the distance stretched the immeasurable sea ;



behind us stood the beautiful "Blue Hills," and all about us were tastefully built cottages, looking out through the most luxuriant foliage. Nor were our more immediate surroundings less delightful. The fine old mansion of the R— family, fronting on a well-kept lawn, is shaded by majestic trees, while behind lies an extensive garden, rich in fruits and radiant with flowers.

Within doors, we breathed an atmosphere of elegant refinement and intellectual pleasure. Music, painting, and sculpture, charmed ear and eye, while pleasant social intercourse and innocent merriment drove from one's heart all present cares, all sad forebodings, and all sorrowful memories. For me, my happiness was constant and unmingled. I luxuriated in a pure, careless, thoughtless, and childish sense of enjoyment. Ah, what delicious sensations accompany the gradual return of health to an enfeebled body. With what exquisite emotions does one mark the first faint flush upon the cheek, the old fire in the eye, and feel the exultant elasticity in the step so lately heavy and spiritless. Are not such renewals of one's earliest vigor almost like new creations?

One lovely evening during my stay in Milton, we rode over to Quincy, to see the Adams place. As we entered the fine old town, its many touching and glorious associations came thronging upon my mind, and I was in truth filled with the very spirit of the pilgrim.

The first object of interest was the residence of the late J. Q. Adams, a large, venerable looking mansion, back of which yet stands the old homestead. The next house pointed out to us was an elegant modern building, belonging to Charles F. Adams.

But it was to the tomb of the greatest of the name, that we made our pilgrimage. We found it in the quiet and modest village church-yard; a plain, granite structure, with no monument, and no tablet, bearing only in letters raised on the stone, the name, "J. Q. Adams." All was unostenta-

tious, severely simple, and purely republican, as the character and life of the brave patriot, the conscientious statesman, and humble-hearted Christian, gone to receive his reward — the peace, the rest, the love, and the glorious immortality of God.

As I stood by that tomb, the events of the long and illustrious life of its slumbering inmate passed in rapid review before me. I thought of the noble father who bent with a smile above his cradle, and of the great-hearted mother, who nursed him. I thought of the more than Roman honor, virtue and greatness, instilled into his spirit with childhood's earliest teaching. I thought of his patient industry and lofty ambition, in gathering together and hoarding up all varieties of knowledge ; of the high and stainless morality of a life beset by many and peculiar temptations ; of all that grand and beautiful preparation for the part by Heaven assigned in the councils of the nation, in the history of the republic. I thought of the sunshine which had played around, and the storms which had beat upon his way, as he made himself dearer and dearer to his country, and drew upon his head more and more of mad partisan hate. I thought of all, all, even to that hour when full of honors and years, he was stricken down in the national halls, like a star struck suddenly from the face of heaven ; when with content upon his lips, and a sublime faith bearing up his soul, he waited in God's love the swift, silent coming of the angel of death ; and when his last sighs went quivering up through the same air which years ago had oftentimes trembled with the voice of his fervid and impassioned eloquence. Then, as I gazed upon that simple resting-place, I said, " This is the end of human greatness ! " But my lips were profaned by the unworthy sentence. True greatness and goodness are as immortal as the great, good God, from whom they emanate. The greatness, and above all, the goodness of Adams, belong to us, and to our country forever — a legacy, grand, beautiful, priceless, and imperishable. Adieu.

## LETTER XII.

Lynn, July 4, 1848.

WE have had for some days past the most dismal weather imaginable. There has been almost incessant rain, accompanied by a cold east wind. But last night the sun gave us a magnificent pageant at his setting, as though repentant for having so long hid from us the light and glory of his countenance. He went right regally to rest, with a mass of rich cloud drapery, all crimson and gold, floating about his couch. In the east, shone a rainbow, as resplendent as that which ages on ages ago, blessed the glad, adoring eyes of the patriarch and his family, as it arched over the renovated earth; God's illuminated promise set in the heavens, as grand as his power, as eternal as his truth, and as beautiful as his love.

I truly believe that a lovelier morning than this which is about us now, never smiled out of heaven. It seems that Nature has put on all her glory and her gladness to join in the proud jubilee of our land; rejoicing with us in the great joy of our national freedom.

I have usually little interest in the celebration of this anniversary, but to-day, my patriotic or rather liberty sentiments are most effectually aroused. My eye brightens and my heart bounds with every gun of republican glorification, and I even look with benign sympathy upon every independent urchin's discharge of fire-crackers. To me it seems that our rejoicing is now more unselfish than usual; for *other* nations come in for a share. Do not all true patriots send up this day a *Te Deum* to the God of liberty for revolutionized France, struggling Germany, Italy, the glorious, leaping up from the deathlike sleep of centuries, and Sicily the triumphant! What American will not remember with pride and joy inexpressible that the wisdom, the symmetrical beauty, the glory, and the *success* of our

republic have thus early ushered in this day of momentous changes, which may bring about the political regeneration of the old world ; that our people it was who led the march of reform, and worked out the great problem of human liberty for all the nations of the earth !

Oh, that we might be ever true to our own sublime teachings ! That freedom might erect her eternal altar upon our shores, whereon her sacred fire might live with a pure and heavenward glow, and "go not out, neither by day nor night." There shall torch after torch be lighted, till the dark places of the earth are illumed ; till freedom's shrines stand thick over those lands where once to breathe her name were crime, and where chains, dungeons, and death were the reward of her first apostles. Till the titles and pomp of royalty, its idle pageants and grinding oppressions shall alike pass from all remembrance, and the poor man, the serf shall stand erect, clad with his restored rights, and crowned with his recognized humanity. Till "king" is the faint echo of a dead name ; till no sovereignty is acknowledged, save that of honorable and impartial law ; no nobility, save that of moral greatness and intellectual power.

Oh, that Heaven might hear this day the prayer of the Christian patriot ! that we may not be suffered to depart wholly from the wise counsels, the true bravery, the simplicity and the *honesty* of our fathers ; that henceforth we may be at peace with our brothers, and preserve inviolate our national honor. That our country may now, in her time of greatness and power, as in her humbler and darker days, "do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly before God ;" before Him who was with her through the midnight storm of her fearful struggle ; whose blessing came down with the dawn of victory, and lingered through her long day of peace, glory, and prosperity.

I mentioned in a late letter a visit to the Greek Slave, but could not then speak of it at any length. I had heard many conflicting opinions concerning this work of art, and

scarcely knew what I expected to behold ; I certainly looked not to see what I saw. As you have a copy of the Slave now in Philadelphia, and as I suppose that most of your readers have either seen, heard, or read of it, I will not attempt a description. Without making any modest disclaimer to the possession of artistical knowledge, I trust I shall be pardoned for giving only my *impressions* concerning this statue, and my *spirit's* interpretation of the sentiment which it embodies. Who will expect severe artistic criticism from a young, untravelled writer, and a woman at that?

As I entered the exhibition room, and marked first the exquisite, the adorable beauty of the figure, I paused involuntarily, for she seemed unapproachable in the divinity of her perfect loveliness. Then my eye fell upon her manacles and chain ; I saw the proud sadness of her attitude, and drew near with a pity which was half awe. Then first I looked full upon that face, grand in its heroic endurance, divinely beautiful in its purity, and inexpressibly touching in its sorrows. I trembled, my heart beat audibly, the tears sprang to my eyes, and for some moments I gazed through mists of sad but most exquisite emotion. With what irrepressible tenderness, with what pitying human love we look upon this noble creation of a true artist soul ; this subduing harmony, breathing through the lines of beauty ; this mournful poem, which writes itself on the gazer's spirit ; this fearful tragedy in stone ; this lofty embodiment of womanhood triumphant in sorrow and in degradation.

Torn forever from her country, its faith and its loves, chained in the market-place of her enemies, all disrobed and awaiting her brutal purchaser, she is yet pure as a seraph, and proud as a crowned queen, yet unconquerably constant to her love, her country, and her God. Oh, what a divinity of purity, what a glory of womanhood is round about her, holier, than the halo of saints, and mightier than the panoply of warriors !

The total absence of all voluptuousness in the person of

the slave, with childlike innocence, the evident and terrible constraint of her bondage, the averted face, with the severe calm of majestic resignation, — all have their effect upon the mind, and one is scarce conscious of gazing upon a nude figure, clothed as the poor girl seems in the love and the sorrow of the angels.

I have elsewhere expressed this idea, in a poem on Pygmalion's statue :

“ Like Cytherea's were the rounded limbs,  
The hands, in whose soft fullness, still and deep,  
Like sleeping Loves, the chiselled dimples lay,  
The hair's rich fall, the lip's exquisite curve ;  
But most like Juno's were the brow of pride,  
And lofty bearing of the matchless head ;  
While over all a mystic holiness,  
Like Dian's purest smile around her hung,  
And hushed the idle gazer, like the air  
Which haunts at night the temples of the gods.”

The reverential silence in the presence of the Greek Slave has been often remarked. No one speaks above a whisper, — and many gaze with hushed breath and tearful eyes, in a dreamy trance of admiration, in the full, deep enjoyment of a new and delicious sensation.

As to the simple *beauty* of the face, it is indeed rather severe in its character ; at least it did not seem to me as soft as either that of the Geneva, or Proserpine of Powers. Nor should it ; a fate like the captive's would almost mould a face anew. It bears, though faintly, the stern impress of misfortune, the mournful tracery of bereavements, fears, and wrongs, as deeply felt, as bravely endured.

If any there be who feel the moral sentiment of this statue, without understanding its source, let them glance at the locket and the cross, hanging from the column at her side. To a woman's nature originally great, a worthy love and a true religious faith, impart a beauty and a grandeur

which poetry and art have sanctified themselves in interpreting and embodying. By the embroidered cap and robe at her side, as well as by the exquisite delicacy of her hands, we may know that the maiden is noble, and that luxury and homage have waited upon her steps from infancy. Then how fearful this bondage, this exposure ! Manacles on those soft, fair hands, and the gaze of vulgar eyes upon that unrobed, patrician form !

Yet of all this she evidently thinks not wholly, but with the sublime unselfishness of a great soul, loses her own sorrow in that of those she loves. Her heart is far away with her brave and struggling country. Perchance she sees her sire vainly pouring out his life-blood for its lost liberties. She revisits in spirit her desolate home, where her mother grieves ceaselessly for the child she shall fold to her breast no more ; whose return the old look not for, and whose name little children speak mournfully. And now are her thoughts with him, the best beloved ; who, with his young life darkened by despair, his heart riven by grief and maddened by wrong, yet battles for his lost Greece, or sighs his soul out in weary captivity.

Oh, joy in the midst of her desolation, the will of her tyrant cannot subjugate her love, his base chains are not upon her spirit ! Though his merciless hand may take from her jewelled cap and brodered vest, the emblem of her faith and the memento of her love, he cannot take from her nature the greatness that is wrapped as a royal robe about it — the power of purity, the dignity of patient endurance. Though his bold, licentious glance may linger upon her unprotected form, it cannot pierce into her heart's sanctuary of sorrow ; from its gaze are hid forever its proud and beautiful and sacred memories. Adieu.

## LETTER XIII.

Lynn, July 19, 1848.

You did not receive a letter from me last week, for two reasons: firstly, I had scarcely the leisure to write a line, and, secondly, I was not in the mood. This serving up pleasant scenes and incidents *cold*, is not the most agreeable sort of occupation, after all. Were it possible for me to impart to you, by the vividness of description and the glow of language, the spirit and tone of our present life; could I, even for a few moments, by the potency of enthusiasm, transport you from the heat, glare, and intolerable dullness of the city in July, to the coolness, freshness, and unchanging beauty of the seashore, then, indeed, the ink would not often be dry on the nib of my philanthropic pen. But of this I despair; the loveliest scenes are absolutely indescribable, the most pleasurable emotions untranslatable. The most I can give you are faint outline sketches, intimations for the quick-witted, notes to be filled up by the imagination.

Since writing you last, the arrival of a beloved brother, to join me in my erratic journeying, has given a new zest, a delicious duality to my enjoyment. This brother comes from the far South, and our reunion after a (to us) long separation, at this brilliant and merry season, is to us both a peculiar happiness. It bears us back to those rare old times, when we were inseparable companions; when, by night, the same roof-tree was over us, and a household of home affections encircled us; when, by day, the same "school-marm" swayed us with her ferule of despotic power; when we rode on the same poney, and ate out of the same porringer; when we hunted wild flowers and hens' nests, sailed and fished, went to Sunday school, and slid down hill together. Oh, those days of infantine innocence, when we spoke truth, except on occasions; and kept sacredly the commandment relating to personal property, when



preserve jars were not carelessly exposed, and no tempting little tarts were left in our way. Oh, days of early piety, when we revered spiritual authority and sacred offices, scarcely allowing ourselves such innocent little liberties as putting powder in the deacon's pipe; when we kept Saturday night, and spent our Sunday mornings in the study of the catechism, with an occasional reading of the stirring story of John Rogers as a slight recreation, or a hasty perusal of the veritable history of "Dick Whittington," snugly hid between the leaves of the graver volume. Oh, those proud and happy days, when the roll of a new drum filled the heart of the boy with the love of glory and a fiery valor, and when the advent of a new doll flooded the soul of the girl with a sense of ideal loveliness and grace. Oh, those brave, eventful days, when, as the conviction forced itself upon our tender minds, that life was but a rough sea, and not without its blows and squalls; when, after youthful indiscretions and transgressions, we were called to feel how much the flesh could bear, we began seriously to discuss the social evils resulting from the exercise of parental authority; or held an indignation meeting, and boldly voted a certain ancient king, who had somehow acquired a reputation for wisdom, a humbug, for his famous proverb respecting the bringing-up of children; or proposed an amendment thus, "*spoil the rod, and spare the child*;" or gravely passed a resolution reprehending the trees about our door for giving "aid and comfort to the enemy;" the very trees we had loved and played under, furnishing the stern ministers of our suffering.

Well, upon my word, this is getting to be an odd specimen of a letter. Such recollections, though "pleasant and mournful to the soul," are by far too personal for general interest. So, I pray your pardon for my runaway digression, my sudden dip into the long sealed waters of the past.

One fine day last week, we all went on a fishing excursion, and had a time of it. Our party consisted of about

sixteen, all with merry and care-free hearts, suited to the day and the occasion.

We were out about ten miles, on a neat fishing smack, the "Lark," (appropriately named,) with an experienced skipper, a pleasant and obliging person, by the way. Our luck was, I believe, extraordinary; we caught many fish, and of a large size, cod, haddock, &c. I tested the strength of my arm and my heart's power of bearing a weight of bliss, by pulling in one haddock weighing about twelve pounds. Ah, what to this was my old pike-fishing on Lake Ontario, and all my trouting — bah! I was wild with enthusiasm as the line thrilled in my fingers to a "glorious nibble," and then, as yard after yard of that dripping line flew through my hands, as the silvery fish came whirling up through immense depths, and then lay floundering upon the deck! Oh, rare exultations, I would not exchange you for the triumphs of belles and provident mammas, skilful "fishers of men" though they be.

Our skipper paid me the compliment of saying that I had the regular fisherman's pull on the line, and laughed a right jolly laugh to see me steadily refuse all assistance. At one time I almost had my match; I surely thought myself bringing up one of the wonders of the mighty deep. At last, with one strong, convulsive pull, I lodged my prize on the deck; when lo, and behold, I had not only a large fish upon my own hook, but had brought up the lines of my right and left hand neighbor, with a fish on each! The indolent, unimpassioned fishermen had been in dreaming unconsciousness of a bite, instead of being alive through every nerve to the grand realities of the sport before them.

One beautiful, dark-eyed girl of the party bore off the honors, as having caught the greatest number of fine, large fish. Our skipper looked upon her with peculiar pride, and we all should have envied her had she not borne her honors meekly.

After some hours of this most exciting amusement, we

went ashore to a pleasant spot among the rock trees, where a sumptuous repast was served chiefly of fried nippers and chowder. As I sat on the cool turf, a little tired and very hungry with a clam-shell, I thought I never enjoyed so delicious. With songs, speeches and toasts, measured and laughs unmeasurable, the breezy, and the sun began reluctantly to look his happy party. Then we took up our line on the beach, regained our places in our cars homeward, and the day was done! It was never forgotten it soon must have less relish for more happy days on record than your pondent.

The Thursday following was Class Day and we four of L——, and our friends attended *en masse*.

The exercises on this occasion were to me interesting. The graduating class of 1848 are a fine set of young men certainly, and seem to their country shall yet be greater and better energies, the talent and learning with which entering upon life.

The spectators were assembled in the college whither the class escorted the faculty, headed by Everett, in his Oxford hat and gown.

The President is a man of most imperial figure has great dignity, and his head is grand expression. But to me he looks the governor, minister and the President, more than the poet.

After a prayer from the chaplain, we listened to a fervent oration from the class orator, Mr. Tiffany, and to a very elegant and witty poem from Mr. Clarke, of Boston. The "fair Harvard" sung by the class, all adjourned to the college

such as were so disposed danced to the music of a fine band. From the green we repaired to Harvard Hall, where an excellent collation was served, succeeded by dancing. From the hall the students of 1848 marched and cheered successively every college building, then formed a circle round a magnificent elm, whose trunk was beautifully garlanded with flowers, and with hands joined in a peculiar manner, sung "Auld Lang Syne." The scene was in the highest degree touching and impressive, so much of the beauty and glory of life was there, so much of the energy, enthusiasm and proud unbroken strength of manhood. With throbbing hearts and glowing lips, linked for a few moments with strong, fraternal grasps, they stood, with one deep, common feeling, thrilling like one pulse through all. An involuntary prayer sprang to my lips, that they might ever prove true to *Alma Mater*, to one another, to their country, and to Heaven.

As the singing ceased, the students began running swiftly around the tree, and at the cry, "Harvard!" a second circle was formed by the other students, which gave a tumultuous excitement to the scene. It broke up at last with a perfect storm of cheers, and a hasty division among the class of the garland which encircled the elm, each taking a flower in remembrance of the day.

With what feelings in after years must they look upon those simple memorials! With grateful joy, if the hope of this day shall have proved herself but the glowing prophetess of truth; if fame, station, wealth, or great moral power are theirs; if they have "overcome the world," and flung about their lives the glory and the sanctity of a sublime purpose nobly attained. But with sorrow inexpressible shall they look upon them if this day's hope prove a tempter and a mocker; if all that ambition once spread before them seem but a brilliant falsity, a mirage of the soul; if earth be the final victor over the early faith, and the spirit-wing which could once cleave heaven in the fervor of aspiration be broken and powerless; their past a scene of unreal pleasure

and unworthy strife, and the life which stretches before them a cloud-wrapt waste, rayless and pathless.

We have a new moon at this time, and nothing can be more magnificent than our nights upon the beach.

On Monday evening last a friend and I rode down to see the moon rise from the ocean, and never, never did I behold so beautiful a sight. Like Aphrodite springing from the sea, in the splendor of her perfect loveliness, higher and higher through the clear summer heaven she moved on her silvery pathway, while the smile of her love lay upon the face of the deep, and lit it up with a radiant beauty and gladness.

The wind blew fresh and bracing, and the tide was coming in strong and fast; we gave loose reins to our spirited horses, and dashed over the long beach like young Arabs. A sense of power, a feeling of buoyant exultation took possession of me; I seemed poised upon, rather than fixed in the saddle; rather soaring than riding. Yet while my heart went forth like a sea-bird to frolic with the winds and waves, the starry splendor of the night above me, the immense expanse of ocean, the ceaseless, sounding beat of the billows on the shore, filled my soul with the sense of infinite beauty and grandeur. The waves call to us with the voice of the ages, and the midnight deep, grand, awful and unfathomable, mirroring the mild and holy stars, is the eternal revelation of Jehovah.

The summer clouds, shedding light dews from their silvery heights; the summer earth breathing up incense in silent quietude; the summer wind tossing about the spray of the breakers, or stealing into gardens, swaying the long vines, shaking down rose-leaves, and rocking the light nest of the bird. Oh, Heaven! what an hour for the intense, rapturous enjoyment of existence. The beaker of life was at my lips, sparkling to the brim and ruby to its depths; what wonder that I quaffed one quick, eager draught, forgetting the sorrows of the past, and fearing not the misfortunes of the future.

P. S. I have just this hour returned from the beautiful village of Amesbury, where I paid a brief, but to me most delightful visit, to our friends, the W——s. On Monday next we bid adieu to the ocean, fishing, boating, bathing, riding on the beach, and more than all these, to our dear seashore friends. *Sic transit* the glory and the fun of the world ! Yet we are intending a visit to the beach to-night, and have planned for to-morrow a last crusade against the fish. Once again

“A moonlight frolic with the waves,  
A plunge through starlit deeps ;”

a few more thrills of the arm, responsive to nibbles and bites, and all will be over.

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#### LETTER XIV.

Brooklyn, Conn., July 28, 1848.

WE reached this beautiful village on the afternoon of the 26th, after a somewhat wearying journey from Lynn. We did not leave the seashore on Monday, as we expected to do. The temptation of a few more rides and rambles was too much for our resolution, and we gave in with exemplary resignation to the urgent solicitation of our friends.

On Monday we rode up to Boston, where we spent the greater part of the day. We again visited the daguerreotype rooms of Southworth & Hawes, when we had a general exchange of miniatures, and very fine ones they were too. I would cordially recommend to all such as have a desire to see themselves on plate, this admirable establishment. Messrs. Southworth & Hawes are gentlemanly persons, as well as experienced and conscientious artists ; and their enthusiasm, fine taste, and unwearying politeness, agreeably impress their sitters, and convert into a pleasure what is

usually an intolerable bore. I have seen nothing in this department of art to equal their pictures for truthfulness and elegant finish ; they are, to my eye at least, *perfect*.

After a last look at Faneuil Hall, Old South, the Hancock House, and the Common, we rode out to Mount Auburn, and spent some hours in that hallowed spot. Oh, how sweet, how peaceful, how almost enviable, seemed the grave-rest there ! Even to *us*, upon whose paths no frosts had fallen, and few storms had beat ; whose hearts swelled high with the strong tide of youthful energy and aspiration ; whose lips were yet crimson with the first draught of the wine of life, and whose eyes yet dwelt upon the loveliness of earth, and turned shrinkingly from all that might mar her glory and her grace.

Ah, then, what a shore of tranquil beauty must it be to the tempest-tossed wanderer, what a Holy Land of repose to the world-weary pilgrim. How must it call with a thousand low, sweet voices, to its solemn shades, all those who have seen their paths made desolate by the storms of misfortune ; whose days are darkened by sorrow ; whose hours go by to mournful measures, and whose moments are counted by the heart-throbs of anguish. How must it seem to them a place of infinite consolations, a very Paradise of rest, where deep, dark foliage shall shut out the joyous sunlight, and curtain the lone grave with tender sadness, and where the "floral apostles" of immortality shall keep their beautiful vigils by the dead. Here the angel of the flowers, sad and dewy-eyed, seems standing like a weeping Mary beside the sepulchre.

On Tuesday evening our friends and we formed a cavalcade, and paid a farewell visit to the beach, where we rode for some hours. There was no moonlight to silver o'er the smooth sands ; the mighty heart of the ocean throbbed in vain for its mistress ; but the heavens were peculiarly serene, and the stars looked upon the scene from their far heights, in unchangeable beauty and grandeur. It was a night in

perfect unison with my feelings. In my heart there was no moonlight ; it was darkened by the morrow's parting, which cast its shadows before ; and yet there slept upon it the sweet starlight of hopes still beautiful and dear to the soul. The moon, now lavishing on us her wealth of radiant beauty, and now waning and passing coldly from our adoring gaze ; the stars, farther off, but forever unchanging, are they not types of the pleasure of our poor life, and of the infinite joys of the spirit ?

It was nearly midnight when we left the beach. Slowly and most reluctantly we went from the scene of much pleasure and many enthusiasms and upliftings of the spirit. Not altogether of earth and of the senses had been the emotions I had known upon that shore. Here had I often bowed to the God of the beautiful earth, the glorious heavens, and the sounding sea. I believe that now, as at the first, the spirit of the Lord moves "on the face of the waters," and I would rather worship where the waves lift up their eternal anthem, and the solemn stars look down upon the deep, than in "temples made with hands," though reared by monarchs, consecrated by priests, and rendered still grander by the divine conceptions of genius.

In the morning we parted from our friends, the —s, and —s, truthful, faithful, and well beloved. Oh, there were

"Partings such as press  
The life from out young hearts."

How little do we know of the warmth and strength of our attachments, till we test them by partings and absence. My lovely friend, who was with me so long in Philadelphia, and with whom I have been since I left that city has so grown to my heart, so infused her thoughts into my thoughts, and mingled her spirit with mine, that I leave half my life in leaving her. May God shelter with the wing of his love, and surround with the serene atmosphere of his presence one whom He has so richly and so beautifully endowed.



And there were others, whose friendship was to me and to my brother most graceful and cheering, a blessing and a gladness. There was about it a freshness, a spontaneity, a generous heart-warmth which gave us true happiness, and for which we cannot be sufficiently grateful. As they met the stranger, may they be met, and as much truth, confidence and kindly attention be theirs, in all their outgoings!

Whate'er may lie before us now,  
Whatever new ties bind us,  
Here 's love and peace to the hearts which thus  
With the loved and tried have shrined us;  
Here 's a health, a brimming, sparkling health,  
To the friends we left behind us!

We are now making a brief-visit at the birthplace of our mother, Brooklyn, truly one of the loveliest of New England's lovely villages. Here was the home of Putnam, in the latter part of his life, and his tomb is in the village churchyard. The famous wolf-den is within a short distance, and is well worth a visit. No one after seeing it can doubt the courage of the gallant old soldier.

I should apologize for the heaviness of my letter, and its total lack of style and finish. The truth is, my thoughts have not been with my employment to-day; my mind is ill at rest, there is nothing in all my heart but the echoes of farewells.

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## LETTER XV.

Rochester, N. Y., Aug. 14, 1843.

I BELIEVE that my last letter was written from Brooklyn, Conn. We left that place soon after, for New York, via Hartford and New Haven. In New York we remained a few days, just long enough to see all our friends who were not out of town. We put up at "Judson's Hotel," a most admirably kept, neat and quiet house, which we would more unequivocally recommend than some larger and more pretending establishments. Our visit to the great city was very pleasant, taking into consideration the advanced season. It was not so oppressively warm upon Broadway as we had anticipated, and there certainly was enough going on in the way of amusements *pour passer le temps*.

It was on a morning of surpassing beauty that we left the city to ascend the Hudson, for the first time. The sky was resplendent with brightness, and clear as the blue eye of one we love; the sunlight flooded the shore, and flashed over the waters; a soft breeze played about us, as we stood on the deck of our flying craft; it bore us sweet breathings from the banks, where the gay trifter had been frolicking with and wooing fond flowers and susceptible young leaves, till they quivered with irrepressible delight, and trembled with a visible gladness.

After all we had heard and read, and seen in paintings, the magnificence and loveliness of the Hudson scenery broke upon us with a joyful surprise. We knew absolutely nothing of the wealth of beauty with which Nature had dowered that glorious stream. As our eyes dwelt on those shores, now towering in stern grandeur, now sleeping in serene loveliness, and every where crowned with the glory of their summer verdure, our spirits were intoxicated with a pure delight, and we revelled luxuriously in the sense of the beautiful.

At Watervleit (West Troy) we spent some days with a relative, the commandant of the United States Arsenal at that place. As you may suppose, all the military lions were faithfully shown up to us. Among other things, I was much interested in seeing a large number of guns and mortars, taken from the British during the Revolution ; and some French pieces.

Since being appointed to this station, Major Baker has been constantly employed in building, and making various improvements in the grounds.

The wooden buildings which were in use in the time of his predecessor, General Worth, have been removed, and elegant, massive stone structures erected in their stead. Although myself professing "peace principles," I found this military station a most interesting place to visit. I was shown through all the workshops, even the immense smithery, with which I was by far the most impressed. I have always thought the blacksmith's employment peculiarly picturesque ; a most manly department of labor. Were I an artisan, I should prefer thus to grapple with toil. I love to watch the sturdy smith, as he stands in the intense glow of the flaming forge, and bends the massive iron like an osier twig, and melts it like pliant wax, while sound and ring his heavy blows, and the red sparks fall about him like a storm of fire. To me, there is much of true beauty in this display of physical strength and hardy energy, and I cannot look upon the marriage of Venus and Vulcan as such a *mesalliance* after all.

The railroad route from Troy to Utica lies through a fine country, in some places cultivated like a garden, and in others wild as nature itself. We stopped but a few hours at Utica, and took the night train for Rochester. We found the cars crowded with delegates to the great Buffalo Convention. Our car was filled to overflowing with Barn-burners, on fire with free-soil democracy, and turbulent with patriotic enthusiasm. So, as you may suppose, it was no place for

meditation, or a quiet retiracy into the inner life of the spirit, as a transcendentalist might say.

But I have always a ready sympathy with great political excitement. I love to see men thoroughly roused, vehemently in earnest; feeling their manhood in every nerve, and pressing resolutely forward to the free expression and bold vindication of principles and rights. I love to see a regular tornado of popular enthusiasm careering over the land. I love to see the popular mind upheaving tumultuously, like the ocean roused by a midnight storm. I love to hear the deep, thunderous voice which speaks its irresistible might; to see it lit up every now and then with the blaze of passion, as it sweeps away the old landmarks, and boldly dashes against the bulwarks of power, policy and partisanship.

"Oh, night and storm and darkness, ye are wondrous strong!" Yet how much stronger, and grander, is the shock of contending minds, the fierce struggle of truth with error, than the blind strife of the elements.

It is the nature of our political institutions to keep our people earnest, active, and alive. Americans "feel their life in every limb," their freedom in every footstep, their rights in every heart-throb.

In this beautiful city I have now spent about a week, among the scenes and friends of my early girlhood. Rochester was for some years my well-beloved home; here it was that I spent my few school days; received my trifle of book knowledge, for "much learning" has never yet made me "mad" or *blue*. It was here that woman's life first opened upon me; not as a romance, not as a fairy dream, not as a golden heritage of beauty and of pleasure; but as a sphere of labor, and care, and endurance; an existence of many efforts and few successes, of eager and great aspirations, and slow and partial realizations.

Ah, life has thus far been to me severely earnest, profoundly real, and my days of romantic pleasures and ideal visions are yet to come. But enough of this.

If you have ever visited Rochester, you will remember the beautiful Genesee Falls, in the midst of the city. Well, if you now go where they are, they are not there; the water at this season being all used to turn the immense mills in the neighborhood of the once sublime cataract. I cannot reconcile myself to the change which the spirit of improvement and the wheat speculation have made. Is it not a pity that the price of flour is a matter of more moment than the preservation of the picturesque? and that cataracts and cotton factories cannot co-exist? The "Lower Falls," however, remain more as they were, unspoiled by the progress of the age. The surrounding scenery is most romantic and beautiful, and happily within a pleasant ride from the city.

The change which I remark in Rochester, wrought during the past five years, is indeed wonderful, and speaks well for the wealth, enterprise, and public spirit of its citizens. The place is constantly and rapidly improving, and bids fair to become one of the most important cities of the Union.

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#### LETTER XVI.

New Brighton, Pa., Sept. 5, 1848.

As I date my letter, I can scarcely believe that we are now in September. How like a bankrupt with the sheriff after him, Time flies! Were I given to the classics, I might more elegantly exclaim, How *tempus* does *fugit*!

In truth, the changing and exciting life which I have led of late, has rendered me almost unconscious of the flight of time. The seasons have seemed to succeed one another as rapidly as the shifting scenes in a play. I saw the winter icicles hang on the bare branches of the garden trees; the sun looked kindly down, and from each brown bough timidly peeped out light green buds; then burst forth like a sudden

fairy illumination, rich bunches of pale red flowers, which, after filling the enamored air with the breath of their beauty and gladness, were showered earthward, "like a fall of rosy snow." Then over that tree spread a royal richness of foliage, a glory of deep, dark verdure, waving in the sunlight, glittering in the morning dew and the evening rain, sighing and swaying in the night breeze, or sleeping tranquilly in the starlight, when the winds were so hushed, that not even the dew-drop trembled in the heart of the rose. And now, out from amid that leafy luxuriance glows the ripening fruit, golden and red, while over the heavy clusters of the neighboring vine spreads a crimson flush, which purples rapidly as the sunny days go by. Soon shall these fruits be gathered, change and blight come upon this gorgeous foliage, and the wild November winds riot among the embrowned leaves, sweeping them to darkness and decay, with hoarse shouts of glee, like envious spirits holding a jubilee over the death of goodness and beauty.

But, "sufficient for the day," &c. While we are in the midst of bloom and ripeness, soft airs, warm sunlights and delicious shadows, let us revel in the exquisite enjoyments, the pure, fresh pleasures they bring; and, as in the seasons of the year, so in those of life; let us who are yet in its rosy summer, or golden autumn, not fill our souls with chill forebodings of its winter gloom and desolateness. While they may, let our hearts palpitate with sweet hopes and thrill with exultations; let our feet tread merry measures, and our voices swell the songs of joy; let our thoughts be steeped in the dew of romance, and our hearts bask in love's sunlight; let our spirits be filled with the gladness of nature's morning hours and the still worship of her evening adoration.

This is my present simple philosophy, and one that amid the real cares and griefs and multitudinous annoyances and vexations of life, is more difficult to practise than many might suppose.

I believe I have never told you any thing of my home. As description is not my forte, I can only hope to give an imperfect idea by my word-limning. New Brighton is a pretty village, on the Beaver River, about two miles from its junction with the Ohio, thirty miles below Pittsburg. The Beaver is a beautiful stream, more like the Juniata than any other river I have seen. The scenery along its banks is sometimes bold and striking, and always lovely and picturesque.

Our village is in a green and quiet valley, and from the beauty and healthiness of its situation and its pleasant society, is a favorite summer resort for many of the citizens of Pittsburg and Cincinnati.

The house in which my parents have resided for a few years past, is a white cottage, which looks toward the river, or rather peers through thick shade trees and clambering vines, like a Turkish maiden through her jalousie.

The towering hills, deep and romantic dells around us, furnish scenes for many delightful rambles, climbs, drives and bold eventful horseback rides. Such "racing and chasing" as we have about this time! Such pedestrian excursions after the freedom and vigor of the woods, such wild gallops after health and spirits!

Apropos of out-door exercises and amusements, I see that many proper people of the press are being cruelly shocked and making much ado about the masculinized costume which Mrs. Fanny Butler is pleased to assume for her morning rambles through the dells and over the hills of Massachusetts. Now, it is my opinion that the present fashion of female dress is the cause of so many of us failing to take that out-door exercise which is absolutely essential to vigorous health. For country walks and climbs, nothing could be so annoyingly inconvenient and unneat as our long dresses, light skirts, thin shoes and fancy bonnets.

This is surely not a right state of things, and I for one would advocate a reform most seriously and earnestly. Why

might not we adopt a costume somewhat like the bathing dress we wear on the seashore : loose Turkish trousers, a tunic or blouse, a black belt, and broad-brimmed straw hat, with the addition of thick boots and a light cane. This, with a tasteful choice of material, might be made a very piquante, picturesque and page-like costume, without infringing greatly on the reserved rights of the other sex. And then look at its infinite advantage over our usual dress, in clambering over rocks, following up trout streams, making way through thick forests and over marshy places, or in braving the sun in the open meadows.

Medical men have again and again decided that regular exercise in the open air is of incalculable benefit to woman, is absolutely necessary to her physical well-being. It is our keeping ourselves mewed up in close rooms, with too much domestic care and labor on hands, which is giving to our country an entire generation of pale, complaining, nervous, or to use the word of a plain old friend, "*fidgety*" women. It is this Mohammedan retirement, this soft, feminine shrinking from the bold and healthful exercises of their English sisters, which renders the beauty of fair Americans so proverbially ephemeral.

Beauty is no fragile, rouged and powdered ball-room belle ; but a wild, blooming, vigorous nymph of the mountains ; a bounding, sparkling Undine, amid green dells and dashing waterfalls. Her eye flashes not back the garish brilliance of the gay saloon, but warm sunshine and clear starlight ; and her voice is not tuned to the harp and guitar, but sings with the wild-bird and laughs with the rivulet. Hebe herself was no luxurious habitant of a marble palace, with silken couches and velvet carpets but reclined beneath the shades and danced amid the dews and morning splendors of the sacred mountain of the Gods. The Muses and Graces were all young ladies of rural propensities and most unrefined habits. Diana was a regular Die Vernon, Minerva was *green* as well as blue, and even Aphrodite was a wild,



ungoverned, *outré*, half-savage creature, with nothing but her beauty for a passport into polite society.

But to drop our classics, Fanny Butler is not alone in donning masculine habiliments. I am told that a young and lovely daughter of one of the present Scottish earls is in the habit of accompanying her father in his summer expeditions among the highlands, attired in a complete sportsman's, or tourist's suit, the only dress wearable in that wild, rough region.

If Mrs. Butler, seeing the necessity of such a costume, for such a purpose, has the courage to adopt it, I, for one, am not shocked, though I may not have the spirit to emulate her. I confess that I am not yet brave enough to breast the tide of popular prejudice for any but a great object; to render myself famous by an *outré*, even though it be a meritorious, line of conduct. Still, to introduce any reform in dress, as in morals, *some one* must submit to a kind of social martyrdom.

Yet, I can but regret *incidentally* that Mrs. Butler should have been the one to "break the ice;" to set that fashion which our delicate and sensitive country-women will be long, very long, in following. I regret that any circumstance should revive that prejudice against this gifted and noble-hearted woman, which once so generally prevailed in this country. Is it not ungenerous to remember against her the sin of her girlhood, that unfortunate "Journal," while the many fine tributes contained in her later works, to American character and American institutions, are before us, as eloquent repentances, beautiful expiations? Who of us can read the following glorious passage, referring to our country, without a heart-throb of pride and admiration? —

" But to that land where expectation stands,  
All former things behind her — and before  
The unfathomed brightness of Futurity,  
*Rolling its broad waves to the feet of God !*"

Fanny Kemble first came among us, a strong, original

character, but passionate and ungoverned ; a proud and imperious inheritor of a splendid genius, half dazzled by her own fame, yet feeling, or affecting to feel, a disgust for the source from which it sprung, the histrionic profession ; and withal, a wayward, impulsive, spoilt and homesick child, full of crazy fancies, and strange unreasonable prejudices. Well, she put all her crude opinions and impressions, all her *desagrémens*, discontents, disappointments and disgusts into a book, and laid it before a people painfully sensitive and thin-skinned as regards all foreign criticism. The tone of this work, now provokingly flippant, now amusingly oracular ; its style uniquely and insufferably affected, careless and defiant ; its misrepresentations and wilful prejudices, rendered the American and English reader blind to its occasional eloquent and poetic passages, to its many bursts of warm and natural feeling, and to its sometimes wise and truthful criticism. The best friends of Mrs. Butler cannot deny that she was most rash and mistaken in publishing so ill digested a work, and, most of all, in publishing it in a country which was henceforth to be her home. But, as she seems herself to have seen her error, let it be forgotten by us.

I look upon Mrs. Butler as an originally high and beautiful nature, somewhat dimmed and marred by an unwomanly profession, and uncongenial domestic relations. She found little dignity in the first, and no happiness in the last, and neither socially, intellectually, nor through the affections, has she lived up to the full measure of life. Her free and daring genius was baffled in its morning flight, and her heart, with its sweet freight of love and hope and womanly sensibilities, has been wrecked. Like a noble column half reared, all uncrowned and with its delicate sculpture unfinished ; or, like "a fair young tree," lightning-scathed in its first summers, stands her character, of majestic proportions and mournful incompleteness.

I cannot but believe that had Fanny Kemble known

a happier fate, and been able to concentrate her fine genius upon poetry, she would have taken a lofty position among English poets. She might have stood side by side with Caroline Norton, on a height which commands the world, though not on that sublime and misty mount where stands Elizabeth Barrett, half wrapped in the clouds of heaven, from whence descend her poetic visions, now like falling-stars, and now like — soap-bubbles.

As a prose writer, I think Mrs. Butler most open to criticism. She has fine powers of description, writes vividly and picturesquely always, and sometimes gives us passages of much strength and real grandeur; but she is too generally careless, and too frequently coarse, to suit entirely the reader of taste and refinement. And yet, in that as in her poetry, she reveals a kindling enthusiasm, fancy, feeling, and intense appreciation of the beautiful, a passionate love of freedom, and a deep, religious faith. She has indeed a worshipful spirit, a heart that looks heavenward through all, and the strong waves of sorrow and misfortune have not dashed her from the "Rock of Ages," to which she clings. Unlike Byron, whom she somewhat resembles, she has not been blinded, by earth's thick cloud of ills, to the truth, and love, and mercy of God.

It is sad, *terrible*, to mark how wretchedness is almost ever the hard, peculiar lot of genius. Oh, Heaven! it might seem that this thy great immortal gift were but a robe of royal splendor, falling in crimson and gold round the form of some mighty and godlike grief; or a royal crown of martyrdom, whose gems that light the world with their strange brightness, shoot madness into the brain beneath them. Milton, Tasso, Burns, Byron, Shelley; Hemans, Landon, Norton, Butler, and many, many more have been

" With such a woful weight of misery laden,  
As well might challenge the great ministry  
Of the whole universe to comfort it."

But first among the women of our time, for the depth of her sorrow and the grandeur of her genius, stands without question, Madame Dudevant, "George Sand." Her intellect is creative, comprehensive, and self-existent. Her genius has a free, bold sweep through the broad world of thought, through the measureless universe of mind; it can scale the loftiest heights of human aspiration, and sound the deepest depths of human crime and passion. Mistaken, mad as she is in the unequal contest she is waging against some of the wise and heaven-appointed institutions of society, no one can doubt but that she is always sincere, terribly in earnest; really believing herself the apostle and the martyr, of a true faith. She is urged by suffering, not led on by vice; as she herself was wronged and sacrificed in marriage, she looks upon all her sex as victims, and stands forth as their champion and avenger. With her magnificent intellect, and her unconquerable spirit, she struggles fearfully with the social bonds which she cannot yet break; and with the vulture of despair at her breast, she now fills earth with her passionate complainings, now mocks Heaven with her bold, defiant denunciations, and now wraps earth and heaven in silent wonder, with her sublime aspirations and divine revealings, secrets of eternal truth and words of immortality — the female Prometheus of the age.

We have seen how sad it is to look on the sorrows of earth's gifted ones; but how far more mournful, how fearful is it to behold the desecration of mind, the degradation of a great nature, the discrowning of a heaven-anointed royalty, the enslavement of one of God's freemen. How like the sudden falling of a star from the high place where it stood, bathed in primeval glory, hard by the gates of heaven, is the falling of a mighty genius into the clouds and thick darkness of error, tracking its lone and burning course down through the deep midnight of despair, forever. Adieu.

## LETTER XVII.

New Brighton, Pa., Sept. 26, 1842.

I MUST tell you of an excursion which I lately made with my brother to the "Nob," a high hill, or rather young mountain, about seven miles distant from our place.

The day was one of surpassing beauty, the air genial and balmy, and the golden sunshine so deliciously soft, that one might look old Sol in the eye, and nod to him as a pleasant acquaintance. It is true, Nature having lived through her first lustres, was beginning to look a little *passée*. She was no longer the gay, budding, frolicsome creature, the "gushing thing" we remembered her to have been in the days of her spring freshness and summer bloom; but there was about her now a ripeness, a richness, a matronly dignity, a magnificent repose, that impressed one with involuntary respect. It is true that the foliage along our way was "a *leetle teched* with the frost," as the Yankee said of the ice-cream; but it was all the more beautiful for that, as a fine nature becomes by the sorrows which would blight, and the misfortunes which would destroy.

It was a noble country through which we passed, the hilly region, lying back from the valley of the Beaver. The soil seems very productive, and is certainly in a high state of cultivation. There were along our way some of the loveliest situations for building I have ever seen any where. I never shall forget one little white cottage, nestled down in a green nook among the hills. The sweet shades of domestic happiness seemed to guard the spot, and the golden light of romance fell about it tenderly and serenely. Thoughts of "love in a cottage," sprang up with a natural spontaneity in my mind, and I began in a tone of much feeling to recite:

"I knew by the smoke that so gracefully curled

Above the green elms, that a cottage was near,

And I said that if peace may be found in the world,

A heart that is humble might hope for it here;"

when I spied a sturdy damsel "pailing a cow," by the roadside. This unladylike occupation somewhat shocked my sensibilities, at that moment more than ordinarily high-strung; but I said to myself that this might be a *domestic*, and looked over into the garden, to see tripping among the flowers, the delicate and white-gowned mistress of that charming little house. *Flowers!* alas, there were none of those sweet superfluities of nature, those unprofitable drinkers-up of the dew and sunshine, those radiant "cumberers of the ground," though there were plenty of *cucumbers*, mellowing and yellowing in the sun, and growing fat and seedy, like an old diner-out. There were no beds of violets, but the onion beds promised an abundant crop; the royal rose was wanting, but then there was no lack of that vegetable so nearly like it in shape, that it might well take its place in the bod-dice of a giantess—that plant dearest to Dutchmen and tailors—the cabbage.

Oh, the mysteries of domestic economy in the rural life of *romance!* There the complacent cows give down their milk to the "gentle-spiriting" of the invisible agencies, the industrious sprites and obliging fairies attendant on the snug little household of love; from the *poetical* kitchen comes steaming in a most pleasant fragrance, not at all suggestive of onions—the *ideal* cottage has no cabbage garden.

But to return to our ride. We found the hill called the "Nob," covered with a dense, wild forest, on the sides, but with the summit nearly cleared. There was no regular path up, and I suppose none before us, had ever attempted to ascend on horseback. As it was, the ground was so horribly steep, and the branches of the trees hung so low and thick, that I could only keep my place on my horse by clinging about his neck, with a most affectionate embrace; it was "neck or nothing." At last, my good steed got his nimble legs (I beg pardon, ladies) entangled in a wild grape-vine, and came to his knees. After he had, with my humble assistance, succeeded in extricating himself, he stood stock-

still, with a dogged "I-give-it-up" look. We then dismounted and did the remainder of the ascent on foot, zig-zagging our course, grasping small twigs convulsively, digging sturdily into the gravel, and breathing in the high-pressure style as we neared the summit.

But when we were there, ay, when we were there! how richly, how abundantly were we repaid for all our "toil and trouble." I forgot immediately the cut on my foot from a sharp stone, through my cloth-boot, the rent in my riding-habit, the dilapidation of my plume. A surpassingly magnificent scene lay around us on every side; we were on the highest ground between the Alleghanies and the Rocky Mountains, and so could see to an immense distance in every direction. I have never beheld so grandly beautiful a scene, with the one exception of the prospect from High Rock, at Lynn. The expanse of ocean was all that was wanting to give sublimity to that vast picture, gorgeous with the perfect loveliness of the earth, and crowned with the sunset glory of an autumn heaven. I gazed and gazed, and strove earnestly to shut in upon my soul some of the splendor of that sky, and the wild magnificence of that mountain land, that they might be pleasant memories, visions of beauty and grandeur in the darkened or lonely days to come. Ah, many and many a time shall that scene smile in thought's enchanted realm, and gladden

"that inward eye  
Which is the bliss of solitude."

On our way home, we paid a brief visit to a camp-meeting, which was then under full headway in a pleasant wood, on the banks of the Ohio. Some one had shown fine taste in selecting the camp-ground, for we found it was indeed a most lovely and romantic spot. It was supper-time when we arrived, and the ground was quite brilliantly lit up for the night. The scene was one of wild beauty, and most angular for the strange contradictions and anomalies which

its appearance presented. There were in the amphitheatre formed by the tents, exhorting, praying, singing, cooking, eating and maternal ministrations going on simultaneously. We had, of course, dismounted, and left our horses outside the circle, but as our costume was rather *outré* for a religious assembly, we did not approach the stand, or take a seat on one of the improvised benches, but paused under a large oak, near one line of tents, and watched the varieties of the human subject about us. There were boatmen in blue, and coal-diggers in black, and farmers in straw hats and red flannel "warm-us-es," Irishmen with their brogue, and easy swagger, and Dutchmen with their meershaums, lighting up the green solitudes. Then there were groups of factory girls, and temporarily emancipated *help*, with their stylish sacks, and shawls of striking pattern, their gay bonnets, over which nodded whole beds of artificial tulips, while young rose-bushes adorned the inside, and closed about the face with a mass of bloom and verdure. Back and forth, before one of the tents, strode a white-cravated preacher, striving to hush a child, which, frightened by the woods, so far forgot its veneration as to cry "in meeting." At a little distance, a woman was bending over a fire, which she was kindling with sticks. That great element, sometimes so strong and destructive, was here but feeble and faint, requiring a deal of patient nursing. The woman blew away bravely, but stopped every now and then, to respond to an exhortation which was going on near by. Looking round toward the tables, I saw a number of good women discussing a chicken with much apparent relish; behind them stood two fine boys, dividing the "wish-bone," and the loser hit the winner a smart blow, as naturally as though they stood on the sacred hearth-stone itself. One of the men at the table dropped a biscuit, and kicked a dog for catching it, which also looked very home-like and comfortable. An omnibus driver came strolling by, with his whip in hand, and a straw in his mouth, which he seemed to enjoy as though he



were imbibing invisible juleps therewith. Against a tree, near us, leaned a colored exquisite, puffing languidly a real *Kentucky*, the light of which relieved against the dark background of his face, shone with unusual brilliancy, as

“Shines a good deed in a naughty world.”

As I looked round on this picturesque scene, and marked the light and cheerful air which it presented, I could but acknowledge that to one whose heart was in it, this going a-gipsying religiously, must be a very pleasant thing, in *pleasant weather*. But, unfortunately, the showers which descend on the camp-ground are not all spiritual: a cold rain-storm deluged every tent that very night, and the consequences, are they not written in the chronicles of our medical men and village apothecaries? Heaven grant that the stone-cutter may not make of them a sterner record on his marble tablets.

We were not long on the camp-ground, yet I suppose it was rather late for lady-equestrians to be out; for a precocious lad, evidently a river character, whom I met on the road, looked up in my face, with the inquiry, “Do you *run* all night?”

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#### LETTER XVIII.

New Brighton, Pa. Oct. 31, 1848.

It is the last day of October, that month which divides with May the richest poetry of the year. Sisters they are, yet how different; the “Merry” and “Cherry” of the months; the one, all sunshine, and gladness, and bloom, dancing in her half-developed loveliness, flower-garlanded, over the renewed earth, which grows greener with an evident

delight as her buoyant steps advance ; the other, mild and serene in her thoughtful and shadowed beauty, mournful with the memory of the sweetness and bloom she has beheld perish from her pathway, and sad with the forebodings of decay which rustle in every falling leaf, sigh in every wind, and look up from the last wan flowers, chill with the night-dew which the sunbeams no longer kiss from their cold bosoms.

But to-day, the last day of serenest October, the glory of a golden sunlight is round about her, like the smile of heavenly peace falling on the death-couch of a saint. Ah, soon shall the last flutter of her russet mantle pass from our tearful sight ; but a few hours, and she will have gone to join those Octobers before the flood, over whom, perchance, antediluvian authoresses, charming maidens of a hundred and ten, often moralized in strains of sentiment and pathos, like the above.

I was greatly pleased, allow me to say, by your manner of recording the execution of Langfeldt, in a late number of the Post. In that article you say :

"We are of those who think it unwise to magnify a wretched criminal, however bold and unmoved he may meet his fate, into a hero ; we therefore shall not stoop to record all the little details of the execution."

This is right, but in strong contrast with the course taken by a correspondent of the "New York Commercial Advertiser," "A SPECTATOR" of the execution of Bell. This writer goes into a minute and sickening description of the horrible scene, and then closes his letter thus :

"His body goes to the surgeons for dissection. At Bell's request, the Rev. Mr. Rowland will preach a funeral sermon in the Presbyterian Church, on Sabbath evening. I wonder what kind of a sermon it will be ? It is rather singular to preach a funeral sermon for one who has been hanged, but I imagine that the preacher knows what he is about, and will at least have a crowded house. It makes me nervous to see

a man strangled to death, even though it is acc  
Yet I fully believe in the justice and expedie  
punishment in some cases."

What a delicate, spiritual constitution that n  
sess! Why, it actually makes him "*nervous*  
strangled to death!" What exquisite sensi  
femininely sensitive is he to ungenial outwar  
Ah, how peaceful and pastoral must have been  
a petted only child, perhaps, the darling of five  
crossed in first love, it may be; dyspeptic it  
was evidently not formed to wrestle with the  
of life; he should have been a poet, of the  
Henry Kirke White order, or something in the  
for

"Spirits are not finely touched  
But to fine issues!"

Ah, let that man beware of butcher-shops!  
rashly become an army or navy officer, for the  
deserters and spies might occasionally spoil his  
bring strange phantoms to haunt his couch o'  
him by no means be persuaded into the office c  
then he would be obliged to appear at exact  
dread master of ceremonies, not in the honoral  
of the *invited guest of the hero of the tragedy*.  
suffer himself to be beguiled by the syren voice c  
into becoming even a common councilman, lest  
upon to pass an ordinance against dogs; and t  
him not run for the presidency, lest he see him  
effigy, beside being in suspense for long mor  
"neck-or-nothing" game. It is plain that so  
quiet retiracy, books which treat of gentle subj  
tories with the wars left out, and Graham-diet, wa  
best.

By the way, I could tell him of one, and one  
delicate and "nervous" sex, who might teach h

of bravery and spirit on occasions like the one he has recorded. There was lately a public execution at Wheeling, Virginia, and thousands upon thousands collected to see the show. An acquaintance of my own happened to be in that city at the time, who was even more shrinkingly "nervous" than the sensitive-plant of the "Commercial." He was, I must confess, quite chicken-hearted in the matter, and so fled into the country, to be out of the vicinity of the tragedy; the very atmosphere about the gallows appearing to stifle him. As the ferry-boat, on which he crossed the river, touched the shore, a woman, very red and travel-soiled, came up, leading a little girl by the hand. This stout-hearted dame began urging the ferryman to re-cross to the city immediately, as she feared she would be "too late for the hanging." She had, she said, walked five miles that morning, carrying her child part of the way, and now pleaded with the stolid boatman as earnestly as though the criminal whose moments were numbered, had been her husband, and she had been the bearer of a pardon which would restore him to her arms and to the caresses of the little girl at her side, who now looked toward the city with a strange eagerness, and an awful expectation in her blue eyes, eyes which could not yet look, without bitter tears, on the dying struggles of a pet lamb, or the still form of a favorite bird, who had

—— "folded death beneath  
The glory of his wing."

What an innovation upon the spirit of the law which condemns criminals to death, for the sake of the example, is the modern practice of private executions, a custom which it seems some of the Southern States do not fall in with. Some years since, in my native State, a young man of eighteen, having been convicted of the murder of a respectable citizen, was hung in the jail yard of the city of ——. It was said that the wife of the man who had fallen by his hand,

complained that her young boys could not look on the death of the murderer of their father. Was not her complaint just, and in the very spirit of the blood-for-blood law, whether Jewish or Mollican ?

But I will no longer deal in irony ; I must speak boldly and honestly, if I speak at all. I know that *silence* would probably suit you better ; that I can only speak by courtesy, not by right, on disputed subjects, through the columns of a journal so strictly neutral as yours. Yet I hope you may be held in no degree responsible for any ultra sentiments which may occasionally reveal themselves in my communications. I hope, also, that if, in this instance, my opinions seem to lean too much to mercy's side, yourselves and readers may pardon me for my *womanhood*, if not "hear me for my cause." Believing as I do, in the absolute sacredness of human life, I cannot do otherwise than enter my protest, feeble though it be, against capital punishment. On my own responsibility, I would thank Heaven that this law, though "sanctioned and sanctified by centuries of legislation," is being discussed by the high councils of the nation, and its wisdom being doubted by many of the first minds of the age. I believe in my soul that the time will come, when that spirit of love and forgiveness which seeks the good of the criminal, while caring for the safety of society ; which is wise in mercy and has no element of vengeance, shall speak in the action of senates, as well as sound in sermons, and plead in prayer ; when the teachings of Christ shall enter into the counsels of Christian rulers, and become law.

To return to the article in the "Commercial." The writer thus unconsciously reveals the want in this case, of that educational "ounce of prevention," better, a thousand times better, than the scaffold's "pound of cure : " —

"Bell was nurtured of vicious parents, and cast forth upon the world destitute of education and of any religious knowledge, and was left like a wild animal, to rove abroad and pick up his food as a vagabond. He commenced an aban-

doned life in early years, was instructed into vice by others, and always lived in its practice."

Oh, if society would take better care of her poor children at the first ! How like a harsh stepmother does she send them forth to want, vagabondism and crime. But, when at length, they finish their dark and fearful career by some terrible act of desperation, or passion, she then neglects them no longer, but takes them and gives them over to the sure protection of the law. The law writes their names in blood upon her record ; commends their souls to that God whom they have never been taught to know ; resigns their bodies to the surgeon ; and then, the black waves of eternal infamy close over their memories forever.

Oh, society, partial and erring mother, if thou wilt look sternly upon thine unhappy children, whom fortune has not gifted, but who might be reared to love thee, protect thee, and be an honor to thee, if thou wilt thrust them from thine arms and go coldly on thy way, a time may come when they shall steal back to thy bosom, like asps, to sting thee to thy death !

You will pardon, my friends, my apparent excitement, and my real intensity of feeling. There are some subjects on which I cannot write, or think, without having all the depths of my nature stirred within me,— and one of these is that on which I have spoken above.

As a general thing, in the capacity of letter-writer, I mean only to skim along on the surface of things ; but you will allow me once in a while a dive into the deep waters, though the treasures I bring up may seem to you but sea-weed and ordinary shells ; though you have not full faith in the story of the wonders I have seen. Adieu.

## LETTER XIX.

New Brighton, Pa.,

ONE of you, in a late letter, paints a tempting life and gaieties of the city at this season, if I do not wish I might "be there to see." I answer, no. I can earnestly assure you, that I am happy here, in my perfect retirement, where I have more to vary the monotony of my existence than the arrival and departure of our few visitors, the reading of a ramble on the river-side, and a gallop over the hills when in Philadelphia, last winter, where every day has its pleasures and excitements.

I love society; too much, I have sometimes thought, no one could be reconciled to retirement more easily. I truly believe myself gifted with a habitability, as regards outward circumstances and surroundings. My voluntary exile from the city should prove this to the most sceptical; for it is no choice that I am now, as Hood's Ann Gale says, the buzzy 'aunts of men." I want breathing, thinking time; one of those seasons of sociable communion with nature, which can be enjoyed nowhere but in the country; such a visit to the good, motherly Yankee maiden aunts love to make us, when they have their knitting-work and stay three months."

As the aforesaid Ann Gale sensibly remarks, ping-willies and a windmill is a dullish luck-out, but it's sometimes better than more ambitious projects. One must feel the warmest currents of one's heart free and generous pulsations checked, by formalisms and artificialities of town life — I would that I was ever well broken to the glittering harquette, or drilled in the rôle of fashion. I am not one of those which fine ladies are coined; I have not the ring

ine belle; there was always, I fear, an atmosphere of the woods, a smell of fresh earth, about me; and now that "my foot is on my native heath," might I rule my own destiny, I could vow to the sylvan deities never to resign the freedom, gladness, and true dignity of a country life, for the unreal pleasures and very real disadvantages of the metropolis.

I never enjoyed reading with a more fresh and perfect relish than at this season. I have, it is true, few new books, but have been dipping into some of my old favorites, such as could be read lightly, and would not suffer from interruptions, as Scott, Lamb, Miss Bremer; but none deeper or higher. Says an acquaintance to me, "I have been running through Shakspeare lately." "*Running through Shakspeare!*" Run through Westminster Abbey! Change horses at Florence — lunch in the Coliseum — light a cigar at Vesuvius — whistle an opera air on the "Bridge of Sighs" — pic-nic on Marathon!

Our beautiful and quiet corner of the world is being somewhat rocked and heaved now-a-days by that quadrennial political earthquake, the Presidential campaign. Whig, Democratic, and Free Soil meetings are held among us, as with you; grand speeches are made, liberty poles reared, and some songs sung by our glee clubs, though in no very gleeful or enthusiastic manner. There is nothing like the free-and-easy musical democracy of the Tippecanoe times! That dispensation of doggerel has passed away forever.

Apropos of political songs, I was lately guilty of a very unpatriotic want of faith in the poetical resources of our country. Seeing in a paper that one General *Quattlebum* had been elected to a southern legislature, I exclaimed,

"Phœbus, what a name  
To fill the speaking-trump of party fame!"

Oh, that that man could be nominated for the presidency! what a rich predicament for the song-writers of his party! We should for once be delivered from eulogistic doggerels,



set to all manner of airs ; for not the most adventurous bard would attempt to weave *that* name into rhyme and measure.

Ah, conclusion hasty and ill-judged, for one who had lived to see such names as Van Buren, Taylor, Polk, and Cass, handed over to the heaven-eyed Nine, to be embalmed in immortal verse.

This day has taught me my error, and convinced me that the politico-poetical genius of young America is inexhaustible. I have just received from a southern correspondent, a constituent of General Quattlebum, a copy of an ode which, I am told, did much to secure the election of that honorable gentleman. This I will transcribe for you, remarking that, "in *my* opinion," as Daniel Webster says, taking into consideration the immense difficulties of the subject, and the triumphant manner in which it has been treated, this effort *must* take rank as the very first political poem of the campaign. I would furthermore remark of my friend, the writer, that he is very young, and, in innocent unconsciousness of his own genius, has been until now wholly without literary patronage.

For the eyes of your lady readers, I will give a hasty sketch of the *personnel* of our young poet. He is neither tall nor slender, but might be shorter and stouter ; is not as fair as a Swede, nor as dark as a Moor. He has a striking face, one you would remark in a crowd, were it pointed out to you ; it has the "softened oval of Napoleon's," slightly elongated. The cut of his short whiskers is suggestive of Byron ; you would recognise something about the nose like Shelley ; his hair unfortunately does not curl, otherwise he would strongly resemble Tom Moore, in that feature. His speaking, while it reveals fine teeth, is marked by a stammer, which *must* remind one of Lamb ; the coincidence is a great consolation to my amiable friend, as are also the pebbles of Demosthenes. He is poor, but proud ; supports a step-father, who lost a leg under Crockett at San Jacinto ; and allows himself but two luxuries — poetry, and

betting on elections. As a man and a poet, he had equally much *at stake* in the political contest to which he devoted his pen. But to the poem ; —

“ Hurrah ! with patriot blood on fire,  
True to the death we come,  
And 'neath thy banner range ourselves,  
Chivalric Quattlebum !

“ Oh ‘ Jesse most particular,’  
We ‘ll give the other side,  
Till their sails so white shall light the night,  
Along Salt River’s tide !

“ Though the battle gloom around us,  
Unlit by moon, or star,  
We see the white plume’s waving,  
And know that thou art *thar* !

“ Let party-slaves and traitor-knaves  
Before thy coming flee ! —  
Cleanse out the Augean-stables,  
Tear up the Upas tree !

“ Immortal chief ! before thy name  
Vile calumny is dumb,  
And e’en thy hireling foes must own  
The General is ‘ *some* ! ’

“ March on, with banners borne on high,  
Proud trump and rolling drum !  
March on, till victory declare  
For valiant Quattlebum ! ”

Adieu.

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LETTER XX.

New Brighton, Pa. Nov. 15, 1848.

WELL, the long agony presidential is over ; a great, but bloodless battle has been fought, and a “ famous victory ” won. The mighty wheel of political fortune has had another

turn, and those who so long sighed at the bottom, shout aloud from the top. *Eh bien*, it seems no more than fair, in our impartial republic, for power, glory and the spoils, thus to change hands occasionally. No party can subsist on bare patriotism forever.

"A new broom sweeps clean," and I have hopes of the administration to come. I trust that a law of international copyright will be at least discussed, and the post-office reform carried triumphantly through. The latter measure I feel assured the new President will not oppose. Let the English monarchists heap their senseless ridicule on our institutions, as they will, it is beautiful, it is grand, to behold the most momentous political questions decided, the most startling changes effected, by means of the ballot-box alone; that tremendous power, which works as quietly and silently

"As snow-flakes fall upon the sod,  
Yet executes a freeman's will,  
As lightning does the will of God!"

Poor Smith O'Brien! Yet, why should I say *poor* O'Brien, while he retains his present glorious bearing; or, *poor* Ireland, while she boasts such a son. I regard the position of this noble young patriot, as at this hour loftier, and far more enviable, than that of his judges. A crown of martyrdom, invisible to his foes, as to the persecutors were the halos round the brows of the early saints, trembles in the air above him; smiling through her tears, Glory writes his name on the scroll of immortality; the prayers of an oppressed people ascend for him at morn, at eve, and amid the still watches of the night; the blessings of those "ready to perish" are with him in prison, and shall go forth with him to exile, or to death. And, as he strove bravely and sincerely, though perhaps mistakenly, for the good of his country, for truth and liberty, he shall know yet diviner consolations; the approbation of his own high nature, the sustaining strength of his true, fearless soul, and the peace of freedom's God, which "passeth all understanding."

It cannot be that the world must behold the death of this brave spirit, because the tears of his country have burned like lava into his heart, and the daily contemplation of her wrongs have maddened him ; filled his heart with the glorious frenzy of the patriot and the martyr. If so, his death shall be the resurrection of Ireland. Ye may not bury freedom in the sepulchre of the patriot. When you would lay it there, look to see it gather up its old strength and vitality, and leap to life, like the dead body of one of old, when it touched the bones of the Prophet of God !

When patriot blood is poured forth on the scaffold, it takes no strength from the veins, it may not still one heart-throb of liberty. When patriots perish thus, their death-throes convulse the moral world

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“ with agony sublime.”

If a grave, a lonely traitor grave is granted the poor mangled form, great thoughts throng ever about it, and the least flower that waves above it is eloquent of the poetry and grandeur of martyrdom. The light of morning and the dews of evening seem to fall upon it with peculiar beauty and freshness ; noontide glory and tender moonlight flood the humble mound, as though Heaven had it in holy keeping, while earth held it in mournful remembrance.

Oh that horrible death sentence pronounced upon O'Brien ! Read it ; let all Christendom read it again and again ! It is good for us to contemplate the blessings of civilization which a Christian nation, richly favored by Heaven, enjoys. — Ah, “ my zeal is great against the unedified heathen ! ” Let us bear no more with their abominations ! “ Down with the pagodas ; down with the idols ! ” Give the Chinese grape-shot for gunpowder tea ! make the fire worshippers eat their own fire ! settle the *hash* with the cannibals ! put a stop to the *run* of Juggernaut ! point the Arabs to heaven with the bayonet ! Go forth, oh, beneficent England, with arms, opium, and civilization among the benighted nations ; and

let the land of the Yankees be forgotten in missions; Kalmucks and Tartars have been is there no hope for republicans?

Thus saith thy law to the Irish patriot, after him to a shameful death:

"Afterwards your head shall be severed from your body be divided into four quarters, to be disposed of shall please."

"*As her Majesty shall please!*"—and your children have no voice in the matter? They affectionate interest in mamma's affairs, and will be curious to know what became of "the unruly of the naughty man who conspired against the crown and throne. The young Prince of Wales the disposal of one quarter, in virtue of his royal expectations. It were wise to let him snuff blood by the time he ascends his fair mamma's throne be an *emeute* in India; the Chinese may be throw opium to the fishes, as the Yankees once steeped in Boston harbor; and there may be a little of the Canadas.

After all, why should the death of a traitor ignominious in England, where *royalty* has *human* weight on the liberties of the nation, and been the people for ages? Adieu.

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#### LETTER XXI.

New Brighton, Pa., 1

I AM in a dilemma this morning; I am wanting a theme, and the wide world, all nature full of the legitimate subjects of the writer? In the world of letters, I might go forth into the geography

and pen you running comments on all races and kindreds and tongues. I might set before you from Scotland, a bowl of "healsome parritch," the diet of her sturdy reformers when their hard *Knox* battered at the Papal throne; or treat you to one of England's blood-puddings; or a "hasty plate of soup" from France; or a dish of fermenting sour-kROUT, from Germany. How would a cold collation from Russia answer? or a *déjeuner a la fourchette* upon Turkey? The Sandwich Islands would do for a lunch, with some wine from the renovated *press* of Italy, and sour grapes from the young vineyards of new republics.

I might paint you a picture of society in the Society Isles; or send you something spicy from Ceylon; or catch a Tartar for you; or describe a *melée* among the Malays; or peek in at Pekin, or descant on Canton. Perhaps I might treat you to a little Chinese court-gossip; dwell on the limited understanding and unlimited nails of the reigning court-belle, giving the opinion of various native authors relative to the proper length of the longest *claws* of a Chinese subject; or enlighten you by a dissertation on the probable consequence of a revolution in the Celestial Empire, should the people, taking the *cue* from the Mandarins, *barberously* discrown the Emperor, and cut off the hair apparent. I might dwell awhile on the peaks of Teneriffe, though that were rather uncomfortable; or throw some more light on Pompeii; or join the Russians in a sliding-scale down their icy tumuli; or wing my way over Italy, and joy to hear the steam-whistle sound over the songs of Tasso, sung by the gondolier; or poise myself a moment on one of the Pyramids, and see the Arab bring down the vulture with a rifle made in Massachusetts; or dip my wing in the Red Sea, and dive for Pharaoh's crown, and coming up, bathe in Jordan. The Dead Sea I would merely skim over, not relishing its nauseous brimstone compound. Yet would I fain linger awhile on its shores, to search out that historical record of feminine folly, that memorable warning to woman-kind, that shining mark

for man's reproach, the unfortunate helpmeet of the Patriarch, once a good wife, undoubtedly, but now chiefly distinguished for her saline qualities. Perhaps it is a weakness in me, but I have always had great charity for that woman of the olden time. Let us reflect how hard it must have gone with her to leave, with so little warning, all her old gossips and neighborly cronies; her agreeable city-home, with all the pleasures and conveniences of the metropolis, and go vagabondizing off into the rural districts. And then if she were a good housewife, how hard to forsake her household comforts, associations and duties; the well-filled wardrobe, the granary, the larder; the cow in the stall, the hen on the nest, the linen in the loom, the morning cream on the milk! No wonder that the home-love and womanly regrets o'ercame her, and she "turned to take a last fond look," even at the peril of petrifying into a solemn and mournful warning; of becoming a crystallization of her own tears.

Were turning, or even "taking the back track," in our day, held so criminal, or made productive of such awful consequences, how white were our land with political pillars of salt! No need then, of expense, in raising monuments to our great men, for every man would be his own monument. But I have digressed strangely.

Had I in verity done up the grand tour of the East, including the famous Porcelain Tower, I might conclude a chapter with such sage remarks as these: I do not find the rivers of Africa rolling down "golden sands." The source of the Nile is still a source of perplexity. The mysteries of Isis are yet impenetrable, though they have re-appeared in one school of modern poetry. The pyramids, it has been recently ascertained, were built by some of the ancients. In Egypt the crocodile is still a personage of distinction, and his feelings are respected to a degree, but the progressive spirit of the age has abridged his privileges somewhat. Pious mothers do not now give him the *choice* of their infants, and he is observed to weep more than formerly. I do not perceive

that "Egyptian darkness" is particularly dense, nor do I remark that the famous nights of Malta, are at all peculiar; neither are the days of Algiers. The oasis in the desert is not so beautiful as has been represented, and the most picturesque Arabs will steal.

In returning home, I should, after the usual custom of tourists, bring to my friends strange relics of strange lands; what should they be? A ram's horn, from near the site of Jericho? A lady's shoe, from Canton, China, or a head-dress from one of the Cantons of Switzerland? A bottle of red ink from the Red Sea, or black from the Black Sea? A flag from the Nile, or a spear (of grass) from Marathon? A copy of the "Arabian Nights" from Arabia? A botanical specimen from Botany Bay, or a geological specimen from the rock on which the Church of Rome is founded? Shall I obtain from the Austrian Emperor a copy of the last dance which his Viennoise Children have led him; or from Victoria, the Parisian riding-whip taken from Prince Albert; or from Isabella, one of the copy-books in which she lately learned to write; or from Louis Napoleon, a quill from the wing of his miraculous eagle? How would a daguerreotype of the Brocken, taken in his best expression, answer? I would bottle up some of the mist of German metaphysics, but fear it would prove mere meerschaum-smoke at last. I might procure a prize dissertation on the difference between Cousins German and German Cousins, by a student of Heidelberg. I might bring an American penny thrown up encased in lava, from Vesuvius, supposed to have been dropped by one of our soldiers into an extinct volcano in Mexico; or a pebble from the beach where Demosthenes stammered his senatorial thunder to the waves, who "clapped their hands" in applause; or sea-weed from the spot where the stout swimmer Leander came to land and met his Hero — should it not be Heroïne? I might bring the last pattern of *sacks* for the ladies of Constantinople, or the nose of one of the Caryatides at Athens, a mask from Venice, a toga from Rome, a



sausage from Bologna, something nice from Nice, something rotten from the State of Denmark, say a chip from the old willow on which Ophelia hung — a Switzer's *horn* from old Geneva. Should I bring a sun-flower from Persia ; an ice-plant from Russia ; the flower of chivalry from old Castile ; a violet from the gardens of Versailles ; a royal rose from Windsor, a little touched with frost ; a thistle from Scotland, with the prickles clipped by England ; a shamrock from Ireland, somewhat heavy with "mountain dew ?"

Should it ever be my fortune to become a great traveller, my friends, on my return to my poor native land, may expect to be sometimes enlightened by modest references to my adventures and the strange countries I have seen ; when the occasion and the subject under discussion render such references peculiarly appropriate. For instance, were we talking upon literature ; *Apropos*, of Pope, when I was at Rome ; *Apropos*, of "Dombey and Son," when I was in Florence ; *Apropos*, of Eugene Sue, when I was at Suez ; *Apropos*, of George Sand, when I crossed the Great Desert ; *Apropos*, of Geoffrey Crayon, when I visited the old studio of Raphael ; *Apropos*, of Longfellow, when I explored Patagonia ; *Apropos*, of Carey & Hart, when I was among the Hartz Mountains, et cetera, et cetera.

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I had written thus far, when the beauty of the morning pouring through the window, and falling upon and raying about my head, like the halos with which painters deck the brows of better people, enticed my roving spirit from my desk and all its stationary concomitants, for a short ramble, to taste the quality of the air and pronounce upon the power of the sunshine. I found the day genial in seeming, but chilly in truth, like a beautiful woman with a loveless heart. My sole companion in this walk was my favorite pet, and faithful friend, Tom, or Thomas, as I prefer that strangers should call him ; who beguiled my way with his frolicsome

gambols, without leading me such wild chases as Charles Lamb was led by his erratic Dash. It is true he betrayed not such a love of the picturesque in scenery as I could wish him to possess ; casting a mere *cursor*y glance over the fine landscape from the hill above the village ; yet still he seemed in true harmony with the gladness of the morning, and was mirthful, if not sentimental. Verily a dog of pleasant humors and infinite *waggery* is Tom. I took the handsome fellow to have his daguerreotype taken a few days since. Oh you should have "been there to see !" You would have laughed heartily for once at least, in your earthly pilgrimage. Why, the creature had no taste for the fine arts, or a contempt for this particular branch. It was as though he knew that Rubens and Hogarth and Landseer had *painted* worse looking dogs, and *would not* be daguerreotyped. Naturally graceful as he is, he managed to throw himself into the most *outré* and ludicrous attitudes, and by his restlessness and awkwardness almost forfeited his good reputation as a setter. He sometimes appeared on the plate with one nose more than even a hunting-dog needs for scent ; sometimes like those monster lambs exhibited at museums, with two heads and two tails. At last he stretched himself at full length, and fell asleep, and we resolved to have him thus taken, though his snoring was so loud I almost expected it to appear in the picture. Presently his *doguerreotype* was before us. He looked like a Spaniard enjoying a siesta. There was the utmost *abandon* of taking-it-easy-comfort in the figure, a fine tone of aristocratic repose ; but I missed the better standing posture, the animated up-turn of the nose, the graceful droop of the ear, the large, dark, luminous eyes, the "life in every limb ;" in short, it looked like a portrait "taken after death," and suggested mournful fancies. To-morrow we intend making another grand effort. We think of fastening a tempting piece of meat to the ceiling above, far out of his reach. His eager look of hopeful aspiration will, we think, give a fine effect to the picture. It will seem as though he

heard a voice we could not hear, the voice of Adonis, cheering his dogs over the Elysian field just about to *set the Ursa Major*.

But I am wearying you with my nonsense ; no, nonsense, for Tom is a dog in a thousand, a char would bear study. If you doubt my word, come yourselves. He will give a you most courteous the gate, for it is only *shabby* subjects whom he standing with his awful paws ; to whom he reveal armory of his teeth. Adieu.

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## LETTER XXII.

New Brighton, Pa., De

CARLYLE, in a letter to a young friend, which ed some praise, but which, in my opinion, dese says, "*Men are not sent into the world to make*" "A Daniel come to judgment!" And for men sent into the world? To write chaotic Er thunder away with the "Thor's hammer" of ous prose style? Some old medallions bear up figure of Jove throned high on the mount of the mighty hand grasping the thunderbolts, and his fo heavily on a nightingale. Now, one can imagine lyle, while penning that oracular article, armed critical thunders of one whose opinions are decisio ing himself a sort of literary Zeus of the nineteent and crushing at once the nightingale of human so are *not sent into the world to make rhymes.*"

In the face of all this wisdom and authority, I say, thank Heaven, there *are* many men sent into with no other mission than rhyme-making, if a unworthy can be applied to the "toil divine of vers

in whose lives are ages of influence and power ; whose spirits light up the dark places of the world, and in whose hearts "there are many mansions ;" whose words go forth plumed with immortal beauty, and stir the air with the beat of mighty wings ; they who can know no loneliness, for to them all things are eloquent of gladness, of beauty, or strength, or worship ; they who have Heaven around their paths, and to whom the secrets of all life and all nature are interpreted ; they whose intuitions are knowledge, whose thought is revelation, who prophesy unconsciously, weaving into human song truths divine and eternal.

If there were no need of poetry, why were not the oracles of God given in rude and rugged prose ? Why were the prophets and apostles such glorious poets ? Why were the lofty strains of Isaiah, and Job, and David given to wrap the devotional soul in sublime ecstasies, to cheer the hopeless, to comfort the bereaved, to stay the fainting heart, to be the passport of the saint going to eternal rest through the fiery gate of martyrdom ; to fill forever the heaven of the Christian, like the music of the morning stars, which pealed over the new world.

I have been led to these thoughts by the perusal of the late beautiful edition of Whittier's poems, (my thanks to the publisher,) a work I can but regard as a rich legacy to us all. Between its two covers lies the history of a fervent, earnest and struggling spirit, with all its labors, aspirations, developments ; and with its stern convictions, prophetic hopes and fears, gentle dreams and beautiful revelations, alike set to the music of immortal verse.

Do not be apprehensive ; I am not about to attempt a regular critique upon the productions of this noble poet ; were I qualified to write criticisms, I certainly should not give them through my hasty and fragmentary letters. Yet there are a few things which I feel a "strong necessity" of saying respecting this volume. I cannot conceive how any one, of whatever political or literary school, or religious

persuasion, can read it with indifference, while it my soul, and quickens my pulse like the peal of : It surely could never be read with listlessness, for and energetic earnestness and passionate enthusiasm on like a sweeping current.

Some of this poet's lays remind one of the cc and storm, and fire of nature ; there are volcanic and tornadoes, and the beat of mad waves, and t of winds, and the quick, sharp flash of lightning; frenzy of a free-born soul, roused to indignation by of wrongs and oppressions yet abroad over the earth. Of such are his "Toussaint L'Ouverture," for the Times," "To Faneuil Hall," &c.

But there are other poems which remind one primeval loveliness and quietude, when no sto around her, when there were no fires within h when no whirlwinds cut their sharp way through h air ; when the waves slept in sunshine, and the spoiler and none "to make afraid." Of such "Worship," his "Dream of Summer," "Rapt "Memorials," and all his sacred poems, on which solemnity deep, but beautiful, like the shadow of : wing flung on the page. These are the outgoing shinnings of a soul whose love for nature and man is principle, and whose faith in Heaven is an "abidii

If there are those who fail to find what they rex *poetry*, in this volume, they, at least, will meet purpose, a pure morality, and a *true and honest* : Here is no cant, no mysticism, no affectation of sensibility ; no loading of poor thoughts with gorge ment, like lean beggars clad in princely robes ; no semblances of ideas as critics crush like empty eq no bandbox nicety, no dainty exquisiteness, in short *ical dandyism*.

Charles Lamb says, "I hate made dishes at th banquet." Well, here is good, wholesome poetic :

suited for some of our literary dyspeptics, though I greatly fear me that many of them are too far gone to be able to relish it; their fresh, natural taste having been utterly destroyed by the French cookery of most modern poets. At *this* banquet is served no sensual strong drink which destroys, no glowing wine of passion which fills the soul with glorious exhilaration for an hour, but leaves a life-long languor, and a heart heavy with regrets.

It is the fashion to lament over the lack of poetical genius in our age, but it may be that succeeding ages will place crowns where we have neglected to place them, and that the paths to the graves of our unrecognized, or half-prized poets, will be worn hard by the pilgrim feet of coming generations. Yet it matters little whether the world's reward of the true poet comes now, or hereafter; if he is true to nature and himself, if he employs his divine gift in the love of man, and sinks to rest in the love of God, a requiem sung by nations would not make his sleep more tranquil, nor towering monuments render his memory more sacred.

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## LETTER XXIII.

New Brighton, Pa., Dec. 25, 1843.

"MERRY Christmas!" "Merry Christmas!" the children are calling through the house! Oh, what laughing and shouting, as the Christmas-tree is unloaded of its anomalous fruit — sweet meats, baskets, gay caps, books and ginger-cakes.

How, on memory's swift, irresistible tide, one goes floating back into childhood, this morning! how returns that sweet, vain dream of romance — too soon, alas, broken by some ruthless contemner of the ideal — of a little, fat Dutchman, jumping down chimneys o' nights, with all manner of nice gifts, for nice children!

But now, the joyous hubbub has abated ; the have taken the first ecstatic look of doll, basket and cakes and confectionary have gone the way of things. Sic transit gloria Monday morning !

Have you never noticed the free-and-easy, familiarity with which some of our authorlings and great poets departed ; writing odes to Shakspeare, odes to Sappho ; claiming Chaucer, and Byron, and Keats, and oh, audacious impudence ! Milton, and Keats, and spirits. With what beautiful condescension will they offer a tankard of ale with Burns ; how will they remember of " Charley Lamb ;" how kindly take " poor Keats ;" how they " my dear fellow " Shakspeare how generously ready are they to cry " not famous ! " " capital ! " to the puns of Tom Hood.

Some would stretch their hands to Homer, across the sea for a hearty shake ; call out to the grave Socrates " if the old woman " torments him still, giving meanwhile to Juvenal ; nod familiarly to the ghost of Dante, walking apart, with the everlasting laurel on his brows ; shout out a " How are you ? " to Shakspeare, and playfully ask Shelley if he got enough out of that last expedition, or if he still keeps up his creak on the Cocytus.

Our newspapers and magazines are full of obituaries, these complimentary elegies, sent after death, this straining on tiptoe of pigmy thought, for comparison with giant spirits ; this noisy flapping of small wings, with an appreciative flight, side by side with greatness, and pity the newspapers and magazines are not taken with this after-clap of fame, this *post-mortem* glorification, this generous overlooking of faults, this brotherly affection, could but be gratifying to the " dear departed " and encouraging !

But, one thing is very certain ; in *thus* approaching greatness, one runs no risk of being coolly criticised.

impertinence. What an easy, chatty time the magpies have over "the struck eagle;" and how perfectly at home are a certain noisy and frolicsome class of animals with a dead lion.

We often find it difficult to speak of our native, *living* authors, they from whom we are receiving our daily bread of thought, sentiment and genial humor, without a certain glow of grateful feeling; a sort of personal regard, which may or may not be agreeable to those authors themselves. I many times feel an awkward uncertainty as to the reception which my crude but honest ideas may meet, when I would say my say respecting the writers of our time and country; but I generally comfort myself with the reflection that my inartistic critiques may never meet the eyes of their subjects.

I have lately received from Ticknor's publishing house their late tasteful edition of Holmes, which I have read from cover to cover, with unmingled delight. It suits all my moods, it has such an "infinite variety" in so finite a space, such a sort of *E-Pluribus-Unum-inity* of style. This poet has ever been one of my heartiest enthusiasms. Others may be as witty as he, as humorous perhaps; but surely none so quaintly, so deliciously *droll*. In him, one's nicest, most exquisite sense of the ludicrous, is perfectly satisfied; we have no more to desire, and could bear no more.

But, after all, I think I love best the serious poems of this poet; I don't know, but I *think* I do. The sentiment of humorous poets is so rich, delicate and unhackneyed; in them great power and deep feeling come somehow as pleasant surprises, and impress us most vividly.

In the "Urania" of Holmes, that noble "Rhymed Lesson," with what a strain of inimitable humor he began, and then, what a deep solemnity seemed to fall upon his heart; how the genius of poetry sprang up from his light dalliance with wit, to wrestle with mighty thoughts; how gloriously



the poet's spirit spread its wings for a flight among the stars!

But, though he may have some grand seasons of high converse with Urania, Thalia is never far off from him; but "always waiting round the corner," like Mr. Montague Tigg's friend, Chevy Slyme.

We can but regret that this legitimate poet is not one by profession. Instead of this limited collection of rare pictures, he should have given us a grand gallery of his sublime, beautiful, and grotesque conceptions. But we must e'en be content with what we have, and congratulate ourselves on the possession of even this one volume of natural, musical and genial-spirited poetry; these few specimens of pure ore, from an unworked mine; these small baskets of rich fruit, from an unexplored land. For what this poet has done, his country will hold him in pleasant remembrance. How, in his verse, the tears chase the smiles, and how the smiles are always coming back to vanquish the tears. What merry echoes he calls out of the saddest heart!

How to him the coy Nine grow confiding as brides —  
How dimpled-cheek Joy in his presence abides,  
And jolly-faced Comus, a-holding his sides!

How is Nature's fair face to his eye never dim —  
How she puts on her holiday-costume for him;  
How the goblet of Life bubbles up to the brim!

As it kisses his lips, it leaves a bright stain,  
And its power, wit, and gladness, mount into his brain —  
Then fall his rich fancies, a quick, sparkling rain!

As down the dull air the grateful drops shine,  
We open our lips for a draught so divine —  
"Ha! glorious this! *are the gods raining wine?*"

## LETTER XXIV.

New Brighton, Pa., Jan. 1, 1849.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR! and peace and plenty, cheerfulness and content, and all the sweet comfort and strong support and "exceeding great joy" of love, love earthly and heavenly, be yours, my friends. What more could I wish you? Honor, power, the bays of poets, the laurels of heroes, vast mines of Californian gold? Ah, somehow, one's thoughts are to-day too sober and true, too natural and unworldly, for one to wish such things for one's self, or others. We are calm, if not solemn, serious if not sad, and deeply earnest and sincere; see all things through a clearer medium, and speak with a sort of religious good faith on this birth-day of the year. How "the burial-places of memory give up their dead!" how hopes and forebodings, resolves and aspirations, fill the thoughtful mind,

———"an indistinguishable throng."

This day is one of those points in the path of time, when the spirit-traveller pauses, and looks around, and backward and forward. Mark the desponding soul; how he shrinks from a glance into the future; how his tears fall fast on the flowers of the present and wither them up; and how he turns with mournful yearning to the vanished time. Its sorrows would leave him here; but he clasps them to his breast, and will not let them go.

And mark the spirit which the world has tutored and bound to itself. He glances hurriedly back o'er the past; laughs at its dangers escaped, and vents an impatient curse at its disappointments, and then springs eagerly forward, to track the low, winding paths where gold dust glitters in the sands; or toil on and on, lured by the mirage of fleeting pleasures, the tempting gardens of passionate delights; or strides away to reap upon the battle-field, a harvest of lau-

rels, dripping with crimson dew. But he shall sink, with the desert around him; an unquenchable thirst at his heart, the mocking splash of waters in his ear, and through his veins the languor of death succeeding to the wild riot of the passions, when "the night cometh;" or he shall find at last, the mere name of hero no passport through the eternal gates, and that the ring of his iron heel may not sound on the threshold of peace.

Mark, now, the true and hopeful spirit! He pauses thoughtfully, and gazes back over the way *he has been led*. As he marks the precipices he has safely trod, remembers all the perils which once threatened, he lifts his grateful and adoring eyes to Heaven. He sees the sorrows of the past, like veiled and weeping forms, departing in the distance; he folds to his heart the loves and joys of the present; and then with firm step, treads a straight and rugged pathway, toward where beckoning stand his beautiful bright visions, fair shapes of light, on the morning hills of the future. Higher and higher shall they lead him, till, on the loftiest height of this life of years, they take flight for immortality, still smiling and beckoning as they go.

Oh, that we all might awake to "newness of life" on this dawn of a new year! that we might go forth with more unselfish aims, purer hopes, loftier aspirations, a stronger and more patient courage, for the work, however humble, to which we are called, the perfect fulfilment of the purposes of our being. Oh, for a deeper love, a wider sympathy toward mankind, and a more meek and childlike reliance on the good and wisdom of His providences who regulates the grand economy of the universe, yet, in his all-embracing fatherhood, heedeth the wants of all his creatures; who peoples space with his infinitude of worlds, floating there like motes in our sunshine, yet marks the little sparrow's fall, and "hears the ravens when they cry."

But, perhaps this is too serious a strain for a familiar matter, if not for the occasion.

I suppose you city people have been deluged with all manner of gifts, these holidays. As for myself,

“ Alas for the rarity  
Of Christian charity  
Under the sun ! ”

If it be “ more blessed to give than to receive,” I sadly fear *my* “ dear five hundred friends ” have not “ clothed themselves with *blessings* as with a garment.” But I have received one most precious Christmas gift from a friend in New York — Miss Lynch’s Poems, of which more anon ; and to-day was sent in an offering of most poetical associations — two eagle quills, from near Lake Superior.

One should be able to write a magnificent ode to Liberty with one of these. What a swing and dash it would have in the hand of Whittier ! how the eagle-spirit would exult and defy, and soar gloriously through all the verse. How the haunts of that royal bird would spread around us ; primeval forests, rocky shores and the flash of the great waters ! How would nature’s own soul of freedom make itself visible in the beauty and grandeur of those vast solitudes, and audible in the wild wind and sweeping flood ! How would the poet’s eagle-thought revel in the tempest, and spread his broad wing on the blast ; find strange delight in the riotous uprising and mad commotion of the deeps below, and in the fire and thunder and heavy darkness of the heavens above.

As for me, I think my “ grey goose ” quill will answer for all those limited imaginative flights which are continually touching earth, and which rather avoid the grand and tempestuous, all rash trials and uncomfortable stretching of wings, given more for ornament than for use.

If I may be allowed, I would here briefly acknowledge the reception of a communication from an unknown friend, in Wisconsin, a letter perfectly anonymous, but one so beautiful and touching in sentiment and expression, that I would fain speak the grateful feeling it has awakened. **This friend does**

not offer me absurd flattery, but writes in a sort of serious fellowship of spirit, the sweet sympathy of womanhood. I am happy that she does not, like many, look upon me as a mere incarnation of light literature, or believe me bartering all my simple tastes and home joys and affections, for a little popularity, writing out my best qualities and selling them for so much a column ; thus beggaring myself of all womanhood.

I will venture to add here, for the benefit of those whom it may concern, that I am frequently receiving from utter strangers, letters of warning, blame, or advice, to which it is often not in my power to reply, directly. With thanks for their kind intentions, I would say to the writers, that they have possibly mistaken my position and exaggerated my necessities. I am no hapless foundling of literature, friendless and forlorn. Heaven has blessed me with quite a number of friends, who by natural good sense and long personal acquaintance, are well qualified to give me advice ; and, to do them justice, they are seldom backward in the discharge of their duty.

To my ambushed correspondents, who have chosen to remonstrate with me for my opinions upon certain moral subjects, putting their politic advisings against my honest convictions, I would respectfully say that while my soul is my own, it shall speak its own language, in the freedom which is its priceless and inalienable birthright. Adieu.

#### LETTER XXV.

New Brighton, Penn., January 9, 1849.

IN my last letter I spoke of having received, from a friend in New York, a copy of Miss Lynch's Poems.

This beautiful work deserves a far more extended and analytic notice than I shall be able to give it ; one not alone

warm with the glow of a genuine enthusiasm, but forcible with the calm decisions of discriminating criticism.

*Here* I cannot claim to be impartial; with heart, and mind and spirit, I lean toward this noble poet. The strength and freedom, and high moral purity of her genius, fill me with reverential admiration. She delivers the divine oracles, solemn truths and sublime prophecies, not in the harsh tones of malediction and rebuke, but through the subduing sweetness of song, the winning melody of verse. She does not storm around one with all the tempestuous fury of reform, *driving* one from the wrong and false, to the right and true; but she clothes Truth, and Justice, and Freedom, in such serene beauty, such magnetic attractiveness, that the soul of itself draws reverently nigh, to offer devout and willing homage.

This volume is not the soul-history of a mere woman of society, a "lady of leisure," dawdling through the world, and *rhyming* as she goes, "for want of thought;" with her limited experiences, false and holiday views of life; mad fancies, denominated loves; sickly voluptuousness, called passion; and all the weak, contemptible, daffy-down-dilly sentimentality of an idle and enervated nature. Ah, no, this is the simple yet eloquent story of a strong, earnest, and steadily advancing spirit, toiling, enduring, and braving, uncomplaining and unyielding; struggling mightily with life, humble, yet undismayed, and conquering alone through the strength and faith of Heaven.

Here we see clear-lined and faithful pictures of human life, *as it is*, not clad in the mystic drapery of dreams, in the dazzling beauty and royal glory of romance; but as a bare and rugged, though grand and noble reality, sad and sublime, mighty and solemn, and terribly beautiful to behold.

Here we find experiences profound, and oftentimes mournful, but which have had no power to create the "atheism of the heart," to chill and paralyze the hopeful and active spirit. Here we have love, as a divine sentiment, and a

grand passion, glowing as an Italian heaven, yet never melting the soul to voluptuous softness ; impetuous as a mountain torrent, yet never sweeping away principle, and womanly dignity, as wrecks upon its bosom, nor whirling along sweet thoughts of purity, like uprooted flowers, tossed and torn by the mad rush of its waves.

Here we have one with whom poetry is purely spontaneous, an absolute vocation, a heavenly calling, a "strong necessity," an inevitable destiny. To her cradle there came spirits of light, bearing rare, but perilous gifts. The genius of beauty made glad with her bright footsteps the shadowed paths of her childhood, where played the musical waters of song, and where floated, at times, fragments of sweet strains, the far-heard melody of her voice. Then her young heart seemed pulsing with a harmonious beat ; there was a chime in her every-day thoughts ; visions of grandeur and loveliness thronged her brain, growing ever more real and distinct. Thus the dreamy and imperfect youthful time went by, and now, poetry is with her and around her always.

It descends upon her in the starry influences, telling of the sublime and immortal ; it calls to her in the wild dash and sounding beat of the waves, with the voice of freedom and power ; it blooms out of the rose, and looks up from the violet ; towers among the hills, and reposes in the still valley ; it rides upon the winter storm, and dances at the harvest time ; it laughs in the morning stream, and sighs in the night wind ; glows in the sunshine, and sleeps in the moonlight. It is the heart of nature, the divine soul of life ; it exalts and glorifies human love, and crowns human endurance with honor and rejoicing.

Such are the offices and attributes of poetry to her, and beautiful indeed is their revelation through her song.

I cannot close my brief mention of the poems of Miss Lynch, without expressing my admiration of the elegant guise in which they come before the world. The casket is worthy the treasures. What a tribute to worth and genius,

are these many fine illustrations, by the great artists of our country.

From my brother I received, as a New Year's Gift, Taylor's "Rhymes of Travel." I have often remarked one peculiarity in this poet, aside from the striking peculiarity of his fine genius, which I think is strongly marked in many parts of this volume. This is a sort of impetuosity of will, which waits not for slow inspirations, — a sort of "making haste to be *great*;" I mean it in no poor sense of the word. Here we have the wildest hopes, most limitless aspirations of the youthful poet, given voice to, with a fearless, half-defiant freedom. Here is the "mighty hunger" of young ambition clamorous; here are passionate longings, and impatient grasplings after the immortal guerdons of song. Here we cannot but recognize a genius, whose expression, eloquent and forcible though it be, is yet but *prophetic* of words of greater power and vitality yet to come.

Here is a brave and daring genius, one who would drive the glowing chariot of song, *himself*, though it set the world on fire in its course, and who would rather be struck from it, and hurled down the skies, than never mount so high; an ambitious, restless, most energetic genius; a young Titan, who has taken to tossing hills, ere he has quite strength enough to throw them steadily, or far.

Yet I like this, — this very looking and reaching beyond to-day, for to-morrow's good and beauty, — this eager anticipation of the experiences of life, — this speaking for the hesitating oracles of nature, — this breaking into the casket of thought, ere the key is found, — this tearing open the rich buds of promise, — this storming Parnassus, enslaving the Muses, and bringing up the god of song, with a pistol at his head, and a "stand and deliver!" For what is this daring, and impatience, and confidence, but the poet's way of "taking time by the forelock," of anticipating, in part, what he will at last enjoy, in all its serene strength and soul-satisfying fullness. When the "great deeps" of life have



been sounded by his spirit ; when the fierce and ordeal of sorrow has been passed ; when tempests braved, and conflicts fought ; when, like the bird his genius may take long, as well as bold flights, shine, or storm, with his eye on the mid-day sun, wild night gathering o'er him, the lightning a broad wing, and the thunder below ; when a realm is peopled with no imposing shadows, in-impalpable shapes, but with forms of beauty and when the atmosphere of his imagination has been and serene ; when the fever of first ambition along his veins ; when he rushes, not with the ardor of a young soldier, into the struggle for : with the calm stride of a veteran conqueror ascends summits of song, where glory is around him like sunlight. Adieu.

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LETTER XXVI.

Philadelphia, Jan.

You will recollect that I promised you, to see *Dei* of Steinhauser, the German sculptor, and to give an impression of it. The statue is that of a young girl, a perfection of infantile loveliness. It stands in an exceeding grace, leaning on a slender cross ; the face raised, is lit with a divine light, while one foot is the head of a serpent, which lies coiled upon the base. It strikes me that the light and beautiful support which gives to the figure, is a rare miracle of art. Thus I will *outline* with my pen what first meets the eye, but I cannot from interpreting, through my imperfect words, the language which that statue spoke to my subdued and shipping spirit. Before the surpassing beauty of this effort of consecrated genius, all other works of art have ever met my eye, are gross and meaningless.

it seems that the first divine conception must have come to the artist in the still watches of some Sabbath night, when the air around him was softly stirred by the play of angel wings ; and that, after, as he wrought it out, it was with a prayer upon his lips, and the voices of angels hymning in his soul. As I drew near that figure of divinized childhood, of godlike strength in weakness, the air around it seemed holier than that which haunts the high arches and solemn aisles of old cathedrals. I recognised the Christ, thus revealed, and adoringly acknowledged him as the one "pure and undefiled," the first born of heaven, "The Lamb of God."

Ah, yes, there stands the young hope of Israel, his foot pressed gently on the head of his enemy, the serpent. There is no angry violence, no avenging wrath in the action, but a serene benignity, almost a tenderness. Even the serpent seems to have lost his malignity ; seems yielding to the power of love. We almost look to see him transformed before us into something pure and lovely ; resuming his old form of beauty, and his spirit of light.

How strikingly does this work of art show the wide distance between the Christian and Heathen idea ! The Hercules, when destroying the serpent, is represented as a child indeed, but as gifted with vast physical strength, and conquering by the force of iron muscles and a strong will. Here the power is spiritual alone ; the strength comes from holiness, the victory from God.

That divine form wears still all the freshness and careless grace of its human childhood ; the morning dew yet lingering on Sharon's sacred rose ; the first beams of Bethlehem's star, undarkened by the clouds of our mortality.

Yet may the story of the world's great Martyr be read in that infant face. True it bears no trace of suffering, is not dimmed by the shadow cast by the coming crown of thorns ; but it is radiant with the promise of a strength, which shall bear the "Man of Sorrows" through wrong, desertion, dark-

ness and death, to the glory which shall follow, "to his exceeding great reward."

On the brow of the God-child rests a light, holy and prophetic, whose rays reach backward from the golden years to come. It is not alone the radiance shaken from the wing of the spirit dove, as he "went down into Jordan," and was baptized with John's baptism; not caught from the first adoring look of the unsealed eyes of men born blind. It is not of the sudden morn which broke on Lazarus' night of death; not of the joy which illumined the desolate home of the widow of Nain; not of the holy hope which shone through the tears of the Magdalene. It is not a gleam of the awful splendors of the transfiguration; nor the aureole of a triumphant ascension, nor the glory raying off from the crown of martyrs. It is the joy of heaven over the regeneration of earth; the noontide light of a world's perfect redemption, which bathes the young brow of the world's future Redeemer!

It were well for us to take this serene prophetic light into our souls and shrine it there; lest, as we look abroad and behold war, oppressions, and innumerable woes, our faith fail us, and we murmur, "O tears of Mount Olivet, O blood drops of Calvary, ye were shed in vain!" — lest the cry of impatient anguish break too often from our lips, "How long, O Lord, how long?"

While it is ours "to labor and to wait," it is a joy to know, that amid her degradation, her sorrow and her crime, Earth still cherishes deep in her bruised heart, a sweet hope, holy and indestructible, that "the day of her redemption draweth nigh." The day foretold by the fire-touched lips of prophets; the day whose coming was hailed by the martyrs, in hosannas that rang through their prison-walls and went up amid the flames. The day of the fulfilment of the angels' song; the day of the *equality* taught by Jesus, in the temple, on the mount, and by the wayside; the day of the peace, the rest and the *freedom* of God. Adieu.



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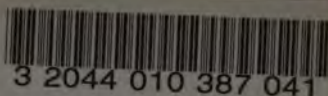
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